THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Four

DEC. 22, 1923

Volume 196, Number 25

5cts.

10c. in Canada

Elizabeth Frazer — Isaac F. Marcosson — Perceval Gibbon — Gerald Mygatt
Ruth Cross — Albert W. Atwood — John Taintor Foote — Ben Ames Williams

The New Zipper—the gaiter with the hookless fastener.

Child's Nature—Bumpered heels and toes and extra tough soles.

Men's Lincoln—one of our conservatives. Double the wear in every pair.

When you get caught—*what?*

You never think of rubber footwear until it rains or snows. But when you *are* caught and you *must* protect yourself, do you rush into the first store handy and ask merely for a pair of rubbers?

The thing you *want* is the very thing you cannot see—that's *wear!* But there is a positive guide to that hidden quality—the word "Straight-Line." There is over half a century of experience behind it—see that it marks the sole of your next pair.

You women who worry over the speed with which your kiddies kick through their rubbers—you particular young ladies who want style and trim fit to your footwear—you men who demand ample protection and long service—"Straight-Line" is what you want.

65,000 dealers ready to fit you with "Straight-Line"

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Akron, Ohio*

Goodrich
STRAIGHT-LINE
RUBBERS

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

THE AMBASSADOR
The smart dinner suit with block lapels. Worn with either black or white waistcoat.

WHERE THE CUT COUNTS MOST

It's a difficult thing to achieve just the right effect in the cut of dinner clothes. They must have that well tailored look, but above all they must have the air of perfect ease. Because they have exactly this rare combination, Society Brand dinner clothes are accepted as the correct thing for semi-formal wear.

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL

At nine a. m.—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
To market now she goes.
She fears no snowy, wintry wind,
That blows and *blows* and BLOWS.
Her face is smooth and soft and pink,
And clear as any girl's—
Just *see*, now, how she smiles at you
Through the snowy whirls!
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco,
With skin just like a girl's.

At five o'clock—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Is eating toast and tea.
She looks ten years younger than
Her friends know her to be.
"How *do* you do it, Alice, dear?"
They ask ere they depart.
"Is't rouge, massage or beauty soap?
Or is it, pray, just *art?*"
And pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Replies, "Oh no—not *Art!*"

At seven—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Descends the stairs with grace.
The men admire, their wives discuss,
The beauty of her face.
Dear reader, here's her secret, which
You'll take to heart, we hope:
She bathes her face two times each day
With gentle Ivory Soap.
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
You'll do the same, we hope.

How the basis of complexion beauty may be easily established

There are fashions in complexion treatment, just as there are in clothes.

But simple cleanliness is still known to be the foundation of all complexion beauty.

Yet when a famous dermatologist says, "The way to keep the face clean is to *wash* it," your natural inclination may be to reply, "Why, that is so old-fashioned. My grandmother did that."

Yes, washing the face *is* old-fashioned.

For more than two generations, simple, daily washing with Ivory Soap and water has cleansed and protected more lovely complexions than probably any other method ever known.

Cleanses thoroughly, yet safely

So, today, with the help of warm water, Ivory Soap gently and safely removes the film of oil and dust or powder that accumulates on your skin during the day. Your pores are cleansed naturally and safely. Your skin revives and glows with new, healthful cleanliness.

Ivory is able to achieve such results, without prolonged rubbing, because it is properly blended from the finest materials obtainable anywhere in the world. It is pure **soap,** *without any of the extraneous materials like coloring matter or medicines which we might so easily and cheaply add if we desired.*

Perhaps you may not realize that soap can bring only this one benefit to your complexion—*safe-cleansing.* Yet the highest medical authorities will all tell you this is true. Therefore, when a soap promises extraordinary or magical benefits to your complexion, it *cannot keep its promises.*

Ivory promises this: Safe, gentle cleansing, which refreshes and enlivens the skin. And Ivory *keeps its promise.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere.

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1923, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 22, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 25

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

By Elizabeth Frazer

IS THE chase eternally more alluring than the capture, the attack more primitive, passionate and appealing than the slow, sober after labor of construction which victory involves?

Apathy! That was the word the political chieftains used to describe the woman situation. A glance at Webster's Unabridged establishes the fact that this word is a noun derived from the Greek verb which means to suffer. The prefix "a" indicates not or away from. Apathy therefore means, literally, not to suffer; to have a lack of feeling; a lack of passion, emotion, excitement; an indifference to what ordinarily stirs the feelings or activities. Therefore, an abnormal state—particularly so for ladies. For apathy is not a normal feminine mood.

Nevertheless, they declared, these organization leaders of both parties, that this one word summed up exactly the entire situation. It expressed in a nutshell the present attitude of women toward those practical obligations of citizenship which in the long, bitterly fought struggle for suffrage they had striven so gallantly to achieve. That fine, high, brave, passionate spirit which so strikingly marked the final period of the long fight—whither had it gone? The men leaders didn't know.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

London Militants Advertising Their Official Organ, The Suffragette

They drummed their thick practical fingers on the desks in their inner offices and admitted soberly that they didn't know. But what they did know was that, so far as the general rank and file of the vast army of women voters were concerned, the bottom seemed to have dropped out of things. Couldn't get 'em out to register. Couldn't get 'em out to vote. Just apathetic. Not interested. Didn't seem, when it came down to brass tacks, to give a hoot for their moral obligations as citizens.

What Happened When They Got It? Nothing

THE gentlemen who uttered these melancholy assertions of fact were practical politicians who had got their training, not by majoring in politics in college and polishing off with a Ph.D.; not in any parlor discussion of politics by the Friday Morning Club in which Miss A, the current-events lady, makes everything so exceedingly clear, don't you think, my deah. It was down in the wards, in the school of actual roughneck politics, that these gentlemen had received their kindergarten instruction and lisped their political A B C's. They had buffeted their way up from the bottom, through innumerable concrete ugly crises, of chicane, treachery, fraud—fiercely fought party frays in which each side slugged unmercifully, and if it yelled for quarter got pounded to a pulp for the same—in short, practical politics as it obtains in our greatest metropolis, in which one-third of the population is alien and ignorant and two-thirds are native, ignorant and indifferent to boot, and with a big dirty scum, both alien and native, of riffraff, criminals, snowbirds, dead beats and bums who come in very handy in hotly contested districts around election time. These politicians were like any other self-made business men—but their business was politics.

One of these leaders characterized the situation bluntly thus: Women, he said, had fought like wild Apaches for the vote; they had put on their war paint and had gone forth, whooping and brandishing their tomahawks, to harass and harry the hard-boiled bitter-enders of unbelievers—of which he personally was not one—and hound them to their lairs. It had been, he affirmed, an astounding and hilarious exhibition. He wouldn't have missed it for worlds. It had scared the politicians watching it pea green. They grew moody and distraught and even refused nourishment. Their constant query, behind sealed doors, had been "What will they do when they get the vote?" What these manly fellows really meant was "What will they do to us?" Well then, they had got the vote! And what then? Nothing! Just plain nothing. Had they wielded the tremendous purifying influence they had prophesied? Not so you could observe it with the naked eye. Of course, he for one had not expected they would; he had never swallowed that millennium stuff. But he had expected that they would make good on the vote; that they would at least exercise the rights which they had fought so hard to attain. But right there they fell down. And that, he admitted, astonished him. He couldn't make it out.

More Lady Brigadiers Than Privates

"AND would you believe it," he exclaimed, "among the worst slackers are some of those very suffragists who fought like wildcats to get the vote, who had their backs all humped, ready to scratch a man's eyes out if he so much as dared to utter a practical word of advice or say anything that was not an abject, servile indorsement of their point of view *in toto*. And I might add, in passing, that as a bunch, those suffrage ladies were a fine peppy lot; they were knock-outs; but some of them were mighty unpractical, too, and when a woman's unpractical she goes the limit; she's got the most unpractical man on earth beat right off the boards.

"Honest, they used to make me laugh when they'd invade my office, some of those unpractical ones, even while I admired their earnestness. You could see it was a cause with them, a kind of holy crusade; and I admired that; I guess most men do. What's that line about a little lower than the angels? But the point I'm making is that some of those very women who were prime movers in the crusade to win suffrage are the ones who are most indifferent in exercising their rights. Now they've got the suffrage, they don't want it. They've quit the fight cold. How do you account for that?"

I attempted to do so. He shook his head.

"I've got another theory. You remember that thing of Artemus Ward's? About the people of his town who came together in a meeting to resolve that the town should support the Union and the Civil War, but were unwilling to take any part in putting down the rebellion unless they could go as brigadier generals? Well, some of those high-stepping van leaders of suffrage have got the brigadier-general complex. They just can't swallow their pride, strip off their volunteer epaulets and be simple privates of the line inside the regular party organization.

"But we could spare their loss. We've got too many brigadiers as it is running around loose. What we can't spare is the loss of the big army of women, the rank and

file that put suffrage on the map. Where's that army? Where's its morale? Both seem to have melted away. It's not only here in this city—it's all over the country. The rank and file of women are quitting on their job, letting their political duties slide.

"You replied just now to my question that some women, like some men, were pioneers, line busters; they led the fight and left it to the others to come up and consolidate the gains. But the army's not coming up; they're not consolidating the gains; if anything, politically they've lost ground. You ask me for the inside facts of the situation and there they are. Those are the actual phenomena; explain them as you please."

This opinion was practically unanimous in both parties. It was expressed in varying phrases by county leaders, district leaders and workers close to the ground who were in contact with the great army of women voters. Apathy! A general apathy and lack of morale all the way up and down the line. Picking up the morning paper, I read that an eminent suffragist, vice chairwoman of the county committee of her party organization, had been irritated, with good reason, by the fact that the women had failed in great numbers to meet their obligations as citizens by registering for the approaching elections.

"It seems remarkable," she stated, "to contrast how hard women worked to get the vote with the indifference to its exercise which so many of them show."

Checking up this public utterance, the eminent suffragist in question confirmed and emphasized her statement.

How to account for this widespread languor? Formerly one had seen lion-hearted ladies chasing the elderly rock-ribbed bosses and ward heelers to their lairs with superb dash, flashing their maiden swords in the midriffs of these seasoned old-timers, and the sight was heart-warming in the extreme. But now these gentlemen were pursuing the even tenor of their way and the disturbers who had come roaring in bold as lions seemed to have gone out as meek as lambs.

Why was this? Was it because in suffrage they reached the highest peak of their emotions and could not be roused for another Marathon race? Was it, as the politician acutely suggested, that some of the leaders would not cooperate unless they were made brigadier generals inside the party councils? Was it because women must have a cause, a crusade to rally around and set their hearts on fire and were unable to discover it in present-day politics? Or was it perhaps because party leaders, jealous of their power and prestige, would not yield any rights to the newcomers and so high enthusiasms had been blunted and disenchantment ensued? Just how apathetic were they anyway? What did their actual achievement amount to? Had they changed, regenerated politics, and if so to what extent?

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Boston Women Making Themselves Comfortable at the Polls

Is Feminine Idealism Played Out?

THE first politician to whom I put this blunt query looked first blank, then thoughtful, then amused; his keen eyes began to twinkle and his mouth quivered as if he wanted to laugh but felt it wouldn't be quite the thing.

"Say," he exclaimed finally, laughing, "you ask the Old Man that! I'm going to pass it up."

The Old Man—term of affectionate irreverence—was his party chieftain, a strategist of no mean ability in councils of the state. Presently from an inner office the Old Man emerged, surrounded by henchmen and newspaper men whom he dismissed with a genial "Well, I guess that's about all tonight, boys. You can say I'm well satisfied with the way things are shaping up. I guess we've got that other crowd on the run." He headed straight for our corner and the question was duly put. He repeated it slowly, standing with one foot up on the rungs of a chair and staring frowningly off into space with narrowed eyes as if he were trying to locate some infinitesimal speck in the landscape almost too minute to be perceived with the naked eye. And finally he spoke, slowly, weighing his words.

"No, not essentially. Politics remain substantially what they were before women had the vote. In their broader aspects women have not altered or influenced them either for the better or the worse."

He added as an afterthought that women had introduced a nicer tone into the polling booths. Men did not curse and smoke and spit in those places as of yore when they were dedicated to the exclusive use of the brute male. Gentlemen, park your naughty oaths at the door! Remember the spittoon!

"But in the larger aspects?"

He shook his head.

"No; on the whole—no."

And that was all there was to that. Other active workers in both organizations made the same report. In certain minor and unimportant matters of detail, of method, of superficial import, women had made, here and there, a change; but it had been only on the surface and in unimportant details. The pattern as a whole remained unchanged. And one and all they wound up with the complaint of apathy. Registration figures in other states showed that this condition was national rather than only state-wide.

To put it squarely, cutting out propaganda, soft soap and rally-round-the-flag-girls stuff, the situation reveals itself thus: Whatever the hidden causes, we behold the significant phenomenon in America today of women in overwhelming numbers failing to meet their obligations as responsible citizens of a great self-governing republic. The staunch qualities of our ancestors, their idealism harnessed to a fine practical common sense, which enabled them to carve out the proposition of democracy and put government by and for all of the people for the first time upon the map of the world, seem to have played out. The country abounds with mushheads and sentimentalists of both genders without the moral eyesight to distinguish between black and white, political pinchbeck and gold. One proof of this is that we behold the singular and amazing phenomenon of women, some of them the very leaders who fought hardest for their citizenship rights, now tossing those rights aside, the while they plead passionately the cause of starving Russia, prostrate Germany or the downtrodden victims of Turkey, Bulgaria or Greece. They fail utterly to perceive the direct relationship between the dictatorships now springing up in Europe, the chaos, governmental breakdowns and vast and mounting flood of human distress, and the failure of the individual citizen to exercise his rights in shaping the government under which he lives; they fail to realize that a national dictatorship is but a city dictatorship, a corrupt political machine, writ large—the two differing not at all in kind but solely in degree. One is the babe, the other the giant grown.

Thus, with European governments crumbling into decay and a general breakdown threatened which would put civilization itself upon the skids, it seems worth while at this juncture to analyze the present situation, not in any hostile spirit of criticism or challenge, but rather to uncover as with a surgical scalpel some of the fundamental principles of government by which this republic is run; for it is just as well that women should know and recognize on sight some of these primary principles which are the absolute law of its life upon this terrestrial globe.

This reaffirmation of certain cardinal principles is the more necessary now at a time when a great portion of Europe seems to be slipping farther and farther away from self-rule into absolute despotisms. America is not one solid homogeneous block. To the man from overseas, the European, the immigrant, we owe everything, even our national existence. We are all overseas stuff, once, twice or thrice removed. But these diverse bloods, traditions, ideals, of themselves create grave perils.

To many the principle of representative government which puts checks and brakes on popular or mob will is in itself essentially repugnant; by instinct and inheritance they incline to direct action, violence, rule by coterie, faction, gang leader, dictatorship. These diverse and mutually antagonistic creeds taint the atmosphere. They act as a tarnish, a kind of political verdigris upon the underlying fundamental principles, and from time to time this coat of tarnish must be cleaned off lest we confuse the verdigris with the original basic structure itself.

An ideal, says Conrad, is nothing but a flaming reality. But it is sometimes necessary to reëstablish what the reality is, to distinguish between substance and shadow, and to cease burning incense before little fake altars and fake gods—graven images, which, as Moses bluntly pointed out to the disobedient children of Israel, are not real gods and have no back parts to them. The same salient weakness characterizes the gods of some of the women's political coteries, groups, salons and so-called national parties of today; they are not gods; they are merely tribal fakes which have no back parts to them.

The Disfranchised Majority

AT THE very outset it may be well to envisage the possibility—which their present attitude of apathy seems to bear out—that women as a whole, the normal generality of them, may not be interested in the exercise of their rights as citizens. And if that supposition be true why should they kid themselves along with flattering propaganda and vain ineptitudes about their burning zeal toward a cause for which, in their heart of hearts, they feel only vast boredom and ennui? We might as well be looking around for some sweet little European dictatorship to emulate. We could have one. We could have one inside of ten years if we let our rights slide. Shall we do it?

A dictatorship! Come on, girls, look this grim modern Medusa in the face! Strife, bloodshed, famine, poverty, a ghastly flood of suicides, governmental chaos, loss of peace, prosperity and all those vulgar bourgeois supporting principles upon which life and happiness in this republic rest every minute of the day and night—and in their place a hellish merry-go-round. Don't shiver and turn away your head and say, "Such things couldn't happen here in old slow-poke America." They could, they can, they will—if you let your rights slide.

In New York City, to take a single recent example, only about 45 per cent of the eligible voters registered. Fewer than that number took the trouble on election Tuesday to mark their ballots. Thus 55 per cent of the electors—39 per cent of the men and 71 per cent of the women—disfranchised themselves.

Women may throw away their rights if they see fit and accept the consequences. They'll get the consequences in any event, whether they accept them or not. That's one alternative. It's not a pretty one. For though the gods in these matters grind slowly, they grind exceeding small—as witness Europe today. The other alternative is that they may see fit to use their political power, effectively,

(Continued on Page 77)

A CHOICE OF VEHICLES

By John Taintor Foote

PEGLEG PETERS owed his title to the curiosity of youth and a B. & O. freight engine. He had thought to discover how a circus unloads. Darting like a minnow into the freight yard of the city of his birth he had acquired instead the blasting knowledge of an appalling and bloody Providence.

Twenty years had passed since then. Pegleg had developed none of the patience which sustains the afflicted. Changed in a flash to a thing apart, an abnormality, he had no feeling of kinship with his fellow man. He simply preyed upon him with a soundless inner snarl.

It would be unfair to accuse Pegleg of loyalty or sentiment of any sort. He was as free from such weaknesses as a coyote. But a sort of brotherhood exists within the sacred circle of the race-track fence; Pegleg divided humanity into two distinct classes—wise guys and rummies—and regarded the latter with a particular and changeless contempt.

Horses, of course, were—horses. Pegleg was uneasy and oppressed away from the sight and sound and smell of them. He knew little and cared less about any world which did not contain stables, track, grand stand and betting ring.

He was lurching toward the betting ring now with a sag and lift of his left shoulder and a darting, shifting, swiftly appraising eye. The first race would not be called for two hours, but they were selling auction pools in a big open-walled tent at the end of the line of pari-mutuel machines.

The crowd would be small as yet, regulars mostly, but Pegleg wanted to know what the wise money thought of the first race. The rummies did not patronize the auctions as a rule. They preferred the simpler process of betting on a heat. One or two might drift into the auction tent, however, to gape at the real money betters until the machines were opened for business.

The machines! Pegleg limping past them breathed words as foul as a sewer at their stolid boothlike fronts.

The machines had all but put him out of business. They had required the development of a new technic. In the old days it had been comparatively simple to tout a rummy, rush him into the jam before a bookie's stand, grab his kale in a seeming frenzy of excitement, shove it up to the bookie with hoarse directions, shoulder his way out of the press and hand the rummy his ticket and change—minus a five or perhaps a ten spot.

If the goof had noticed the odds, which was unlikely, and had presence of mind enough to count his dough, Pegleg would charge back into the crowd, and after a slight drooping of the left eyelid would bawl the bookie out for short-changing his friend.

Pegleg's Eye Traveled Moodily From Where He Stood to the Far End of the Grand Stand

The histrionic wrangle which ensued was sufficiently heated to convince any reasonable being of Pegleg's good faith. If by any chance the long shot on which the rummy's money had been ventured came through, he was willing, even eager, to hand over half his winnings in awed appreciation of the inside information which had made the killing possible.

As for the bookie—some few days later Pegleg would accost him out of the side of his mouth somewhat as follows:

"Don't get too liberal with that bush pacer of McSweeney's, Ike; I hear he's good."

A slight nod and what looked like a thirty-to-one shot would open at ten and be rubbed to a short price at the first flash of real money.

All this was changed. The machines had done it. They were operated dispassionately by employes of the racing association on a percentage basis. They received wages and returned correct change and ticket with inhuman precision. Betters must approach them in an orderly line and confront them singly. No built-up excitement aided by mob psychology could affect their cold aloofness. They had forced Pegleg into sharpshooting with a little dipping now and then.

Sharpshooting necessitated an endless nosing about among swipes and drivers, and the constant use of a stop watch. It called for that superknowledge of horses which senses the unexpected winner by a sudden spurt into position during a preliminary score or the smooth swing and drive of shoulder and hip, finishing comfortably in fourth place in the first heat. Dipping, in comparison, was a cinch. It was a simple matter to observe on which part of his person a rummy stowed his roll. The rest was only a demonstration of the almost inevitable triumph of the hand over the eye.

Even so, a slip was bound, sooner or later, to occur. Pegleg not long since had missed disaster by an eyelash. He had been forced to call attention to his iron-shod wooden stump and pull a cripple's whine. The rummy had stopped squawking and returned his roll to his pocket only an instant before a bull had appeared.

Pegleg had decided to lay off dipping for a while. He would keep in the know and shoot at legitimate good things that stood a fair chance to come through. He had one today—Stanley Direct, in the first. It ought to be as good as eight to one. He knew from the swipe that they weren't afraid of a win race and were out for the first heat. This bird had tramped a work-out in four and a quarter, and anywhere between six and seven would stop the favorite. All the affair needed now was a rummy who could be persuaded to play it on the nose, with a fifty-fifty split in the ticket.

What if something else dropped out of the clouds and copped it? Pegleg reviewed each entry and his past performances again; nothing in there had any business with a two-four pacer. Still —— He slid a sinuous hand into his own pocket, brought it therefrom and examined what his palm contained. Three coppers and a jitney! The disclosure of his quick assets brought him to an immediate decision. Better play it across the board! Show money at the odds meant a couple of fish for his end—and a guy had to smoke and eat.

Hoofs thudding with the sound and rapidity of a speed boat's exhaust drew Pegleg's eyes to the track.

An Exhibition Mile Well Below Two Minutes Before Worshiping Thousands Was the Habit of Peter Manning

A stretching neck and head and a glinting level back, followed by a human head under a cap of scarlet silk, swept past above the top of the fence.

Pegleg halted and watched, then stumped down to the fence and hung his elbows thereon. Business was business, but his driver had turned Peter Manning, by Peter the Great, and was bringing him back for another score. Pegleg squinted at the world's champion trotter as he shuffled nearer.

An exhibition mile well below two minutes before worshiping thousands was the habit of Peter Manning. Jogging up the stretch in the face of an empty grand stand to score for a work-out was a bit of hopelessly dull routine. His dragging shuffle became too much for him. He yawned and slouched into a walk.

Pegleg drank in a great muscled chest and forearm, a shining flank, the long power-filled curve from hip to chiseled hock, and received a passing, utterly indifferent glance from a bored eye, in which, despite its swimming softness, there glowed a sleeping opalescent fire.

"Pretty near all in, ain't he, Tommy?" ventured Pegleg, an unaccustomed deference dulling the edge of his usual filelike annunciation.

A line of teeth gleamed briefly in the shadow below the visor of the scarlet cap.

"Just barely able to get about."

At the sound of human discourse, Peter Manning abruptly discontinued locomotion of any sort and yawned again.

His driver spat pensively over the wheel of the bike to the smooth surface of the track, favored Pegleg with a not unfriendly glance and flapped a rein.

"On your way, old mud turtle."

Peter Manning sighed a giant sigh, dawdled into a walk and stalked on. *(Continued on Page 88)*

STRAIN AT A GNAT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

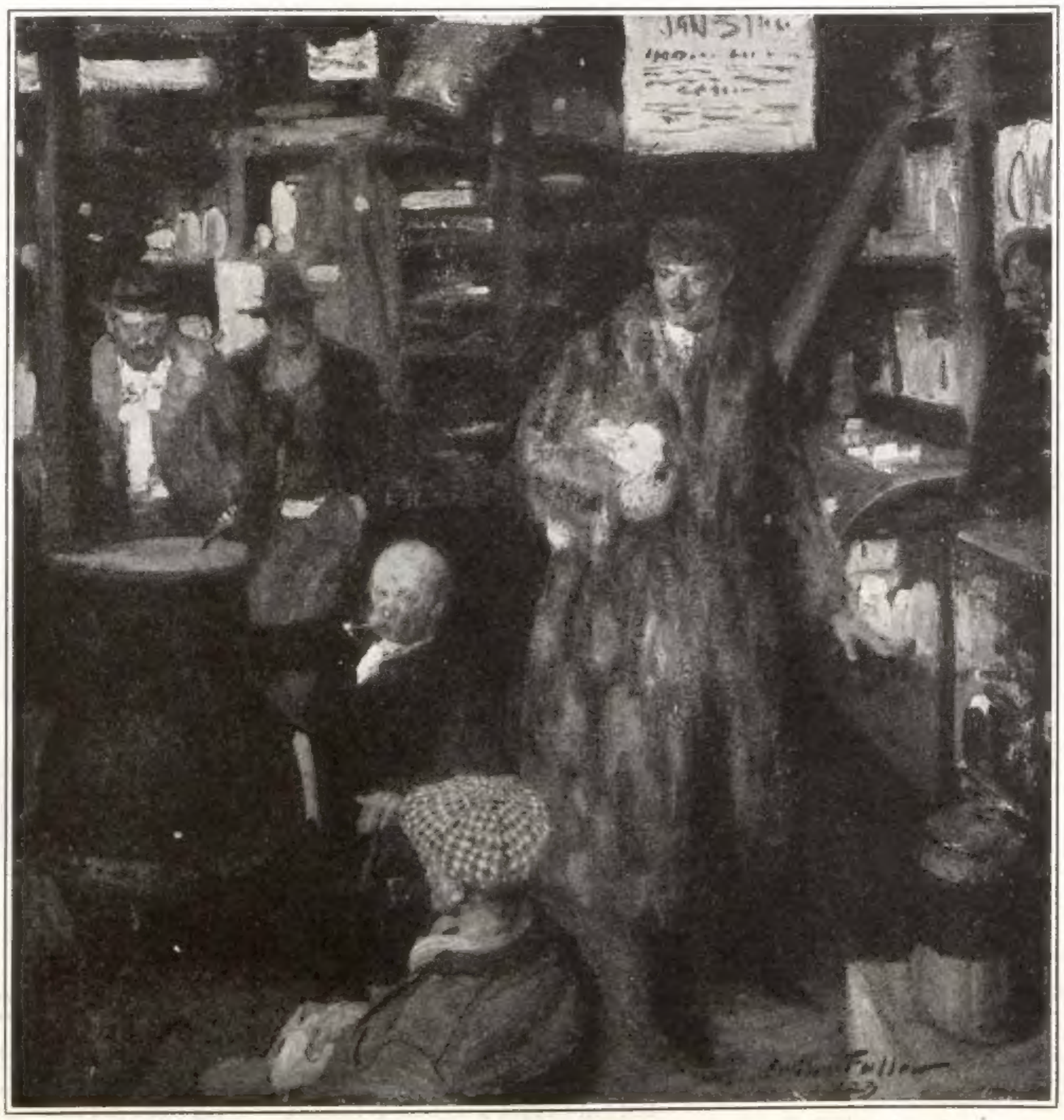
IN OCTOBER, when the oaks are red and the swamp maples are crimson and the birches are yellow and the alders have lost their leaves, Chet McAusland and I, with Reck and Frenchy, tramp the birch and poplar knolls or work our way through the alder runs in search of woodcock or partridge. There are certain familiar covers where we are sure of finding a bird or two; where if the flight has turned that way we may stumble upon a dozen. But sometimes it seems that the birds have left their accustomed feeding or resting grounds; we beat familiar territory in vain. And at such times Chet is apt to remember a cover he has hunted years before; one remote from the traveled roads or so uninviting in appearance that gunners no longer visit it. It was such a condition which took us, upon a sunny October day when the air was as full of frost as wine is of bubbles, to the old Somes place.

"We can try it," Chet said, as we drove in that direction. "I haven't hunted there for twenty years. Used to be a fine cover up toward the woods, with popple and birch on the knolls, and full of little runs. It was all cleared off when Dave Somes was pouring money into the place; but it's grown up again by now."

I had, of course, passed the Somes place many times. It lies three or four miles from Fraternity Village, in the angle formed by the Georges River and the Liberty road. The original small farmhouse, now in good repair, is dwarfed by the great wing which Dave Somes built. Two fine barns are grouped behind the house; and two silos—a silo is sufficiently rare in Fraternity to excite remark—stand between them. A little way along the road there is a modern cattle barn with ventilating windows near the peak of the roof and a vast concrete manure pit beneath the tie-up. Beside the river two or three other farm buildings stand in conspicuous isolation: A chicken house sufficiently large to accommodate a thousand chickens; a horse barn and paddock and exercise ring; and a kennel as large as a small house. "Hardwood floors and a heater in that dog kennel," Chet always assures me when we pass the place. "Yes, sir. It's better built than most houses."

These outbuildings are now neglected; their doors are locked and cobweb-sealed, and tall weeds block the paths. In the house itself one of Dave's brothers lives; but he is content with a small patch of garden stuff, his hay crop and half a dozen head of scrub cattle. Fraternity folk, when they pass the place with a stranger, always point it out. "The Somes ranch," they say, and add: "Dave Somes sunk a hundred thousand dollars there." Their tone is faintly scornful, and holds little of sympathy. I had once asked Chet what became of Dave Somes, and he said the man now lived in New York.

"He lost all his money here, of course," he explained; and I had wondered why this was necessarily the case, but the opportunity to ask for details had not offered till today. Today, when we had picked up two woodcock and a partridge in the new growth which had overrun the ground where the old cover had been, we stopped at a spring to eat our lunch, and I asked Chet questions. What he told had that interest which always inheres in any narrative of conflict; it led me, a day or two later, to seek out Mat Pouncy. Pouncy had been, more or less passively, a principal participant in the drama. That which follows is a patchwork, in which his recollection fills the gaps Chet was forced to leave.



Sometimes Somes Himself Came to the Store; and on Such Occasions Conversation Ceased While He Was There

It is customary to speak of the soil of New England as barren. This is inaccurate. The soil itself has as a matter of fact some of that fecundity shared alike by the tropics and the Arctic. It produces abundantly when under cultivation; when not cultivated it reverts in an astonishingly short space of time to forest. Ten years will transform an open meadow into a tangle of young birch and poplar, alder and spruce and hemlock, and in twenty years the saplings assume respectable proportions and the thicket becomes a wood.

The land is not barren; but before it can be brought under cultivation it is necessary to fell and uproot the trees, grub out the saplings, and sift the bowlders from the soil and range them along the borders of your field in the form of stone walls. The desperate labor involved has left its mark upon the New England character. Your Yankee is proverbially—and actually—thrifty. It is fair to say that he has no sympathy with the theory that money is no good till you spend it, and that a dollar spent may well be likened to a seed sown.

But now and then from this soil springs a man who combines with his native knowledge of the value of money a further appreciation of its potentialities. When this happens, the man becomes wealthy. Such a man was Dave Somes.

He was born in the little farmhouse which is the kernel of the neglected Somes place now. His father was worthless and indolent; his brothers and sisters were in no wise remarkable. But the boy himself very early gave evidence of his individuality. By the time he was twelve he was earning money; and as soon as he had earned, he learned to spend it. At fifteen he left Fraternity for East Harbor; he went to Portland at eighteen, and at twenty-five to New York. Fraternity forgot him, or remembered him with a wagging of the head; but Dave, surprisingly enough, did not forget Fraternity, and now and then, at long intervals, he returned for a day or a week to the farm upon the river. On one of these occasions it was revealed that he was married; later a son and then a daughter appeared. To the grudging surprise of the community it became apparent that he was wealthy.

Somes must have inherited from some obscure forbear a hankering for the sea; for although he never went to sea himself, his business activities were from the beginning concerned with shipping. He saved money and put it into shares, made a series of lucky investments almost without a break, acquired at bargain prices a rusty old tramp steamer and a competent five-masted schooner and made them show astonishing profits; turned these profits into more and more bottoms. For twenty years this process engrossed him; somewhat abruptly he perceived that he was wealthy; a sudden demand for ships laid a fortune at his feet, and under the urgencies of Mrs. Somes he seized it. They planned to retire and learn to play.

So Somes came back to Fraternity, to the countryside he had always loved.

He was, physically, a big and impressive man, this Dave Somes. He stood six feet four inches high and weighed about two hundred and forty pounds, every pound of which was honest bone-and-muscle weight. A man who talked in a loud and hearty voice which hid the shrewd sense and wisdom beneath his open bearing. Fraternity distrusted and vaguely disliked him because he spent money like water; yet no one asserted that Somes had ever wronged any man thereabouts. Mrs. Somes seems to have been a small, tender woman, devoted to her husband and readily swayed or silenced by his enthusiasms.

The man's enthusiasms were characteristic of him. Some were passing fancies, some more enduring desires; but no matter how short-lived they might be, they dominated him as long as they lasted. He had been till within a few months thus enthusiastic about the business which engrossed him; had begun by degrees to add to this enthusiasm an interest in golf, which, now that he had leisure, bade fair to increase its hold on him. Success had

not spoiled him; there was nothing particularly hard or relentless in Somes. But he was an incurable optimist—this was a sin in the eyes of Fraternity—and persisted in believing that these things which he wished to happen would happen. This might well have proved a fatal weakness in his business career, but his later activities had all been helped by a rising market for the commodities he handled, and success inevitably followed him. He had overcome obstacles by merely counting on his ability to overcome them; the result was that he no longer feared any opposition, laughed at it, expected to take the hurdle in his stride. For the rest, his devotion to his family was notable; his love for the countryside about Fraternity was a trait that might have endeared him to the folk thereabout; and his readiness, even his eagerness, to be a good neighbor and a helpful friend were so evident as to be at times obtrusive.

The man had no hidden depths; he was all on the surface. His wife habitually spoke of him as "the boy," and this seems to have been a fair measure of his character. He had the child's capacity for concentration and for delight; he threw himself into every new activity with a child's absorption. When he came home to Fraternity, the vast sum which had been paid for his business was invested in semispeculative securities which he knew would increase in value; he had put business affairs more or less permanently behind him; and he told Mrs. Somes in a jubilant tone, over and over, that for the rest of their lives they would honeymoon together, do what they chose, put every care aside.

He bought the farm where he had been born from an older brother who was glad to sell, and at once imported a group of workmen and began that series of improvements and expansions which cost him so heavily. The house itself was remodeled inside, a wing was added, a flower garden was designed and planted. The old barn was put into repair and a new one built; workmen brought from East Harbor, from Rockland, even from Portland, swarmed about the place, and in half a dozen localities the raw earth was exposed as foundations for new buildings were set in place. He bought horses and engaged a capable stable man; put in blooded cattle; acquired a number of dogs and a kennel man, and stocked some of the near-by coverts with pheasants to supplement the partridge and woodcock with which they already swarmed. The people of the village discussed him unkindly, criticized him for his folly, and solaced themselves with most unfavorable predictions. About the stove in Bissell's store all that winter, the continuing activity on the Somes place monopolized the conversation. Sometimes Somes himself came to the store; and on such occasions conversation ceased while he was there. His greetings were answered coldly; his inquiries brought monosyllabic replies. But when he had gone, the rasp of caustic tongues was resumed. The man was outside the experience of the town, as much a foreigner as though they had never seen him before. The pleasures which attracted him had no appeal for them; the dreams he saw were hidden from their eyes; the projects he set afoot so confidently seemed to them harebrained and foolhardy beyond belief. Save that they had no expectation of profiting by the catastrophe they already foresaw, their attitude was not unlike that of ravens about a dying beast. Somes used to laugh at their croaking, joked them about it, good-humoredly attempted to make them see eye to eye with him. He had no more success than if he had spoken an alien tongue.

He Found the Little Man in the Farmyard, Humbly Grinding an Ax

He had come home in the spring. One morning a year later, the improvements on the farm by this time almost completed, he went for a tramp up across the pasture land, intending to climb to the summit of the ridge a mile or two away. Mrs. Somes, as it happened, did not go with him; if she had gone the course of events might well have been different, for she was sometimes able—when she thought wise—to dissuade him from his most extravagant enterprises.

Somes stopped in the fringe of the woods to look back over his possessions, and his eyes filled with pride as he surveyed the new buildings, brave in their white paint. Beyond, the wooded valley lay. The hackmatacks were putting on their bright new foliage; there was a freshness and an almost tropical green about the hardwood growth. The gay birches charmed him; and the hills across the valley, for the most part clad in rich young forest, were like mellow old tapestry in the variety and beauty of their coloring.

He turned up the hill, choosing his way through the woods, following the hardwood ridges that threaded here and there among the spruce and hemlock and balsam. Half a dozen times he heard the drum of partridges, busy with their mating, and the wood about him was full of little birds of many kinds, feeding busily. In a wet run he found the sharp-cut track of a small deer, a doe or a last year's fawn. He exulted in this discovery with a pleasure as keen as sight of the creature itself would have given him. Far up the hillside he came upon a small clump of giant pines, first-growth trees that had for some reason escaped the ax. He remembered having seen them when he was a boy, and could not perceive that they had grown at all. "Old pumpkin pine," he told himself delightedly. They were on his land; he inspected each of the dozen trees and wondered whether it might not be well to cut one and apply the fine-grained mellow wood as interior finish in some of the rooms at the farm. But he would keep the others, he decided. There was so little old pine left hereabouts; a shame that it all should go. Again, on a

(Continued on Page 30)

We Stopped at a Spring to Eat Our Lunch, and I Asked Chat Questions. What He Told Had That Interest Which Always Inheres in Any Narrative of Conflict

Opening the Door to Diplomacy

By George Agnew Chamberlain

THE United States, taking into account its youth in the family of nations, has a remarkable record in the establishment of major precepts, or tenets, or whatever you want to call the solid understandings which are the only authority back of international law. A list of the sturdy girders which we have slipped under the ramshackle house of humanity would form an interesting exhibit, but it is necessary to mention only one to give point to the title to this article. Under date of September 6, 1899, John Hay, Secretary of State, issued the round robin which established almost overnight the policy of the open door.

It was perhaps not the greatest of our feats of fundamental statecraft, but it was the most brilliant. It did not have the attributes of a thunderclap which were to surround Mr. Hughes' announcement of the policy of disarmament, but it contained all the elements of maximum visibility. Like the big glassy pebble of the Kimberley fields, which was used as a plaything by a farmer's family for months before someone came along who knew when he was seeing a diamond, the pristine theory of the open door had been lying around in plain sight for years, waiting for Mr. Hay to lay eyes on it and to say in effect, "Gentlemen, the rivers of trade are navigable waters. Wherever our ship of commerce enters, yours may follow. What's more to the point, wherever yours enters, ours will follow. Henceforth none of us is going to carry the key to the front door of any nation in his hip pocket."

There was no show of force behind Mr. Hay's proclamation, and yet it paraded the entire length of the international field for a touchdown. What made it go? The fact that all the power it needed was self-contained. To all intents and purposes, an unrecognized diamond is a poor substitute for an aggie in a children's game of miggles; but once skinned alive by a few sharp strokes, it's a diamond, the easiest seen thing on earth.

The supreme visibility of the open-door principle was due to its reasonable simplicity founded on the basic justice of the greatest good for the largest number.

The Tea Hounds

NOW comes the Hon. John Jacob Rogers at various times with a document variously entitled H. R. 17; H. R. 12543; H. R. 13880, *et sequitur*. Such headings would make a leader writer groan. What member of the general reading public ever cared to top the bunker of H. R. followed by a string of numbers, to roll on the smoothest verbal greensward ever laid? However, parliamentary etiquette allowed Mr. Rogers a subtitle. Here it is: "For the reorganization and improvement of the foreign service of the United States, and for other purposes."

What does that mean to you? Nothing, or next to nothing. Let us go further and say that if you were to read the entire act it might still mean next to nothing. But if you should peruse a pamphlet entitled Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, Fourth Session, on H. R. 13880, and don your thinking cap, you would suddenly awaken to the fact that Mr. Rogers has put forward a policy as simple, fundamental and far-reaching in its bearing on our national welfare as was Mr. Hay's establishment of the principle of the open door in the broader field of international comity. So plain is the case for the Americanization of our own foreign service that, once seen, you would be apt to ask yourself, "Who has the nerve to oppose this bill—and why?" The answer is that, once the folks back home begin to ask that question, few indeed will have the nerve.

There is more general prejudice and ignorance in regard to our foreign service than there is toward all the other branches of Government combined. The ignorance is largely due to distance, and the prejudice to that infinitesimal group among our public servants who have diligently earned the names of cake eaters, pink-tea hounds and white spatters. To this small group, comprised of men just as detestable to the State Department which employs them as they are to you or to any genuinely American diplomat, Mr. Rogers' bill spells anathema, or Nemesis, or kismet, or all three put together and set to the tune of a swan song.

The Residence of Walter H. Page, While Ambassador to Great Britain. At Right—The Dining Room

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL, N. Y. C.

Listen to Mr. Rogers: "But I have seen some of these young secretaries, who have had exceptional social opportunities and advantages in the capitals abroad, become the most abject followers of the social régime in the foreign capital. One of the things that I hope is going to follow from this bill is to send some of these de-Americanized secretaries to Singapore as vice consuls, or to force them out of the service."

Does that interest you, and, if it does, which are you going to back, Mr. Rogers or the pink-tea hound?

But more of that in due course; let us first clear the air of a few misunderstandings. Barring the white spatter, who has filled the public eye so full that it is blinded to everything behind him, what is the foreign service of the United States? Not what does it do to earn its keep, but—much more than that—how does it benefit the well-being and pocketbook of every American?

Take its purely diplomatic side. The attitude of most ambassadors I have known toward pink teas is exactly the attitude of a certain famous American admiral toward all invitations to dine on flagships of friendly powers, with poker to follow; he used invariably to detail the neediest of his lieutenants to meet the social obligation. In other words, the average ambassador has neither the time nor the inclination to fill up on tea. His duties are hall-marked by one word—responsibility. To make my meaning clear, let us pick an extreme case which shows up the contention, frequently heard, that in these days of telegraphic communication diplomatic representatives are a total loss.

An ambassador receives a note by cable with categorical orders to present it at once. He reads it, and gasps. Does he carry out his instructions? He does not. He stays awake all night and in the morning cables back certain reserved phrases which, being translated into plain English, would read, "Your note probably sounds quite reasonable over there, but you don't understand conditions over here, or the present state of the public mind. This government is entirely friendly to us; they are eager to find a way out. But if you insist on my presenting the note as it stands expect me back by the boat sailing day after tomorrow." By promptly shouldering such responsibilities, diplomatic representatives have saved this country in times past from the expense of half a dozen wars. Is that worth while?

Of course they have less spectacular duties—dozens of them—but here is an important point: The tendency of the past ten years has been to draw the activities of the diplomatic branch of our service by absorption into the field heretofore preëmpted by the American consul. Time was when the rather vague distinction between diplomat and consul could be more or less defined by the generalization that consuls dealt exclusively with commercial matters, carefully keeping their hands off anything with a political tinge; while diplomats avoided all contact with trade, devoting their entire energies to treaty making, representation and correct dress.

The Consular Status

THE war put an iron hat on that epoch. The old order had been dying quietly for a long time, but no one had noticed it. The war threw an unprecedented burden of the hardest kind of work on the foreign service of the United States. Everybody was busy every day, and all day, but the division of labor was such that the diplomatic branch was swamped with details of representation of belligerents and kindred activities, while the consular establishment became the sole channel for trade and the supreme arbiter of the status of any given firm or individual. In that day was born a great light displaying the truth that commerce and power are inseparable.

An ounce of illustration is worth a pound of statistics. During the war the minister of a neutral country called up an American consul general and asked for an appointment. Etiquette abroad ordains that a consular officer, traditionally soiled by trade, has no social status whatever. At the tables of the court, when there were courts, of officialdom, and even of society, he is not placed beneath the salt; he simply has no place at all.

Incidentally, a consul general does not expect ministers to telephone for appointments. In this case the consul general said he would slip out the back door to avoid the crowd and call at the legation.

(Continued on Page 55)

The World Struggle for Oil

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Supreme Council of the Peace Conference at San Remo, Italy. Premier Millerand of France is at the Extreme Left; Signor Nitti, Italian Premier, is Seated in the Center, With Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon of Great Britain at the Right of the Photo

IN THIS topsy-turvy world most of the essential things seem to go by contraries. The alleged peace that followed the World War has so far resulted mainly in an armed truce. Most of civilization's forces at the moment are mobilized for destruction rather than construction. European self-determination does everything but determine. So it goes.

None of these inconsistencies is perhaps more marked than that which relates to oil. Instead of being the prize lubricant, it has become, with the sole exception of German reparations, the principal present-day international irritant. Like reparations, it has been perverted into a political instead of an economic issue. While oil and water do not mix, oil and politics seem to provide a more congenial compound. Nor is America an entire stranger to the by-products of this alliance.

Upon the solution of the petroleum problem, so far as supply is concerned, hinges a large degree of future peace and preparedness. Foreign offices today are more concerned about the status of oil domains than the outcome of reactions and revolutions. Nations and not individuals are at grips in the gigantic contest in which empires of production that literally drip with wealth are at stake. The world struggle for oil therefore is perhaps the most significant bloodless conflict now being waged.

The reason is obvious. From an age when coal and iron formed the backbone of industrial progress, we have come to the era when oil is a supreme necessity, ranking with transportation and agriculture, and essential to both. The universal search is for cheap power for mill and motor. What scientists call the petroliferous epoch is in reality a pestiferous period because of the grand scramble for that product of Nature which has been well called flowing gold.

To no people is this oil competition of more vital concern than to Americans. We have not only pioneered the industry but we are the largest producers and consumers. Prodigal in our expenditure of this precious but dwindling possession, we now reach the point where we must conserve or tap new areas. Interruption to an oil-fed industry is unthinkable.

The Pawns of Politics

A WHOLE new vista of international relationship opens up. No longer can John Jones, hailing from anywhere in the United States, fill the tank of his flivver at a wayside station with the comforting realization that the nationality of his gas will continue unimpaired. The California, Oklahoma and Texas fuel of today may be the Persian or the Mesopotamian juice of tomorrow. It means that whatever policy of isolation we may follow with regard to European political affairs, the leash is off on oil. We are marching inexorably toward that hour where we must vie with Britain, France and Holland for a foothold that will guarantee the perpetuity of our monster motor machine. In fact we are already there.

Whether this international oil line-up is to be for harmony or for hostility remains to be seen. There is neither sentiment nor philanthropy in competition, and no business today is so competitive as that which relates to every phase of petroleum production and refining. American oil interests have already found the door closed against them in more than one region. Elsewhere they have forced an entrance, while in still others they are the pawns of political forces.

One thing is certain: The old era of complacency is gone forever. We have become part and parcel of an economic evolution that reaches to the ends of the earth—and likewise for a considerable distance under it—and in which every American, whatever his social status, has a definite stake.

What, then, is this world-wide oil competition? How is the United States involved? What will be the outcome in terms of supply and price?

The Partly Excavated Top of the Castle of Ur of the Chaldees, Situated on the Lower Euphrates

In this series of articles an effort will be made to analyze the international oil situation with special reference to American needs and participation. To get the data I have ranged from the Near East to the Far West, following in the footsteps of the petroleum pioneer as he plodded in the wake of war and peace, for figuratively the flag now floats from the derrick. I have talked with the overseas princes of production whose achievements parallel the familiar romances of American oil barons. I have sat in the chancelleries where foreign policies that were in reality oil policies had their birth and being.

Incessant change is the order with oil. There was a time when the average man believed that John D. Rockefeller was the one and only oil Crœsus and the Standard Oil Company the monarch of monopoly. But just as new fields have changed the oil map, so have new giants set up fresh autocracies to imperil the old. You have, for example, the spectacle of a one-time clerk who toiled in his youth at a desk in Java become the Rockefeller of Europe and controlling, with his associates, nearly a twelfth of the world's oil supply. You behold the rise of an obscure Australian lawyer to the eminence where he dictated oil terms to empires and made the British Government his partner. You see the American prospector not only combating conspiracy all the way from Persia to Panama but bucking foreign-office intrigues as well. The far-off places are linked with the near in this absorbing quest for the liquid that stokes alike the furnaces of war and of peace.

Uncle Sam Frozen Out

WHAT most Americans do not comprehend is that an economic nationalism has developed around oil that is almost as dangerous to universal accord as that one-time foreign meddling of the Germans. Three years ago the good relations between England and the United States almost reached the straining point because we were frozen out of the Mesopotamian field. Blood may be thicker than water, but oil is not, as we have found to our cost when we sought to claim equality of entrance in the domains that John Bull has marked out for his own.

Today the tension is relieved, but we are bang up against the British closed door in India and in various crown colonies. The Dutch also know how to play the game of exclusion, but they object to it in others. It was to secure participation by Americans that the State Department has made practically its only effort in behalf of American enterprise abroad in the five years that have elapsed since the Armistice. If we are to have that much-needed aid to our enterprise—a firm and consistent foreign-trade policy—it will be entirely due to the acute necessity to widen our oil operations in alien lands. Because of his representations in behalf of the open door for petroleum production the world over, the British call Mr. Hughes the Secretary for Oil.

There is a widespread belief that the succession of talk fests abroad, otherwise known as European conferences, since 1918 have been principally to advertise certain health resorts and incidentally to discuss reparations. One has merely led to the

Continued on Page 42

THE THIRTY-SIX HAIRPINS

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Isn't There Some Quicker Way, Honey—Some Way You Can Wrang It Around and Let It Go at That?"

THE first time Douglas Remming ever saw Glory Garritson was at a Thursday-evening dance in the St. Francis ballroom. His party and hers, both chatting idly, came face to face just inside the entrance. Remming, who generally did not do such things, tripped abruptly over nothing, stopped dead, stared for a long moment with his mouth dangling open in the manner of a fish in the aquarium, then caught his breath sharply and heard himself saying in a perfectly normal voice, "How do you do?" He was being introduced to her, but he scarcely knew it. All he knew was that here, within touch and actually saying words to him, was the most exquisite girl in all the wide world.

In a mute daze he danced with her. It was not unlikely, he thought, that he might be dreaming, for nothing like this had ever happened to him before. True, he had only just come out to civilization from six lonely months in a sagebrush mining camp, but he had come out to civilization in the same way many times and no woman had ever affected him like this. No, he wasn't dreaming. The feather sway of her softness against his hard right arm told him that.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" her voice whispered up into his ear.

He came to life with a start as she let her hand fall from his. A man's voice said briskly, "May I cut in, Glory?" and while Remming was bowing and mumbling some sort of thanks she floated away in the other's arms. But she had shot him a radiant smile and asked him to try again.

Douglas Remming made his way to the side of the great room and stood there alone. His eyes followed her as she wove about the floor. Tall she was, graceful and queenly. He knew suddenly that this was what he had always wanted in a woman—queenliness. He had never put it into so many words, but he could put it into words all right enough now. And that incredibly lovely soft contralto voice! She drifted past and smiled for a second as she caught his gaze. Her eyes were lovely; dreamy and big and brown. Momentarily Remming lost sight of her in the shuttling crowd, then again he glimpsed her—only her head, but that was enough. There she held her queenliness. No other girl he had ever known could carry her head like that; and what a head it was, with its clear, fine features framed beneath those high-piled masses of burnished auburn hair! Ah, she was utterly beautiful!

When Douglas Remming walked home that night he felt as if he were striding two feet above the pavement. He had already decided that he was going to marry Glory Garritson.

He did not know then about the thirty-six hairpins. Had he known he undoubtedly would have laughed, a laugh of tolerant amusement. To have made him understand their significance some archangel would have had to take him by the hand and lead him back twenty years to a day when Glory, not yet three, was called Dorothy. On that day little Dorothy was playing with some blocks upon the carpeted floor of her mother's bedroom. Her mother and a large person named Mrs. Ennis were talking interminably. Dorothy hoped Mrs. Ennis would go pretty soon.

Said Mrs. Ennis: "Never in my life have I seen hair as lovely as that child's. Why, Hortense, it's unbelievable! When she leans over it touches the floor—and at her age too!"

Dorothy's mother beamed.

"One can't ever tell, of course," she said, "but unless something terrible happens to her face, I really think she's going to be a beauty."

At this point the child lifted her head and observed her mother with curious brown eyes. She was being talked about, and that was always interesting.

"Look!" said Mrs. Ennis. "Isn't that too cute! She knows perfectly well, Hortense." She smiled ingratiatingly at the baby. "Are you going to be a beauty when you grow up, dear, and snare men's hearts with your wonderful hair?"

Dorothy nodded with infinite gravity.

"Will the color change, do you think?" Mrs. Ennis now asked of the child's mother.

"It may darken a little, but with those wonderful reds, that will only make it more adorable. Just run your fingers through it, Alice, and see how heavy it is. It's perfectly awful to wash, but I do it religiously. It would be simply criminal if I neglected it. Just think what it will mean to her later in life!"

The visitor nodded thoughtfully.

Mrs. Garritson started to speak, checked herself, then caught the other's hand.

"If you promise never to breathe it to a soul, I'll tell you a secret," she whispered.

Mrs. Ennis promised.

"Harry's going to have a fit," the mother went on, "but I can't help it. After all, a woman knows best. Do you know what I'm going to do, Alice? Now don't you ever dare breathe it."

The visitor promised anew.

"I think," pronounced the mother, "that there's nothing more beautiful than real auburn hair if it's wavy, and nothing homelier if it's straight. That's the only thing that worries me about Dorothy. It's as straight as a string. So do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to begin waving it, just the teeniest bit at first, and after a while a little more—and when she grows up there won't be a soul who won't think it isn't natural. Don't you think I'm wise?"

Mrs. Ennis thought she was very wise indeed

"If I can," said Mrs. Garritson—"if I can I'm going to try to fool even Harry."

"But why would he object?"

The baby's mother shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"You know how men are," she enunciated.

"That's so." The visitor turned to the child and held out her arms. "Oh, what a wonderful birthright!" she intoned. "How I envy you, you little dear—and you don't even know enough yet to envy yourself.

"Come here, baby. Do you know, Hortense, you ought to call her some name that would go with that hair. You ought to call her Glory."

The other considered.

"Isn't Gloria the name?" she queried.

"Oh, no! That's too commonplace. I knew a girl back East called Glory. She was lovely too. It just fitted her. Don't you see, Hortense? A woman's hair is her crowning glory, and if you call her Glory ——"

The mother's eyes brightened. She began to breathe quickly.

"You're right, Alice, you're right!" she exclaimed. "Honey dear"—this to the baby—"how would you like to have mother call you Glory? Dorothy's such a long, clumsy name. Wouldn't you like to have everybody call you Glory, sweetheart?"

The child, standing now by her mother's knee, nodded soberly.

"Oh, the little dear!" said Mrs. Ennis. "Doesn't Mother Eve claim us the minute we're born? Some day, honey, you'll find out that all the women you know would sell their souls to have that wonderful head of hair. Oh, Hortense, do call her Glory—begin right away, so she'll grow up with it."

"Leave it to me," said the mother with tightened lips. "Glory Garritson! That's a lovely name. You certainly were inspired, Alice. Honey"—she reached out and stroked the baby's burnished head—"your name isn't Dorothy any more. It's Glory. And all your life you're going to live up to it."

Thus it came about that Glory Garritson was born into the world at the age of two years and ten months, born under a star the symbol of which was later to become three dozen small pieces of bent steel wire, known to the English-speaking races of the earth as hairpins.

Now hairpins certainly held the least possible interest for Douglas Remming. He knew that they existed and knew what they were for; but if he ever thought of them at all, he thought only in terms of passing thanks to a merciful God that men, in this day and age at all events, did not have to use them. Remming's own hair was dark and crisp, clipped even more closely than was strictly necessary, for he had been a soldier in France, and the Army is a developer of habits. Another habit it had developed in him was that of quick decision, of determining what he wanted and then going after it without waste of time.

He went after Glory Garritson. Since he was an extremely personable young man, tall and broad and cleanly cut and infectiously buoyant of manner, and since he had

already achieved a more than moderate success as a mining engineer—and mining engineering is a hard game to buck—anyway, being who and what he was, he got her. Seven swift weeks after the night of that first meeting, Glory, sitting beside him on the couch in the Garritsons' Clay Street apartment, whispered her yes.

"Oh, Doug," murmured Glory presently, and as Remming looked down into her eyes he was surer than ever that she was the most beautiful thing God had made since the beginning of time. "Oh, Doug, do you know what it was that made me know it was you—ages and ages before you ever said a word?"

"The way I loved you," he said. "You couldn't help knowing."

"But I don't mean that, Doug. I mean how I knew that I loved you—the thing that first made you different to me from all other men"

"My fatal beauty," he hazarded with a grin.

"Doug dear, be sensible. I really want you to know."

"Shoot," said he.

It didn't much matter, as far as he was concerned, because the only thing that counted was that Glory was his at last; but if it pleased her to tell him it was his part to be an attentive and eager listener. Glory was speaking deliberately.

"It was because," she said "it was because—can you guess? Do you realize, Mr. Douglas Remming, that you are the first man I ever met who didn't begin right off by saying something foolish about my hair? Do you realize that?"

He bent over tenderly and kissed the lustrous crown.

"I may not have said it," he confessed; "but I thought it, you can bet."

She looked up quickly.

"Do you, Doug? Do you truly? You know you've never said it till this minute."

"It's the most wonderful hair that ever was on land or sea," he paraphrased, and meant it. "I love it, Glory. You must know that."

She nestled closer to him and smiled happily, a dreamy, far-away smile.

"Tell me again," she whispered presently.

"I love you, Glory."

"Not only that, Doug—the other. I want to hear you say it."

"Your hair, you mean? I love that, too, dearest. It's glorious."

"I'm afraid you don't, Doug."

"But I do"

Two tiny lines of puzzlement had crept between his brows. They erased themselves, however, as she sat upright suddenly and laughed

"I'm laughing at myself," she told him frankly. "Do you know, Doug dear, my hair is my one vanity"

"Your one? You ought to have a million."

She beamed, shrugging her shoulders prettily.

"I haven't, I'm afraid, Doug. This is my only one." She indicated her high-piled shining coiffure tenderly with the tip of a single finger. "Let me confess to you, dear."

"Confess your head off," he said stoutly.

"Well," she dropped her eyes and began twisting a fold of her skirt—"ever since I was a little kid, Doug, mother has brought me up to believe that my hair is my only asset in life"

"Your only asset!" His guffaw was boisterous.

"Well, in a way, Doug, she's not so awfully wrong. It does make me different from other girls."

"Everything makes you different from other girls."

"You nice thing." She patted his hand. "But, Doug, please try to understand—for just a minute. It really is rather—well, exceptional; not only the color, I mean, but there's so much of it. I could play Lady Godiva perfectly. Would you believe it if I told you that it comes way below my knees?"

"Of course, Glory. Why wouldn't I? That's great, isn't it—I mean to have it so long and everything?"

She sighed.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. It is and it isn't. It's so much trouble to wash, Doug—just terrible. You have no idea. And then when I put it up it takes me just ages every time. Thirty-six hairpins always—just think of that! And I have to have all my hats made to order. Look—here, give me your hand—careful now!—see how much of it there is on top. It took me years to learn, and I really didn't get the trick till I went to Paris. It weighs pounds too. I'll prove it to you some day on a little scale I have."

"But, Glory ——"

"What, Doug?"

He was frowning in perplexity.

"If it's so much trouble," he said slowly, "and weighs so much, and all that sort of thing, why don't you cut it off?"

"Oh, Doug!" She drew back, stared at him aghast.

"I don't mean to bob it," he amended hastily. "Just make it shorter or thin it out or something. There must be a way."

"Would you really want me to?" she said evenly. "That means you don't like it the way it is, Doug."

"Oh, gosh, Glory! I was only thinking of you. It's just perfect: you know that as well as I do. I was only thinking of your comfort. What do I care as long as you're happy, dear?"

She turned her face and smiled up at him radiantly.

"I only want to be beautiful for you, Doug dearest. That's my only thought now—just to satisfy you."

"You bet you satisfy me," he stated vigorously, and bent down to kiss her.

"Oh, Doug," she whispered after a long moment, "I'm so happy, happy, now that I know you care!"

Not even after he had said good-by did it occur to Douglas Remming that of the breathless and priceless half hour following their first kiss a full twenty minutes had been spent in talking about Glory's hair.

Glory's father was much pleased. He liked Douglas Remming. But after the first congratulations he fell to puffing thoughtfully upon his cigar, while a strange contemplative smile flitted about his face.

Then he said gently:

"Remming, has Glory ever talked to you much about what she calls her single vanity?"

The young man started.

"Why—why, come to think of it"—he smiled half sheepishly—"yes, she did speak about it. Her hair, you mean?"

"H'm! Tell you all about it, did she?"

"Why—why, yes, I guess so."

The older man chuckled.

"Mention a character in history called Lady Godiva?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Garritson. It must be ——"

"Did she confide in you about those thirty-six hairpins, Remming?"

"Hairpins? Why, yes. But I don't understand ——"

"You will," said Henry Garritson cryptically. "You've been initiated into the family, all right. Well"—he paused—"I'm glad you're a man."

Continued on Page 37)

"Well, Ever Since I Was a Little Kid, Doug, Mother Has Brought Me Up to Believe That My Hair Is My Only Asset in Life"

MARY 'LIZABETH'S FOLKS

J'pose You Had a Father Who Was Motoring to the Devil as Fast as Ever He Could

By RUTH CROSS

MARY 'LIZABETH sat on the front steps of Miss Haddon's Select School for Girls, Boarding or Day, and wrinkled up her small brown nose in an earnest and puzzled expression. Mary 'Lizabeth's face, which was oval and long-lashed, with little splashes of hibiscus petals through the brown for cheeks and lips, wore perpetually an earnest and puzzled expression. Well, s'pose you had a mother who had been in the Follies—whatever they were—and was married to a poet? S'pose you had a father who was motoring to the devil as fast as ever he could, and a grandfather, known as the old man, whom you have never so much as set eyes on? That is, you had them and still you didn't have them. And that was the curiousest part of all.

But then a great many things are curious when you are nine and when you've knocked about from one Miss Haddon's school to another ever since ever. Her mother she had seen just once to remember. That was between the musician and the socialist and not so long before the poet.

"Till Flo Barnfield got a cold million out of the old man," Mary 'Lizabeth overheard Miss Long, the langwidge teacher, saying to madame, "she used to confine herself to capitalists. Now she's giving her artistic temperament free range."

Mary 'Lizabeth didn't know what "artistic temperament" meant, but she was sure her mother had it. One Christmas Eve she descended upon Miss Haddon's in a blaze of glory. She had the yellowest hair and the reddest lips and the whitest everywhere else Mary 'Lizabeth had ever seen. She hugged Mary 'Lizabeth and wept over her and wanted to kiss her, but Mary 'Lizabeth drew back dubiously.

"I'm 'fraid you'll come off on me," she said.

And then her mother laughed and turned the tears off just as easily as she had turned them on, and soon she went away.

Three days later her father stepped from a motor at Miss Haddon's gate—a very deluge of parents! He was tall and dark like Mary 'Lizabeth herself, and the most beautiful mortal she had ever looked upon. But there was something queer about his legs. He didn't seem just sure about them.

"I guess he's still got the Christmas one on," she heard madame say to Miss Long, afterward; but that didn't throw much light on the subject.

Anyhow, he chucked Mary 'Lizabeth under the chin and called her a damned queer little piece. He gave her a shiny silver dollar and said he would give her a lot more if the old man wasn't so damn tight. Then he, too, went away, and that closed the Genesis to Revelation of her knowledge about parents.

Mary 'Lizabeth slid along the steps to make way for a boy in buttons with a yellow envelope. He tore his eyes self-sacrificingly from the huge black type of the paper he was reading and dropped it beside his bicycle. By standing, after a manner of speaking, on her head and reading backward like Alice through the Looking-Glass, Mary 'Lizabeth managed to spell out:

HANDSOME POLLY DUPREE KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

And underneath in smaller and more difficult type:

Handsome Polly Dupree—so nicknamed in college because of his Apollolike beauty—has outraced his last motor cop. This morning at two o'clock, while driving at breakneck speed along the Ridge Route ——

The boy in buttons came out, glowered at Mary 'Lizabeth, snatched up the paper and wheeled off.

"Dupree," she pondered. That was her name. But Polly Dupree—no, that couldn't be anybody that belonged to her. Besides, didn't anybody belong to her and she didn't belong to anybody. That was the whole trouble.

Out to her at this juncture came one Dorothea Plunkett, munching sugar cookies. Dorothea always munched Munching was quite as much a part of her as kinky cornsilk hair or her one hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois—Mary 'Lizabeth had just learned that word in 'rithmetic. The only yearning of Dorothea's soul was to be held aristocratic; but how can one be aristocratic when one waddles, and when one answers at chapel roll call to the name of Plunkett?

"The telegram was 'bout you," she imparted placidly between munchings. "I reckon it's another one from the old man, sayin' he won't have you for Christmas holidays. I snitched the last one out of Miss Haddon's wastebasket when nobody was lookin'." She drew from her middy a crumpled yellow ball and spread it tantalizingly just out of reach. "If you'll give me your dinner dessert," she bargained, "I'll let you see it."

The other shot forward like a little streak of navy-blue lightning and snatched the paper. It read:

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Dec. 23 ——

MISS EMILY HADDON, c/o Haddon's School,

I'll not have Flo Barnfield's child in my house, Christmas or no Christmas. I'm paying the bills. I expect you to do the rest.

CHARLES ANTHONY DUPREE.

"Flo Barnfield's child—that's you," Dorothea intoned, still munching.

Mary 'Lizabeth hurled the telegram to the floor and stamped it passionately with a small brown tennis shoe.

"You can have the old dessert," she said. "It's bread pudding, anyhow. Nellie told me so."

"If he won't take you," Dorothea munched on, "Miss Long'll have to stay an' keep you, 'cause it's her turn, an' everybody else is goin' somewhere or other. Miss Long don't want to stay. It's something"—she leaned forward to whisper tensely and even forgot for a moment to munch—"it's something about a man!"

When Mary 'Lizabeth offered no comment, she ruminated further, "Papa's goin' to have me this time. Mamma had me Thanksgiving, an' she's goin' to have me again Easter."

Dorothea's sole occasion for a proud and haughty spirit was the ceaseless rivalry and contention between her two parents—they could no longer be called these twain. She hung in the balance between them, a hundred-and-forty-pound lump of benignant placidity, munching and watching impartially to see who should do her most honor. Had not they gone to court over her? Had not her papa even tried to kidnap her?

"You needn't be so stuck up about your old papa." Mary 'Lizabeth was making the hibiscus lips more hibiscus to stop them from quivering. "I guess I've got two papas if I wuz a mind to use 'em!"

"Two papas!" Dorothea jeered shrilly. "How can you have two papas, I'd like to know? Anyhow, a poet ain't a papa, an' anyhow my papa ain't old."

"Dor-o-thea, if Miss Haddon wuz to hear you say 'ain't'—— I don't see what's wrong with being a poet. Byron was a poet, wasn't he? Tennyson was a poet, wasn't he? Longfellow was a poet ——"

"Huh!" The disparager of poets as papas extracted another sugar cooky from some hidden and exhaustless source of supply and bit off a mathematical half moon. "I reckon the musician was your papa too, an' the socialist an' all the rest of 'em. Co-nun-drum—who's got more papas than anybody, an' ain't got none?"

"Dor-o-thea Plunkett, if Miss Haddon wuz to hear you say 'ain't got' —— Anyhow, I guess I've got a grandpapa, and that's more'n you've got."

"Huh!" Dorothea jeered even more shrilly. "I'd like to know how you know you've got a grandpapa when you've never even seen him. An' anyhow, it's a fine grandpapa what won't have you for Christmas an' what sends telegrams like that about you." She gestured with the emaciated skeleton of a cooky to the yellow smudge on the floor. "It's a fine grandpapa an' fine papas an' a fine mamma what don't never come to see you ner write you any letters ner send you candy an' cookies an' new dresses an' hair ribbons like my mamma an' papa do. If you ast me"—she finished off the cooky and her oration simultaneously and self-righteously—"I'd say you ain't got no folks a-tall!"

What further recriminations Miss Long's appearance on the porch put a stop to is matter for conjecture. Miss Long was a little wisp of a teacher, with a terribly nice but terribly harassed face. Just now she was looking more harassed than usual and excited.

"Mary Elizabeth Dupree, you're wanted right off in Miss Haddon's office; but for goodness' sake look at your hands and face! Dorothea, haven't you been told times without number not to eat on the porch? Oh, and dear me, there it is now!"

She looked still more worried as a big car turned in at the end of the drive. She seized Mary 'Lizabeth and fairly dragged her into the house. In the library, as they hurtled through, an excited knot of teachers clustered round a paper with screaming black headlines—the same paper the boy in buttons had dropped.

"And just to think, she'll have all that money!" Mary 'Lizabeth heard somebody say.

Miss Long sh-h-ed and motioned mysteriously from her to the paper, which as mysteriously vanished.

"Who'll have all that money?" she queried as she panted breathlessly up the stairs beside Miss Long.

"Sh-h! Little girls mustn't ask such questions."

Miss Long didn't seem to be thinking about what she was saying, though. She was thinking about something that had to do with the paper and the big car that was coming up the drive. All the time she was scrubbing Mary 'Lizabeth's hands and face and brushing the brown bobbed hair until it kicked up round the edges with an insouciant grace that was the envy and despair of Dorothea Plunkett, she was still thinking about that thing. Before the array of Mary 'Lizabeth's three Sunday-best frocks, she frowned and knitted her brows; over hair ribbons, too, as if one's very soul's salvation hung on the color of a hair ribbon. While she was still fussing with the bow, Nellie the maid tapped at the door.

"Miss Haddon says, please will you bring her down now, ma'am."

Outside the ominously closed door of Miss Haddon's private office, she gave the bow another twist and a pat and turned her round and round to make sure she was all hooked.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE RENEGADE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE policemen turned and looked sharply at the two men as they passed; they were so little of the fashion of those who walked or rode in that shining avenue of the Champs-Élysées on the sunny morning of spring. It was not only that they were shabby in a decent workaday fashion; they were exotic. The taller showed a heavy, sullen, hook-nosed face, with red hair that hung from under his soft black hat in fluffy locks that stuck out in front of his ears, and an immature beard was rough on his chin. His smaller companion minced at his side with the gait of a bird. He had a black bowler hat that was pulled low on his skull and tilted backwards, so that its brim all but rested on his coat collar, and there was a stoop or bend to his sharp shoulders that was only just not a hunchback. He lifted to the sunlight a thin and impish face where mirth and malice had written themselves in plain characters, and there was a punchinello suggestion in the nutcracker approach of nose and chin.

"Jews!" said the policeman, pouncing on the obvious. "Refugees from somewhere!"

The two exotics conversed in jerks of speech as they passed along.

"Then you've never seen him?" asked the taller one.

"Not to know him," answered the other.

"You'd know him fast enough," said the first. "There aren't two of him, thank God! A great gorgeous brute, scented and oiled and curled like a lap dog, and a sleek, sleepy face like a prize cow. We ought to be just in time to catch him as he comes out. It's that place up there."

His forefinger, with its long, unclean nail, pointed a house that stood back among the greenery that lined the avenue, a white-marble shape that gleamed at them through the lace of leaves and boughs, a sheer grace of delicate architecture. Its slender-columned porte-cochère reached forward to the sidewalk and a sweep of paved drive flowed through it from the roadway. Already a great motor car stood waiting within it, and beyond, the two Jews could see the square of the doorway and the shine from within of the place's more than royal luxury. Other passers-by had stopped, too, to watch the departure of the car and its owner; it seemed that a little court assembled thus daily to do honor and render to wealth its due tribute of envy.

"He's coming," said the taller Jew suddenly. "You wanted to see him, Frankel; now's your chance."

Servants in livery appeared within the doorway, moving with a sort of decorous bustle to adorn that portentous departure.

Frankel, the all-but-hunchback, pressed to the edge of the sidewalk; Janow, his taller friend, stood at his back, looking over the crown of the black hat at the coming magnificence. He could not therefore see what otherwise he must have marked—the sudden deepening and intensifying of the malicious merriment on the punchinello face of the little man, his look of one who plays a game with zest, and perhaps with a card or two in his sleeve.

"Now!" said Janow.

Quickly between the liveried men came another figure, coated, silk-hatted. In the shadow of the entry his face was just a disk of pallor that bobbed up as he stepped on the footboard and bobbed down as he sank into the seat. The car moved forthwith, silent as a drifting boat on windless water, and carried him forward into the light and to the vision of his honorary courtiers on the sidewalk.

Janow gritted his teeth audibly. Several of the onlookers raised their hats, and, to the tall Jew's astonishment and fury, among them was Frankel, who lifted his with both hands and held it against his chest. The man in the car replied with the exact manner of a well-trained king. Bowing slightly, he raised the tall silk hat in his turn. He was passing the pair of them at the moment, so that his face was a little above and not more than eight feet distant from the scowl of Janow and the little man's grinning-clown mask. For a moment the great money potentate and the deformed nonentity looked each other in the eyes.

A large man, Frankel marked; fattish, but not fat; with a round face and the complexion of a girl. He was, of course, groomed like a race horse. A gloss of perfection was on all his accouterment, and upon the face that looked into his there was the serenity not so much of a god as of an idol. Power was his, vast beyond the scope of pride; his munition factories furnished warring nations and his politicians made wars for him to furnish. In his native land much honor was his; throughout the Balkans diplomats conjured with his name, and wherever there were Jews it was spoken with curses.

For Rinaldesin had marked his rise in the world with a single streak of passion. It ran through all his doings, public and private; he was Judenhetze incarnate—the remorseless and insatiable enemy of the Jews. For a man, be it noted, must have identifiable marks on him if he is to be a figure as well as a force, something for the public to enjoy, for the reporters and cartoonists to take hold of. Rinaldesin had special need of this kind of thing, for his own origins were obscure. Thence from public insults to great men among the Jews he advanced to a general policy of oppression. Many thousand had lived in slavery to die in pogroms because of him. He had nicknames for it; he was even considered something of an expert on the Jewish question.

Thus it was that in the tangle of conferences that infested and disgusted Paris, where territories and nationalities were gambled with like card counters, Rinaldesin was advocating a reshuffle of Balkan interests, of which a minor one was the transfer of a certain area to the Turks—for a consideration, of course. It was a miserable stretch of country, strategically worthless; its population consisted of not more than a hundred thousand—a few Greek peasants, some Armenians and Macedonians, but the bulk were Jews. The Turks were willing to have them; they themselves were agonizedly unwilling to go; it was now merely

(Continued on Page 50)

Then He Spoke. His Voice Was Low; They Could Not Catch a Word of It, or Distinguish What Language He Used. But its Effect Was Instant

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"You Look in the Bottom of My Saddlebags, Jeff. They's a Bottle Hid There That I Been Savin' for the Fourth of July"

JIM STACEY called himself Real Estate and Development. At least that was the legend that appeared above his office door, across the street from the ramshackle old Purple Ridge Hotel. He sat with his feet upon his desk, gazing idly out of the window, a cigar cocked in one corner of his loose insolent mouth. He was a fat man of about forty, smooth shaven with the exception of a black mustache that curled upward at the ends in what seemed a perpetual sneer. His black hair was thinning in front, and his hands were soft and chubby. His neck overflowed his collar, and his eyes were small and black, porcine.

There came the rattle of a car, and presently Pack Judd's flivver rolled up and stopped in front of the hotel, covered with yellow dust from its trip across the mountains from Moccasin Bar. He had but one passenger—a tall gaunt man of about sixty, who climbed heavily from the car and dragged slowly into the hotel. Something about the man seemed vaguely familiar to the watching promoter across the street. He began to search through the years, but nowhere could he seem to find the new arrival indexed in his careful mind. Pack Judd carried the mail bag into the post office, then hurried across the street.

"Say, Jim," he said, "you remember Bill Parker? Used to live here twenty or thirty years ago."

It came then to Stacey's mind. Bill Parker, of course! "He discovered the Hammerhead mine, didn't he?" he said

"Sure!" said the stage man. "Him and his pardner, ole Sam Rountree. Twenty-five years ago. Well, he's in town now. He come over on my stage from Moccasin."

"I saw him get out," said Stacey. "What about it?"

Judd sat down and laid his dusty old hat upon the desk. There was dust in his white drooping mustache, in his pale eyebrows, and his cracked lips were grimed with it.

"He's got a thousand dollars on him!" he whispered hoarsely. "He told me so! And he's got a bug about the old Hammerhead mine. Thinks he can find another Hammerhead in the Purple Ridge district! Been thinkin' about it for twenty-five years. See? They all get that way sooner or later. He's got a weak heart or something, and so he's busted loose from ole Sam Rountree and come back to the scene of his big strike."

Stacey brought his feet carefully from the desk and sat up. "You sure about that thousand?" he asked.

"Sure!" said the stage driver positively. "He told me all about it. Sick, you see, and spreadin' his mind out for anybody to read. He's got a daughter too. Name's Cornelia. School-teacher down at Ellenville. She's got eight hundred dollars she's saved up teachin' school. If the trip had been a little longer he'd have told me how much gold he had in his teeth."

Without cause or warning Judd broke into a high metallic cackle that could have been heard blocks away. He caught himself and looked carefully about him.

"Easy!" he grinned, showing tobacco-stained teeth that chewed rapidly, even while he talked. "He's ripe to invest that thousand in a new Hammerhead."

"Get him over here!" ordered Stacey briefly.

Judd arose with alacrity, grinning. "What you goin' to do to him, Jim?" he inquired.

"Going to sell him the Elephant."

Again the foolish metallic cackle rattled through the window to the ears of the loungers seated upon the hotel porch, under the shade of the gnarled sycamore. Once more the laugh was quickly suppressed.

"Say, you can't do it, Jim!" affirmed the stage man. "That there White Elephant is a joke! Everybody in town knows it's barren ground. Not the sign of a ledge there."

Stacey had not moved a muscle of his porcine face, though the mustache cocked upward a trifle more in that perpetual sneer.

"The Elephant's right in line with the old Hammerhead ledge, ain't it?" he demanded. "Starting with that fact I can make this old boob see anything from grass-root gold to diamonds by the quart! Get him over here—quietly."

Ten minutes later Judd reappeared with the new arrival. Seen closer the old prospector was a sick man indeed. The emaciation of him had left a rawboned frame that testified to the fact that once he had been a splendid specimen. From beneath grizzled brows his blue eyes looked out at the world, gentle and kindly. Stacey greeted him with breezy heartiness.

"Say, I'm mighty glad you happened along, Mr. Parker!" he said. "I've got some rock specimens here that I've been crazy to have someone pass on—someone that's an expert on Purple Ridge rock! You're just the man, for I remember that you discovered the old Hammerhead! Say, I'm in luck today!"

"You're Trying to Comfort Me!" She Said. "I Can See Through You, Uncle Sam!"

The kindly eyes began to glow with interest. "If it's a tenth as good as the Hammerhead," said the old prospector, "it'll do! Me and Sam we sold out the Hammerhead for two thousand dollars. It's paid close to five millions since then! So I've heard"

"That's right." The promoter unlocked his safe and brought out a box which he placed upon the desk after a careful look at the door and through the window. "I've been keeping it locked up," he said in a guarded voice. "I'm not an expert, but it looks to me exactly like the old Hammerhead float!" He opened the box, and Parker took a piece of the weathered quartz in his wasted hand. Immediately the kindling light in his eyes leaped up strongly and his bony fingers trembled.

"It's the same rock!" he whispered hoarsely. "Hammerhead float—sure! I'd know it anywhere!"

"You sure about that?" asked Stacey.

He simulated excitement most convincingly. Parker picked up another piece, and in his eyes was the look of one who meets an old friend. "Sure!" he said exultantly. "I'd know it among a thousand rocks!"

Behind him Pack Judd opened his yellow mouth to begin an involuntary cackle. Stacey caught the menace not a moment too soon, and flicked a look at his satellite. Judd withdrew, smothering the laugh in his pale mustache.

"Listen," said Stacey, dropping his voice to a tense whisper. "You know the ridge a quarter of a mile below the Hammerhead mill? They called it the Stillson Ridge in your time. Well, that's the ground!"

"Right in line with the old Hammerhead ledge!" said Parker. His breathing was labored and his hands trembled more violently than ever. "I always said that ledge followed the Stillson Ridge! Bound to! And all that's necessary is to tunnel across the ridge! Bound to cut it by tunnelin' across the ridge! It's a blind ledge, of course; but tunnelin' will cut it—sure!"

"We got the world by the tail!" Stacey thumped the desk with his chubby hand. "I didn't hardly dare hope, though I always thought it might be Hammerhead float—but what you say settles it! Tell you"—he leaned forward, his small black eyes eager with excitement—"let's develop it together, you and me! I'm heavily loaded up with properties and if you'll go into it with me, why, I'll be getting a partner and an expert too! See? And a superintendent that knows Purple Ridge mining right down to the ground! I'll sell you a half interest in the Elephant for—for—a thousand dollars! What say?"

Twenty minutes later the sick man came out of Stacey's office, his emaciated figure almost straight and red spots glowing upon his pallid cheeks.

"Well, Judd," he exulted as he came into the hotel, "you're goin' to see things happen in this old town! Me and Stacey—we're goin' to tear that Stillson Ridge to pieces like it was a heap of doll rags! We're goin' to discover another Hammerhead—sure! Took nearly every dollar I had to get into it, but it's goin' to be worth it! I been scared to death I'd die before I made my pile and that Cornelia would have to work like a slave all her life—but that's over now! You watch things hum!"

He did not lose a moment, but took his meager belongings out of the hotel and hurried up to the dilapidated cabin on Stillson Ridge. A few minutes after his departure Pack Judd's high senseless braying came from behind the closed door of J. Stacey, Real Estate and Development. Slumped comfortably in his chair on the hotel porch old man Hinton heard and grinned.

"Jim Stacey's Man Friday has thought up some more hellishness for his master!" he said, and spat at a lizard scurrying through the dust. "How them two fellers do love to be crooks!"

Parker began work on his tunnel immediately. He was consumed with eagerness, for he was sure that at last he had the chance to make himself secure against the terror of death in poverty. Judd had been right. All these twenty-five years old Bill had been dreaming of his great Hammerhead strike and of the time when he should discover another Hammerhead. As his malady grew upon him this dream became an obsession, warping his judgment. A week after his arrival he went down to Purple Ridge and in the post office he met old man Hinton. The two shook hands and Hinton grinned.

"Hear you bought the White Elephant, Bill!" he said.

"Elephant," corrected the prospector.

But old man Hinton grinned still more widely. He was a bald little old man who mumbled incessantly with toothless gums upon which the lips had receded until it seemed to the startled observer that the chewing was done by nose and chin. "Everybody calls it the White Elephant," he said. "So does Stacey!"

"Names don't matter," said the sick man tolerantly. "Anyway, I ain't bought it all; only half. Stacey's my pardner. He's backin' me."

Old man Hinton watched the confident face with its two bright spots on the pallid cheeks. There was huge enjoyment in the ancient scandalmonger's face, and he chewed violently with nose and chin almost meeting, with the sunken lips between.

"Was it in writin' that he was goin' to back you, Bill?" he asked.

"Why, no!" There was mild perplexity on the other's kindly face. "Wasn't any need of that. But there was an understandin'. That was plenty. We're pardners."

Old man Hinton laughed shrilly. He laughed until the tears came into his wicked old eyes.

"Say, you ought to've been told!" he said. "Everybody knows it—but you! Ain't no ledge on the White Elephant. Stacey offered it to Bob Gleason for twenty dollars a month ago—and Bob was goin' to lick him! You been stung, Bill!"

"But—but ——" The innocent eyes were full of bewilderment. "Why, Stacey showed me some of the float! It was exactly like the old Hammerhead rock."

"That's what it was—Hammerhead rock!" Old man Hinton squealed with renewed laughter. "He's been keepin' it in his safe for years—baitin' for suckers with it! It was a long time between bites, but he's got one out on the bank at last, floppin' good!"

"I won't believe that!" said Bill stoutly. "Jim Stacey wouldn't go back on a pardner thataway! He couldn't! No, sir!"

"I'll bet you a dollar!" insisted old man Hinton. "I'll bet you two dollars, by gosh! I've knowed Jim Stacey ever since he started out in the crook business!"

"You got some mail here, Bill," called the postmaster.

Parker went over to the wicket and took the letter. It was in Cornelia's hand, and the old man opened it with fingers that trembled badly from the fear that was creeping over him in spite of his loyal defense of his business partner.

"Dear daddy," the letter ran. "I've glorious news for you. Mr. Stacey was down here today and told me that you had bought a half interest in a mine. He said you were sure it was a splendid investment, so I bought the other half! Mr. Stacey wanted a thousand, but when he found that I had but eight hundred ——" The reader's panic-stricken eyes ran on a few lines. "He said he already had so many properties. . . . So now we are partners, daddy."

Corry too! It struck him like a blow, confirming old man Hinton's words! The perfidy of his partner was established in that one awful moment, and the fact that Corry, too, had been caught in the same net. His staring eyes went back to the letter. "Partners, daddy."

A black hand seemed to come out of the air, smiting the words away from before his eyes. He fell heavily upon the post-office floor.

"Where's That Big Strike?" He Demanded Wildly. "Where's That Rich Ledge?"

II

OLD Sam Rountree drove his ancient jackass down the main street of Purple Ridge, his feet raising a cloud of yellow dust at every step, for, though it was the first week in November, the autumnal rains had not yet appeared. The prospector was a thickset, clumsy-appearing man, his face covered with grizzled whiskers, above which his eyes shone forth, good-humored, with weather wrinkles at the corners. From the thicket of beard projected a short-stemmed cob pipe, and the smoke clouds floated away behind the procession, mingling with the sluggish dust.

Old Sam looked about him incuriously. No, Purple Ridge hadn't changed much. Same old houses—some of them built of material brought round the Horn in the early days. Sycamore and oak trees all along this one main street of the village, their yellowed leaves powdered thickly with dust. Rickety paling fences, unpainted and neglected. And all about him loomed the hills, looking down indifferently upon this decaying town. Here and there upon the ridges great spills of gray or yellow marked the dump of some mine. Purple Ridge was still a mining town, though the peak of its prosperity had been passed years ago.

Three or four loungers sat tilted back in the battered hotel chairs in the shade of the gnarled sycamore which stood in the street, tooth-gnawed by horses long dead and forgotten. The loungers might have been the same that sat there twenty-five years ago. Old Sam stopped his donkey and anchored him to the sycamore. Pack Judd stared, then got up from his chair and came to greet the visitor.

"Well, well, well!" he grinned, chewing as he spoke. "If it ain't Sam Rountree! I shorely thought you was dead long ago! Where you come from, Sam?"

"Over in the Dubakilla country," replied the prospector. "I just got in."

Pack Judd nodded, watching the older man with his shallow, pale eyes and grinning. "You come over on account of ole Bill, I reckon?" he suggested.

Rountree nodded.

"I heard about it," he said, "over the forest telephone, so I packed up and come right over."

"You're too late, though," said Judd. "Funeral was yesterday. You and ole Bill was pardners, wasn't you? Sure you was! You two found the ole Hammerhead together."

"Pardners thirty years," said Rountree briefly. He did not like the stage driver. "Bill was a good pardner. Honest too; but he couldn't never seem to understand that everybody else wasn't as square as he was."

"Ain't it the truth! Easy—that's what he was! Say, look at the way Jim Stacey hung it on him!"

The high metallic cackle battered the afternoon silence and Rountree winced. Judd's laugh had always reminded him of the clatter made by a small boy trailing a slat along a picket fence.

"How was that?" he inquired. "I ain't heard about that."

Judd told him, grinning with enjoyment. "Say," he said as he finished the recital, "can you beat that? Ole Bill sweatin' away up there on Stillson Ridge, thinkin' Stacey was backin' him—and Jim down there at Ellenville unloadin' the other half of the White Elephant on Bill's daughter! Yes, sir; got every cent the Parker family had! I'm askin' you, can you beat that?"

Rountree waited until the senseless cackle had ended. "Pretty hellish way to treat a pardner," he said, "seems to me."

"Pretty tough," conceded the stage driver complacently, wolfing a chew from a plug of tobacco. "But mighty shrewd business. You gotta hand it to Jim Stacey. He's made thirty-forty thousand dollars usin' his head that way. Bully good feller too—take him aside from business. But it's business first with Jim every time. You can't blame him none. Business is business."

"Yes," said Sam slowly, his hobnailed toe digging clumsily in the dust. "Business is business."

"Shorely! And Jim's made thirty-forty thousand at it. You mustn't forget that!"

(Continued on Page 62)

Testing Big Business in the West

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the distinctive features in the present-day development of the Far West is that the state of California, although among the most rapidly growing in the Union, lacks the natural agricultural and industrial advantages of an evenly distributed rainfall and large coal deposits. In a previous article it was shown how in lieu of rain and coal the state is building an electrical machine out of the streams that flow down from its mountain wastes; an adaptation of Nature which is not so much a tribute to the Western genius as to that quality in man which responds to the spur of necessity.

In the present article it is proposed to follow this harnessing of the Western waters into the more human aspects of the subject, into some of the economic and political questions that erect themselves on the basis of even such simple elements of Nature as mist and snow and mountain peaks. For in being forced to lead in the production of water power California has been compelled also to face sooner than most of her sister states problems of broad public policy as well as problems of engineering. In more senses than one she is a test tube which others are watching.

To begin with, it should be observed that the large potential sources of power, the great watersheds and the few broad streams, already are pretty well controlled by three or at the most four large private corporations. One company alone operates in a territory as big as New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware. The two most important companies, so it is said, serve a territory as large as that covered by more than three hundred separate concerns in one of the thickly settled portions of the East.

Colorado River Power

IN ANY case the tendency toward big business, toward the largest and most powerful units, has nowhere gone farther, relatively speaking, than in the case of the California water-power companies. If one or two municipally owned power bureaus be included, there are some ten or a dozen independent companies or systems; but there are two corporations which overshadow all others and, with two or three more of secondary rank, dominate the populous portions of the state. In the north the Pacific Gas and Electric and in the south the Southern California Edison companies represent complex unions of a large number of smaller concerns, and despite the relative sparsity of population rank among the half dozen largest enterprises of their kind in the country.

Now, when it is realized that California is big enough and contains sufficient undeveloped resources to accommodate in course of time a population anywhere from three to ten times its present size, the importance of the ownership and control of power becomes apparent.

Nor is California all there is to it. If the power of the Colorado River should be developed the whole Colorado River Basin, comprising portions of the states of California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, might with eventual pressure upon the land in the East sustain a population in excess of that of Great Britain.

Falls in a Porous Lava Bed Country in Northern California. Above—A Water-Power Company Construction Camp. This Type is Frequently Seen in the West

Power could be transmitted from the Colorado River a sufficient distance to serve a territory as large as that which radiating from the city of Cincinnati now contains 60,000,000 people. It is no wonder that private corporations and municipally owned power bureaus alike are seeking a hold upon the Colorado.

Nowhere, naturally, are private ownership and operation more warmly defended or more vigorously attacked than in the case of the water-power companies of California. Whether this question of public or private ownership has been settled permanently or not, there is no doubt that the bulk of the business is in the hands of four private companies, and there is at least the possibility that in course of time it may be in the hands of even fewer.

Following the war, when there was a shortage of power, partly because of dry seasons and partly because the war did not permit new construction work, all the systems were physically connected, from the Oregon line to Mexico. Today the companies can and do buy power from one another, being tied up in superpower style like the companies in the industrial districts of the South and in such states as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Naturally there are not lacking persons who say that it would be a more economical, a more logical system if there were one great corporation covering the populous portions of the state, or at the most two, one in the north and one in the south.

But whatever the future may have in store in the way of further consolidation of interests or change in the form of ownership, the larger companies never cease in their efforts to harness the watersheds and streams.

However plausibly the cause of state and municipal ownership may be urged, it can hardly be argued that the private companies are showing any lack of initiative in developing power. They may have grabbed most of the sites, but in any case they are developing many of them on a scale previously unknown in the history of industry.

Subterranean Water Supplies

IN THE northern part of the state the largest of all the Western power companies is engaged in harnessing the Pitt River, which rises in the Cascade Mountains country. This territory is of lava formation, unlike the Sierra Nevadas, farther south, which are almost exclusively of granite. Water quickly runs off the granite slopes of the Sierras, but is held in underground storage in the porous volcanic lava.

The Pitt River, which is really the upper Sacramento, is easily controlled and converted to power usage because of the constant even flow, which indeed is over twice the precipitation of its drainage area. This is accounted for by subterranean sources of water in the lava beds, reaching as far as Idaho and the Colorado River.

Although this is one of the country's most desirable as well as one of its largest single sources of water power, it will cost the Pacific Gas and Electric Company $100,000,000 and will take until 1935 to finish the development. Another company, the Great Western Power, which serves much the same territory—that around San Francisco—is developing another large stream, the Feather River, and will also in course of years own one of the world's largest units or blocks of power. It already has what is said to be the largest artificial reservoir in existence.

The more southerly developments, those to take care of the San Joaquin Valley and the Los Angeles region, are of an entirely different nature. The much steeper granite slopes of the Sierras may by sufficient expenditure be converted into a cup, but never into a sponge. The nonabsorbent soil and quick run-off can be counteracted only by a complicated and elaborate network of drops, tunnels and reservoirs. Whole watersheds instead of mere rivers must be harnessed.

But fortunately for Southern California if it is to get any power at all, the relative lack of water is made up for or equalized by the far greater distance it falls. Where the northern companies get drops of 2000 feet, one southern company is building works to drop the water 6000 feet, and still another company will eventually drop it 8000 feet.

The program of one of these two concerns, the San Joaquin Light and Power, which serves the valley of that name, contemplates the expenditure of $50,000,000 in developing one of the branches of the remote Kings River, a job that will require ten years. The Southern California Edison Company is developing several branches of the San Joaquin River in the same general section of the state at a total contemplated cost of $375,000,000, the bulk of which is still to be spent. As this is the most spectacular of any of the operations and, as far as can be learned, the largest construction job under active prosecution in the world today, if not the largest ever undertaken, it merits a somewhat closer examination.

This piece of work, known as the Big Creek development, has been under way for about ten years and will take from twelve to fifteen years more to complete. It is far back in the most remote portion of the Sierras, and at one time as many as 7000 men were employed. Rarely has the labor force been below 4000. Obviously such an undertaking under such conditions raises many questions of more than local interest.

In a previous article the conditions which obtain during the winter months were described, and reference was made to the camps which are isolated beyond the barrier of snow. But it may be said that the work, whether in summer or winter, partakes of the nature of a great military operation, long extended, far flung and exceedingly costly. It extends from a base at a comparatively low altitude far up into the higher peaks, a distance of some sixty or seventy miles quite a respectable battle front against the hostile granite. The actual cut will be longer than that of the Panama Canal. When the work is finished there will be eighty-six miles of tunnel, mostly through solid granite.

The Biggest Job in the World

ONE of the tunnels now under way, but requiring many more years to complete, will be thirteen and a half miles long. There will be nearly twenty power houses at different levels, one recently completed having cost $15,000,000. The generator which supplies the light for this power house and such power as may be needed within the building itself is as big as the whole first unit which the company used to supply its customers in its early days.

It is said that the company doing this work is the largest consumer of high explosives of any organization in the world engaged in the same class of work. Before actual construction could begin it was necessary to build long stretches of mountain roads, and they could not be started except by lowering men by ropes a thousand feet down the face of a precipice to drill holes. In other places freight can be carried from one range of mountains to another only by means of inclines, one of them 2000 feet in height.

Cutting a Roadway Across the Face of Cliffs in California

To carry on the construction job as a whole it is necessary to maintain sixteen camps, each with adequate transportation, housing, commissary, sanitary, medical, hospital and entertainment provisions.

Tunneling is perhaps the most nearly indispensable feature of construction. The rate of progress being of necessity very slow—at the most only a few feet daily—there is an enormous piling up of interest charges. Nor can the impounded waters in all their force be turned into reservoirs or into the turbines of power houses until the tunnels are finished.

It is really quite a job to build eighty-six miles of tunnels at a cost of something like $1,000,000 a mile through mountains of granite at elevations of from one to one and three-quarters miles above sea level.

But tunnel work is greatly facilitated by building lateral construction entrances, or adits, in from the sides. In this way the tunnel crews can dig out numbers of additional headings in which to work. The net result is a decrease in the length of time consumed and a large saving in ultimate expense, although the cost of the adits themselves is about $7,000,000.

These tunnel headings are quite naturally places of feverish activity. Only a few men can get into a heading at any one time, but there must be no delay or interruption in their work. No matter what goes on in the Ruhr or anywhere else in the outside world, the continuous five-year process of blasting and mucking out in these tunnel headings, far back in the wilderness, must never cease.

Blasts That Raise the Roofs

SUCH work depends largely upon the efficiency of drilling tools and high explosives. Apparently no method has yet been devised for firing off blasts in tunnels without a long subsequent wait before the workmen can begin to clear out the muck. Because of the terrific force of these blasts the locomotives which pull the trains of flat cars on which muck is carried out cannot be operated by trolley within the danger zone, but must shift to a storage battery. Tin roofs have been lifted from houses near the tunnel entrances, and an automobile carelessly left close to the opening has been thrown by the force of a blast to the bottom of a cañon far below.

But, after all, no great engineering work is of much general interest except in its human, its social and economic implications. The man who holds the drill, who places the stick of dynamite, who shovels out the muck, weighs heavier, or should weigh heavier, in the scheme of things than the materials among which he delves. Drillers, or drill operators, timbermen, muckers, trackmen, pipemen, electricians, steam-shovel operators and other trainmen, and tool sharpeners or blacksmiths—all these and many other classes of workmen are necessary to the building of tunnels.

It is probable, however, that the tending or removal of muck, or chuck, broken rock or earth blasted out, is more important than the actual mining and blasting of it, the reason being that mining operations have to wait upon the removal of material already blasted. Of the actual workmen the most important are really those who operate the steam shovels and trains of cars, and curiously enough these are the only ones whose union is recognized by the company.

The remainder of the thousands of employes are employed on a strictly open-shop basis, which is true also of the other big company, which has about 10,000 persons on its staff in all.

One grizzled old foreman told me that tunnel work is much easier than formerly because of the improvement in tools. "But lots of young men don't know how to take care of themselves," he added. "The good Lord must be awful busy looking after them."

Continued on Page 62

The Pitt River, Which Supplies Northern California and Central California With Much of Their Power

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

At Sight of Her, Tryer Caught His Breath and Gulped. She Was Vic Teller in the Flesh, and Yet Not the Vic Teller He Had Known

XXII

IT IS an incontrovertible fact that men do their best work for women; but they do it when the women are not around The construction of the cement plant progressed to completion with tremendous strides, and on a much smaller scale the immediate environs of the homestead began to take on a new air, for Connecticut Tom was one of those bachelors who abhor disorder, even though they can put up indefinitely with unwashed windows. He collected rubbish and burned it; trued the fences which abutted on the road; did an extraordinary amount of clever tinkering; stole bricks when the night watchman at the plant was asleep, and with them built new broad, shallow steps, pyramided to meet the narrow thresholds of the three doors of the house. By the coming of winter he had the place in better order than it had known for a hundred years; by winter, also, twenty-two thousand barrels of Rattler Brand cement had been launched on a rising market.

Compared with figures of only a decade later, the output of that first abbreviated fall season seems a mere bagatelle; but it was, in fact, a most notable performance. With cement selling at one dollar and twenty cents when the dollar was worth three times its present value and when labor was costing one-third as much as it does today, it can be seen that the actual returns were proportionately greater than the mill was ever to know again. The judge contributed in no small measure to this success, and by the time operations were suspended for the annual shutdown and general repairs, he and Mattis knew beyond a doubt that the Rattling Run Cement Company was on the highroad to success, and they with it. Neither Tom, Tryer, nor the judge ever spoke of Eunice except to inquire or report as to her whereabouts and welfare; yet Eunice, in the last resort, was the driving power behind all their endeavors.

She wrote seldom, and when summer came, contrary to natural expectation, she gave the farm a wide berth and took the children to the seaside, even avoiding the Jersey shore. This defection pleased Tryer and surprised the judge; but it deeply wounded Tom Bodley. He gave notice to find another caretaker, unwrapped his bundle of whips, washed and polished the chaise, rubbed Alexander's sleek hide until it shone, led him forth, hitched him up, climbed into the deep seat, took up the reins and clucked.

The horse did not move. Tom clucked again and again, said "Gid-ap!" over and over; dismounted, pretending he had forgotten something, returned briskly, jumped in and clucked again, all to no avail. He took out his bandanna to mop sweat from his brow and neck, called Alexander by name, talked to him, implored him, reasoned with him, but was held back by a sinking of the heart, coupled with a premonition of mutiny, from uttering the cabalistic cry of "Aleck!" So genuine was his fear that he sat within the somber shadow of the calash top for two hours rather than dare the ultimate test. Finally the sound of approaching rapid hoof beats forced his hand. He gathered up the reins and cried out sharply "Aleck!"

Alexander threw his rump two inches into the air in the absurd and insulting gesture which heretofore he had used only against strangers, and promptly settled down on all four feet as stolidly as though he were made of varnished wood. Tom gasped and his cheeks showed bright pink through his gray beard as the judge whirled in behind Gypsy, drew up, and presently began to laugh.

"Tom," he begged, "let me give him one genuine cut with a real whip."

"No," said Tom hoarsely.

"Just one lash under the belly where it won't show," persisted the judge.

"No!" groaned Tom, with a shrinking quiver of his own round paunch.

"He's the most colossal fraud I've ever known," continued the judge; "the only horse my fingers have ever itched to lick for the mere sake of licking, and by hickory, he's been asking for it all his life! Every time I see him I look around for a litter of pigs. If you should try out the lard from his carcass there wouldn't be anything left but hide—not a bone, a muscle or a single pound of honest flesh."

At the sight of the moisture which suddenly rose to Tom's kindly eyes the judge felt ashamed of himself. "Well," he concluded, "as I was saying, he's a fine horse, only a trifle too fat for my taste."

"I can't deny," admitted Tom, "that Alexander is a bit fat; but I like them fat. Then there's this about him: He isn't bunchy; he's fat all over—neck, withers, legs, barrel and rump; so that, just standing there, he cuts a fine figure. Give him his due for that, judge, but I do wish he could talk."

"Why?" demanded the judge.

"Well," said Tom, "I'd like to ask him if he's ever known an unhappy day."

XXIII

THE judge drove on, feeling a first touch of gratitude toward Alexander for saving him the trouble of installing a new caretaker. There was a smile in his eyes as he remembered the group he had left behind, standing like an exhibit awaiting shipment to a museum—the great sulking black horse, glistening as if grease had exuded on his well-rubbed hide; the antiquated chaise, hung in the graceful lines of a bygone day; the sheaf of whips, according to Tryer Mattis, approaching an equal symbolism; finally, Tom himself, urbane skinful of gentleness, of the philosophy of an unhurried age and of character, hand in hand with avoirdupois.

To turn from such a personality and enter the presence of Tryer Mattis was almost the equivalent of a physical collision. Tryer represented all those things which Tom denied. During these days he was the dynamic principle incarnated, driving himself and others to the verge of collapse; spurning the weak and battening upon the strong; loosing his fulminating thunderbolts within the entrails of the rock, and dominating the ponderous machinery to grind slowly and exceeding fine, as though he had commandeered the mills of the gods to do his bidding. No wonder he was glad of Eunice's absence; the longer she stayed away, the more would he have accomplished and the better would he be able to domineer. Achievement was giving him weight in his own eyes day by day; why not in those of another?

But when the second winter arrived, bringing with it a certain amount of enforced idleness, he sang a different tune. He grew restless, and envied the judge his magisterial duties, his love of books and his power of living within himself. He even envied Tom, and got out a cutter sleigh to plow through deep drifts to Rattling Run Fields for an occasional chat. When the snow began to melt he resurrected his discarded buggy, hitched up two draft horses and went wallowing through the mud on the same errand. Occasionally the judge would happen along, too, and the men would sit in Eunice's kitchen by the hour, sometimes talking, but oftener absorbed each in his own thoughts. Later, seated at the much-scoured deal table where Warner Sherborne had signed lease and will, Tryer and the judge would talk shop, covering sheets of paper with calculations, while Tom cooked supper for three and discoursed on the great folly of crossing now the bridges of the future or of counting one's chickens before they were hatched.

"Talk less and cook more, you old grayback!" roared Mattis, leaping up to stride the full breadth of the spacious kitchen and back again. "Who ever got anywhere without crossing bridges before they come to 'em? Who ever done anything without counting their chickens long afore they was hatched? The difference between you and me, Tom, is that you died day before yesterday and I live day after tomorrow. Burn your silly old whips or you'll have to tag 'em so folks will know what they was for. Talk less and cook more, I say, for the judge and me is hungry."

During the following week, the last in March, Tryer disappeared from his usual haunts. The last of the snow

was thawing fast, though the ground was still frostbound beneath the slippery surface of the earth. There was a smell in the air of coming warmth, and it warned Mattis that soon he would have no time for any thought unconnected with the plant. He took train for Camden, changed there to another which let him off at Trenton, and half an hour later was in the school village where he knew Eunice to be living.

As he strode along the single street, sparsely aligned with houses for a distance of over a mile, he tried to persuade himself that it reminded him of the hamlet of Greenwich, made unfamiliar, however, by the bleak prospect of the naked trees. To this unfamiliarity he attributed a faint uneasiness that had seized upon him since leaving Trenton; but the truth was quite other than that. With the capital of the state he had had frequent contact through past connections with public works. When he went there, in a manner of speaking, he projected his own atmosphere with him—the atmosphere of the three counties where the name of Tryer Mattis was like a pennant flying at the front of battle, where there was not a man but nodded when he passed, not a boy but knew him, and scarcely a woman who did not feel his presence as one feels the more active elements—sun, wind, invigorating rain. It was because he was aware of a sudden absence of background that he strove to connect this strange village with something he knew, and he felt uneasy because he failed.

He entered the general store, took refuge behind one of the encumbered windows and stared across the street. Through gaps between houses and the trunks of trees he could see the buildings of the great school, which held itself aloof in a closed circle. Buildings of brick, of sandstone, and one old one of granite were warmly splotched with matted patches of English ivy.

A bell clanged. Doors opened. Boys poured out in streams that opened fanwise and scattered. Out of the throng of hundreds only half a dozen individuals sought the village proper. Among them was the erect figure of Drake Sherborne.

Tryer watched the direction taken by the boy and followed him at a safe distance. He saw him turn in at the gate of a very small house of broad white clapboards, dignified only by its age, and hurried forward as if to join him, but at the last moment slipped behind the bole of a large elm. Drake whistled; Io threw open the door and flew out to meet him; Eunice came to stand for a moment on the narrow stoop.

At sight of her, Tryer caught his breath and gulped. She was Vic Teller in the flesh, and yet not the Vic Teller he had known. No; not that. He had it! She was what Vic Teller had promised to be before her youth had felt the blighting power of his hands, before he had driven her into the barren refuge of Warner Sherborne's arms and of the bleak emptiness of Rattling Run Fields. She was fresh of skin, renewed, lovely. He looked down at his hands now, at his heavy muddied boots, at his bagged trousers, and finally at the deep wrinkles which had pulled his sleeves high, disclosing soiled shirt cuffs and hairy wrists. Up went his eyes again to that trim high-headed vision on the narrow stoop.

He turned and slouched heavily away. What was he doing here? Who knew him? Who was there to whisper "There goes Tryer Mattis," with never a look or a thought for his baggy clothes? The shrewdness that had made him a figure to reckon with throughout the length and breadth of the three counties dawned in his face and eyes. Not here; or now. He would not come to her like a fish on land, gasping for its natural element. He returned to Trenton and walked the streets for an hour, waiting for a train to Camden.

Five weeks later a breath-taking transformation had swept across the fertile rolling country which centered upon Rattling Run. The startling pink flush of the flowering peach orchards had come and gone, giving way to sprouting leaf; but sweet-scented pear trees were still in full bloom, masses of white amid young foliage of bronzed amber. Bird's-foot violets covered the banks along the roads with a riot of vivid blue. Within the woods, buried beneath blanketing dead leaves, lay hidden the shy yet shamelessly prolific blossom known variously as Mayflower, trailing arbutus or hope of heaven, source of an ineffable perfume, throbbing, as it were, with the pain and joy of hearts in love.

Long ere this Tom had discovered that Alexander's refusal to draw the chaise applied only to the chaise with the sheaf of whips aboard. Were it left behind as an earnest of a return by nighttime to the sloth and epicurean luxuries of Rattling Run Fields, fat as he was, Alexander would consent to trundle the insignificant load of the small carriage up and down dale, and his master in it when grades happened to be propitious. Beholding the wonders of the newborn earth, Tom hitched up and drove into town to see the judge, whom he caught in the act of tearing open a telegram.

"Judge, you got to come out to the farm. It's so lovely to look at, my eyes can't eat it all. I need help; someone to see things at the same time I do. Ever feel like that?"

"Yes, I have," said the judge with a smile as he unfolded the slip of paper in his hand. "It's one of the decentest things about us menfolks, Tom, that we can't stand looking at anything beautiful alone. One of two things: We've got to talk about it or else we've got to have somebody around to love. That's the way it hits me."

"Me, too," agreed Tom fervently. "Will you come out?"

"One minute," said the judge. As he spoke the smile died from his lips, leaving them set and purposeful. "Listen to this," he added after a pause, and read the telegram:

Drake disappeared last night. Search shows he took trolley to Trenton. Come at once or wire me what to do.

The two men looked at each other for a long moment of silence, broken finally by Tom.

"How old is the boy, judge?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen and hard as nails. Well, walking won't hurt him. You go to Mrs. Sherborne and fetch her to Rattling Run Fields. I'm going to borrow something out of your shed."

"Wait a bit," said the judge, having kept pace with the thought in Tom's mind. "The boy has got to go back."

Tom's kindly eyes hardened.

"Not afore he sees the place he's headed for," he declared as he started around the house, presently to reappear, carrying the judge's best whip—a genuine implement of authority made up of slender hickory stock and rawhide lash.

"Why don't you take Gypsy?" asked the judge.

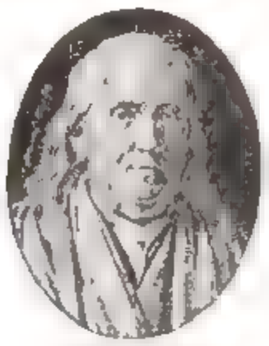
Tom pivoted, suggesting more than ever a barrel on end.

"I don't take Gypsy," he said, "because I'm afraid of her; and also because all I got to do with Alexander is to head him up the pike and say Elmer, Glassboro, Woodbury, Haddonfield, Bordentown, and he'll go to them places in the order named. Besides, lean him against an apple tree at night and he thinks he's in a stall."

Continued on Page 71

At That Moment the Morsel of Human Woe in His Arms Leaped the Bounds of Conception and Became Infinitely More Important Than the Breath of His Own Life

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2 00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3 00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1923

Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake

NOTHING in recent years has so shocked certain of our politicians as Secretary Mellon's plan to cut taxation in such a way that the burdens of everyone in the country will be lightened.

All through the long vacation these politicians have been sniffing the delicious odors coming from the Treasury Department. They have watched the slow baking of that spicy, fruity surplus and have been gladdened with glimpses of its toothsome frosting. The candles were lighted and were shedding a golden radiance over this masterpiece of the Treasurer's art. In anticipation the knife was already in the hands of the politician and the cake apportioned among a select list of guests—favored guests who, it was believed, would vote for the hand that fed them—when Mellon spoiled the party by inviting everyone, regardless of his voting strength, to cut himself a piece of cake. What promised to be a rather exclusive political function shows signs of degenerating into a block party with everybody in on it, including the help.

Mr. Mellon is proceeding on the theory, almost unique in politics, that everyone is entitled to a share of a surplus to which everyone has contributed. And it shows how far and how unresistingly we have slipped down the road to confiscation when almost everybody is astounded and incredulous over a proposal to reduce taxes. Yet taxation is increasingly the great city problem, the great state problem, the great Federal problem, and finally the great individual problem. It influences politics, dominates politics and corrupts politics. It would hardly be too much to say that it is politics. Any man who does not see this clearly, who does not understand the far-reaching consequences of every tax that is levied, who lightly consents to the imposition of new taxes, or who neglects any opportunity to lighten existing ones, is unfit for public office.

As a result of the war and the loose thinking and spending that grew out of it politicians the world over have been so busily engaged in increasing taxes that a proposal to lower them comes as an almost revolutionary idea. Secretary Mellon does not happen to be a politician—he is only just about the best Secretary of the Treasury that the United States has ever had. Coming into office unknown and under the awful suspicion of being a rich man, he has steadily been overcoming his handicap and gaining in popular esteem. Some bolder spirits are even beginning to say that perhaps a man experienced in handling large financial matters is a good one to trust with the handling of large financial matters. After all, the possession of qualities that have made for success in banking would seem to indicate a certain fitness for the position of Secretary of the Treasury, though not to that paradoxical political mind which regards success in one's private affairs as a disqualification for public office. The selection for Secretary of the Treasury of an experienced man, with the ability to make and conserve a fortune, caused much misgiving and headshaking.

The casual observer will note other curious political paradoxes. To handle private trust funds carelessly and wastefully is a serious matter and one is promptly fired for it; to handle public trust funds carelessly and wastefully may make one so popular that he will be returned by an increased majority. To get votes with five-dollar bills is bribery and one goes to prison for it; to get votes with legislation voting tax money to favored classes and localities is statesmanship and one goes to Congress for it. Vote getting is sometimes hard to distinguish from vote buying, unless one is trained to nice political distinctions.

Some of the comments on Secretary Mellon's plan were incredibly naïve, even for the politicians who made them. They had decided on a course of action that would have resulted in an increase, not a decrease, of taxation. Their first reaction to the Mellon plan was that it was a trouble-maker—for them. They viewed it solely from the political, not the economic angle. The plan is the more disconcerting in that it is unassailable from the standpoint of sound finance for the nation. Of course it will be assailed by the demagogues, the vote buyers and the radicals who are planning confiscation through taxation; but it does not take a particularly keen intelligence to see how it will benefit every man, woman and child in the United States. Particularly will it help those who do not pay a dollar in direct taxes, for they are the ones who bear a disproportionate amount of all indirect taxation.

The simplest illustration of the effect of taxation will suffice to make this clear. Everyone lives in a house that he owns or one that he rents, or in an apartment or a single room. Every time real-estate assessments are raised and taxes are increased the house owner pays them directly out of his pocket, and his cost of living is increased by just that much. The landlord who rents houses, apartments, tenements or rooms also pays his higher taxes and then raises rents to cover them, plus a little extra to make it even money. Exactly the same process takes place in the case of every commodity. The manufacturer adds his taxes plus to his costs; the wholesaler adds his taxes plus to his quotations; and the retailer adds his taxes plus to his prices. But this is not all. The man who draws his income from any profession or business finds it materially reduced, after he has paid his city, state and Federal taxes, so he presses for ever higher fees or salary and dividends to enable him to maintain his standard of living. These, too, must be added to retail prices and be paid in the end by the man who thinks that he is paying no taxes, as well as by the one who knows that he is.

Good roads, great public buildings, paternalistic departments, government ownership, with its overstaffed and inefficient bureaus, first aid to blocs and classes—all may seem desirable to you, but they all cost money, all raise taxes and the cost of living, your cost of living, no matter who you are or where you live. That huge bond issue for which you voted without consideration goes to swell the total, for it must be paid off by you or your children. In the meanwhile you must pay the interest on it.

Can you afford so much of these things and is it wise to buy so many of them on credit? It is not. You cannot afford so large a public charge account—for all these things are a part of your personal expenses.

The taxgatherer makes the installment-plan man and the loan shark look like amateurs. No matter who else waits, he gets his money on the minute. He is on hand to collect every time you eat, drink, smoke, dress, motor, telephone, play, work or sleep.

If Mr. Mellon can put over his program he will have done much more than have saved the country money—he will have saved it from a course that finally leads nations to turn to the Mussolinis and Riveras as their final hope of salvation from the politicians and the abuses that they have tolerated and too often fostered. We are still far behind Europe in these things, but not so far behind that we cannot catch up and will not catch up if we continue to stand for blocs, class legislation, waste and extravagance, with the confiscatory taxation that these things entail.

Present tendencies could easily be checked if our great inarticulate mass of so-called good citizens—home-loving, country-loving, law-abiding, church-going people—who do not vote, or who, if they do, vote for the set-up that the machine provides for them, could get it into their heads that protected vice, bootlegging, dope selling, banditry and too-high taxes can exist only with their tacit consent. If they would take as much interest in their taxes as they do in the baseball scores; look over their public officials as carefully as they do the big-league pitchers; go to the polls in as great numbers as they go to the football games; take as much trouble to register as they do to get seats at the Follies; feel as concerned over throwing incompetents out of public office as they do over throwing out josses in China; fight as hard to protect their incomes against foolish public expenditures as they do against foolish private ones, there would be something doing along the Potomac and various other rivers, estuaries, bays, branches and creeks on which capitals, cities, towns and farms are located. The only antidote for politics is politics.

On the other hand, we must not run away with the idea that all men or even a majority of the men in public office are incompetents and crooks. Many of them are only misfits; others are cheap men with low standards; still others are direct and indirect grafters; a surprisingly large number are honest, intelligent and competent—many of them working for smaller salaries than they could get in private business. But when the system—and that includes the indifference and ignorance of the good people—does not prevent them from giving the public the best that is in them, the machine politicians usually do. The same thing is true of the House and the Senate, though of recent years the number of able members has been decreasing and that of demagogic self-seekers increasing. The average voter, however, rarely knows who are the good and who are the poor public servants; rarely lets the good ones understand that he is behind them and the bad ones know that he is against them. That political get-rich-quick men—the demagogue, who appeals to passion and prejudice, the slick politician, who tells the people what they want to hear instead of what they need to know—are so often returned to office shows that we bite as easily on sucker political panaceas as on Wallingford oil literature.

Unless he gets a bill for direct taxes the average man does not even know how large a share of that direct taxation he is shouldering in his cost of living. If he did, he would sit down and indite a few burning lines to his senators and congressman, telling them to get behind Mellon's program for tax reductions. But the chances are that he does not even know the name of his congressman.

Yet it is this average citizen, working behind and supporting his representative, who is the hope of the country. That representative need not be a genius if he has honesty, common sense and practical knowledge. The world is suspicious, and rightly so, of its slightly mad geniuses and its self-styled intellectuals—no real intellectual ever calls himself one—because it is not strong enough to stand any more of their blunders. In happier times we may return to them for diversion, but today the men who can show us how to cut taxes, balance budgets and build up commerce should be our popular idols.

Taxation is imposed by both parties, but it is paid in nonpartisan dollars. Each party keeps pointing the finger of scorn at the other for raising taxes, and each is right. Each party in its platform is claiming credit for an intention to reduce taxes. Let us give credit to both and see that they merit it. There are both Democratic and Republican tax bills in our cost of living. That both parties should share the honor of reducing them is only fair. A party line-up on the Mellon program would strengthen the suspicion that petty politics and not sound economics is too often the deciding factor in tax legislation.

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

England's Struggle for Industrial Life

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THE failure of peace in Europe and the inevitable decline of world trade owing to the financial downfall of Germany and its reactions on all surrounding states are going to hit one country above all with a crippling effect. That is Great Britain, still regarded by many European peoples as strong, rich, and immune from the decay which is overtaking their own commercial life. It is staggering already from such heavy blows to its industrial state.

The truth is that England, even more than Germany, is dependent for her national existence and main sources of wealth upon her ability to sell her exports of raw material and manufactures in the markets of the world, and that until those markets recover their purchasing value her hopes of trade revival, and even her ability to support her own people, are doomed to most tragic disappointment.

Her secondary source of wealth in the good old days of imperial prosperity was in the transport of other people's goods from one port to another. She dominated the carrying trade of the world. The British flag on British-built ships flew over foreign cargoes in every sea. Now immense numbers of these ships lie rotting in their docks because they cannot get cargoes to carry. So many ports of the world, once busy with merchandise, like Petrograd and Riga, like Fiume and Triest, like Constantinople and Smyrna, are now, as I have seen them, deserted and derelict, with empty warehouses and grass-grown wharves. British shipping is in a deplorable state of stagnation, and the shipping firms are living on capital to keep themselves out of bankruptcy, hoping to hold on until the tide turns.

Recent revelations of the actual position are staggering in their gravity. In prewar years the 40 shipbuilding establishments on the Clyde employed 96,000 men. Today there are 33,000 shipbuilders and 36,000 marine engineers out of work. There are 218 building berths in the Clyde yards. Recently there were 66 of these occupied by vessels in progress and 15 by vessels on which work has been suspended; 137 were vacant. The directors of these great shipyards, in a gloomy view of their position, state candidly that they can see no prospect of getting work for 50 per cent of their capacity during the next five or six years. Indeed they maintain that for 25 per cent of the men formerly employed in Clyde yards there is no prospect of ever again being employed in the shipbuilding industry.

Those few figures about British shipping throw a searchlight on the conditions of world trade and British trade. They show that the vital traffic across the highways of the sea is slowing down and dwindling. It is not that other nations are capturing British shipping. It is that cargoes are not being carried to anything like the extent needed for healthy international prosperity. It means, especially to Great Britain, that the world is not asking for anything like the old quantity of her cotton and woolen goods; not clamoring for the same amount of her steel and tin plates; not exchanging raw material in the same brisk way for the porcelain of the potteries, the silver plate of Sheffield, the fine fabrics of Bradford; not placing many orders for the boots of Leicester, the screws of Birmingham.

Since the war ended I have been in many countries that were once good markets, directly and indirectly, to Great Britain. Russia was one of them, but although Russia is exporting grain once more, her people have no margin of wealth to buy even the full share of life's necessities, to say nothing of those half necessities or small luxuries which maintain a standard of civilization and fertilize world trade. Those 98,000,000 peasants are glad if they can keep the wolf from the door, and there is no longer a great middle class or aristocracy which used to furnish the houses and shops of Moscow and Petrograd with British-made goods.

Again, the old Austrian Empire was a world's fair of trade from which England gained profit directly and, much more, indirectly. Because Austria bought from Hungary, Germany, Russia, Sweden and many neighboring states, those other countries could buy English goods. The wheel of trade turned round busily. Now half its spokes are broken, its axle, which was Germany, is rotten, and it is side-slipping downhill. The very fine, complicated and delicate machinery of international commerce has been wrenched to bits by the financial crash of Germany and by a gradual lowering of the standard of life and civilization over a wide area

(Continued on Page 50)

OLD HOME WEEK

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

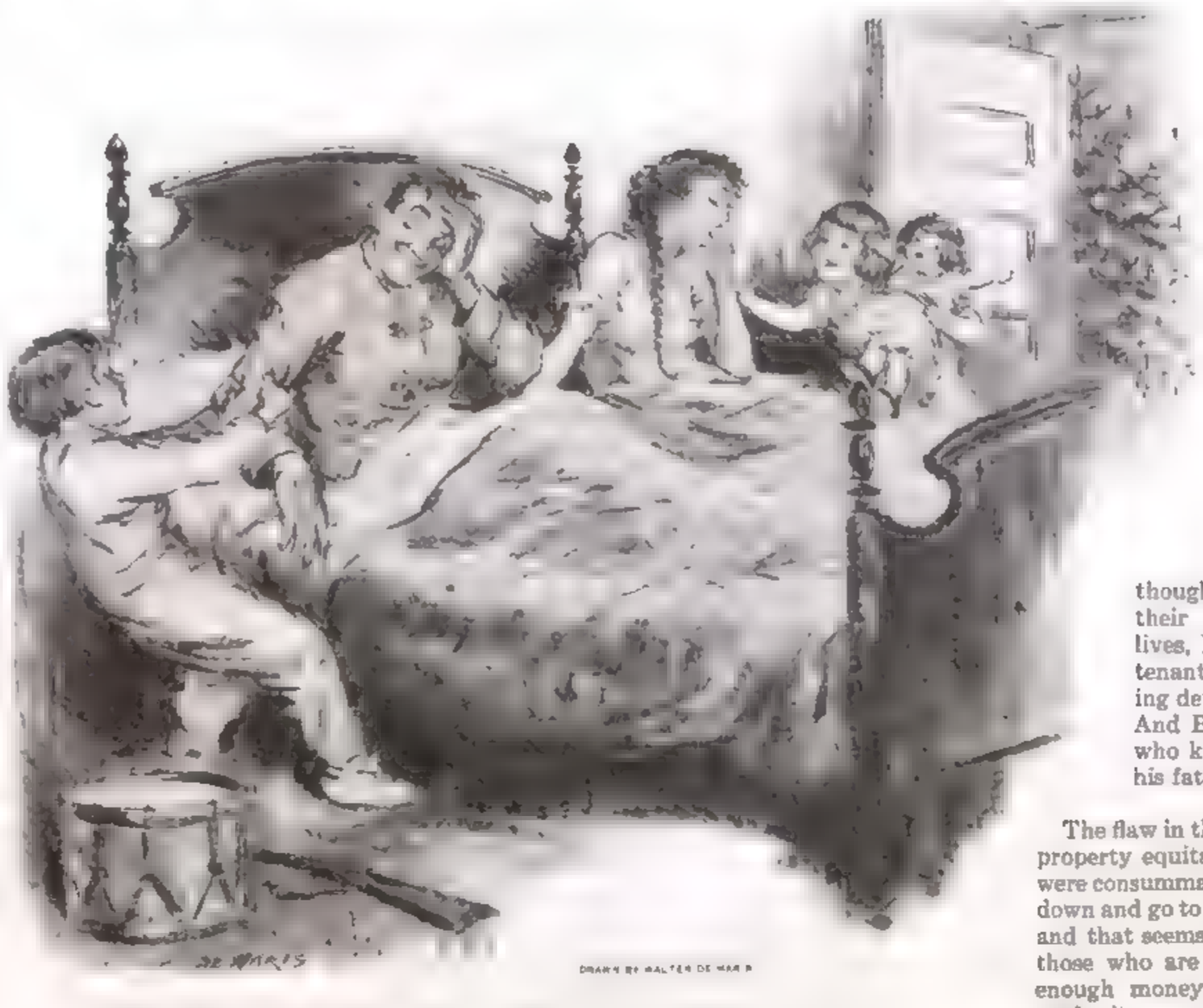
Rude Mary and Gentle Genevieve

A BRUSQUE young maid was Mary Agnes Whiting;
Her ways were rude, her manner sharp and curt;
She was constantly making nasty, unpleasant remarks about people, for her tongue was rather biting.
And she didn't care a hang what she said nor whose feelings were hurt.
In fact she was a regular Scrooge, was young Miss Mary.
And at parties and festivities, when the other girls were having a good time, she usually was bored
And as for those polite little amenities that add so much to the pleasure of social intercourse—of them she was exceedingly chary;
She didn't believe in giving Christmas presents, and the birthdays of her nephews and nieces and other relations she invariably ignored.
Still, despite the fact that she never gave a present,
And her manner still left much to be desired,
I always thought that Mary was not nearly so unpleasant
As her younger sister, Genevieve Ruth, who was extremely popular and universally admired

For Genevieve was one of those attentive creatures
Who are always bringing sunshine into someone's life,
And she used to think nothing of walking in uninvited on some poor family with a basket of hand-embroidered bedroom slippers, and a look of holy benevolence on her girlish features;
And she was constantly butting in whenever some honest, hard-working victim of her philanthropy happened to beat up his wife.
She was never known to forget an anniversary;
And she kept a card index of the dates upon which her friends' birthdays would fall;
And it used to be extremely annoying for someone whose acquaintance with her was merely slight and cursory,
To wake up on the morning of his birthday and find in the mail a hand-painted calendar or some such thoughtful remembrance from Genevieve, and to realize that he had forgotten her birthday, and hadn't sent her anything at all.
But Christmas was the season in which Genevieve used to revel.
No one was too remote to receive some tender token of the Yule;
And on Christmas morning several hundred people would receive a card or gift from Genevieve, which would naturally make them feel like the devil,
And they'd have to rush out immediately and send her something, just as though they had thought of her all the time, and I needn't tell you that that sort of thing always makes one feel like a silly fool.

And so, though Mary's wit would bite and blister,
And though her ways were frequently uncouth,
I much preferred her to her younger sister,
That sweet and amiable paragon of all virtues, Genevieve Ruth.

—*Newman Levy.*



The Cold, Gray Dawn of the Morning After the Night Before Christmas

Comment of a Country Editor

SIM FURNESS and Bent Magruder met in Sim's office Thursday afternoon and nominated next year's Republican county ticket. Two places were left open. Sim wants a candidate for county clerk from Chatham Township, in order to strengthen the ticket in the southwest part of the county, and hasn't yet picked his man. Bent thinks there should be a woman on the ticket, and the plan now is to permit the voters to nominate her at the primary. In the old days of boss domination, before political power was lodged by legislation in the hands of the people, the county ticket seldom was nominated until the fellows who controlled the delegations from the various townships got together in the Sun Dial Hotel the night before the convention. But now that every voter has a voice and a vote in the selection of the ticket, it can be nominated any time Bent comes to town.

Bradford Jinks, who saw last season's prize play in New York awhile back, came home from his trip to the city greatly troubled. He says the hard, bitter, unlighted existence of the rural folk depicted in the play impressed him as he had seldom been impressed, and he is more than ever determined to do something for the masses. As his first step, and with the thought of letting a little sunlight into their cheerless and artistically starved lives, he has decided to give each of the tenants on his father's farms an oil painting depicting some phase of life in Russia. And Brad is a man of his word and one who keeps his impulses. He will do it if his father will let him have the money.

The flaw in the plan to divide the money and the property equitably among the people is that if it were consummated everybody would have to buckle down and go to work. If leisure is the end sought—and that seems to be the thought in the minds of those who are demanding a division—there isn't enough money and property in the country to confer it.

Bib Thompson, who was down from the city last week visiting relatives and friends, has been a great disappointment to the people of our community. Bib never amounted to much here at home and it was confidently predicted, when he went away, that the city would whip him in ninety days. But he seems to have done very well. He has made some money and is spoken of as a coming man. Our people readily forgive those who trespass against them; but they find it exceedingly difficult to forgive those who succeed.

Those who wish to take statutory cognizance of its use, base their fight against tobacco on the ground that it is harmful to the human system. It is plausible conjecture that the real animus lies somewhat deeper. Those who use tobacco find it comforting and mildly stimulating. They derive from it solace and enjoyment. Nothing so infuriates a certain element of this country's citizenry as the spectacle of an individual enjoying himself in his own way.

When Pen Fifield went East three years ago he neglected to advise the community as to the nature of the employment which has since kept him in New York and Washington most of the time. On his occasional visits home Mr. Fifield was reticent. Neighborly inquiries as to the nature of his business elicited unsatisfactory replies. The town has been much interested in the matter, and at times,

(Continued on Page 52)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

A Close-Up of Mrs. Beans—On Waking and Realizing Beans Hadn't Been Home All Night

Campbell's
PORK
AND
BEANS
WIT
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
Slow-cooked
Digestible

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TEMPORARY PIRATE

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE time had gone well into August. The halcyon days had come, when for weeks the water lay like mother-of-pearl, and the sky was like gray silk, and the thin tender haze of smoke softened the land, and many things had fallen silent. The gulls sat lightly atop their own reflections, saying not a word; the hermit thrushes alongshore had gone about their business, which was now other than song; the crows and ravens had ceased their obscene wrangling and assumed, belated, an air of seemly wisdom. Only the salmon, on their way to the spawning grounds, leaped gloriously, casting themselves recklessly two, three or more feet straight out into the air. All else in this noon of the year took its repose, lying not so much asleep as day-dreaming.

The Kittiwake cruised idly through multitudes of little islands on the outer fringe, searching out tiny coves, or curved sandy beaches from which to swim, or points boldly jutting out over a placid sea where her crew built evening friendship fires and lay on their backs and looked upward at mellow stars. The days were growing shorter. It was now dark by nine o'clock. But they, in harmony with sea and sky and land, seemed to have slipped away from time. Dates and hours no longer existed for them. They lived a vagrant life in a pearl-gray world, where were neither beginnings nor endings nor the thought of other days. The barometer stood immovably at 30.15.

Early one morning Betsy and Marshall, with Noah in the prow, set out in the dinghy for an all-day expedition, which X. Anaxagoras declined. The objective was an elusively glimmering strip of shore, apparently of white sand, which offered possibilities of bathing or clams or both. They were well supplied not only with food but with water, for in these outlying islands was no such abundance as farther inland.

Marshall swung into the oars vigorously, for the day was young. The sea was, as usual, glassy smooth, and the air still. Once beyond the compact group of small islands where the Kittiwake lay at anchor, he found himself bearing against the strong northward set of a current. All went well for perhaps a third of the distance. Then a vagrant little breeze wandered along, rippling idly a small patch of water and fluttering Betsy's hair as it passed. So unusual was this that Marshall stopped rowing and bared his head to it.

"That feels rather good for a change, doesn't it?" he remarked.

And suddenly they found themselves in a dense fog!

It formed all about them with bewildering rapidity, seeming to come from nowhere in particular, not even from the surface of the water about them; but to materialize in all space, like a thickening of the atmosphere. In five minutes the whole world was blotted out, except for such of it as might float within twenty feet of the boat.

They discussed what they should do, and decided it would be better to return to the yacht. No beach could now possess much attraction, for with the fog had come a chill, slight but sufficient to take the joy out of bathing. Marshall turned about and began to row back.

"Look here," he said after a considerable interval, "we ought to be among the islands by now."

They Shouted in the Hope That Their Voices Might Arouse an Echo That Might Guide Them

"Let's listen," she suggested. "We ought to be able to hear the swell against the rocks."

They strained their ears, but heard nothing. They shouted in the hope that their voices might either get a reply from the Kittiwake or arouse an echo that might guide them.

"The current has been carrying us north," reasoned Marshall. "We are probably above the islands a little."

"Then if we row south we'll strike them," said she.

Marshall pondered.

"Or miss them. There's a lot of ocean in the Pacific. I think Canada is easier to find. It isn't very far. I believe it would be safest to row straight for the mainland and wait there until we can get our bearings. Otherwise we might drift heaven knows where. Out to sea, perhaps."

"It seems impossible to miss that big group of islands!"

They discussed the question for some minutes, but finally decided on Marshall's plan. He picked up his oars.

"What is it?" she inquired, at the expression of his face.

"Which way do you think the mainland is?" he asked.

"Why, over there," she stated confidently. "It seems to me in that direction."

After disputing this point they agreed that they did not know.

"I'm a triple ass!" he cried. "An empty-headed nincompoop! Why didn't I think of it! While we were talking we swung about in all directions! I haven't the slightest idea of where we are headed right now!"

There was no sun: the breeze that had announced the fog had fallen flat; the slight swell that breathed beneath the ocean's surface seemed to have no direction, but merely to rise and fall.

"The current sets north," recollected Marshall.

But they could not make out its direction. If they moved with it—why, so did all other objects on the water's surface. In vain they tried to recollect what lay north of them on the chart. Neither of them had even looked at the barometer that day.

"Well, I'm a fine sailor!" exclaimed Marshall disgustedly. "I feel like a fool! I suppose there's some nautical method of orienting ourselves, but I don't know it."

"You tell the north by the moss on the trees," said she.

"That's helpful!" he snorted.

"Well, I offer my best," said she meekly.

He shipped the oars. "One thing about it," said he with decision, "we won't add to our troubles by rowing ourselves off the map. The drift can't be very rapid. Perhaps it will clear. Perhaps your brother will blow his whistle."

They were uneasy, but not yet frightened. At this time of year there was every reason to rely on the steadiness of the weather. Marshall voiced this thought.

"Including fog," supplemented Betsy dryly.

They settled down to wait. Nothing whatever happened. Then Noah, who had maintained his position in the bow, spoke up.

"Land ho!" he shouted.

"What are you miaowing about, Noah?" said Betsy.

A moment later the outline of imminent trees showed ghostly, dead ahead.

II

MARSHALL rowed in. They landed on what proved to be a rocky islet not more than an acre in extent, with rocky shores and a little central patch of fir trees.

"At least we're going to stay in one place!" he cried.

They hauled the dinghy out on a shelving rock to above high-water mark. The relief from the uncertainty had put them in high spirits. It had become a lark.

"Cast away on a desert island!" cried Betsy. "What do we do now? Oh, yes; hoist a signal of distress."

"What for?" objected Marshall practically. "Who could see it?"

"It's the proper thing," insisted Betsy impatiently. "And then we explore the island, and fight the savages, and tame a goat."

"You might first look for that moss on the trees and determine our position," suggested Marshall sarcastically.

"I have. We are at the South Pole. It's north in all directions. They're covered with moss."

"One thing," observed Marshall, who had been taking stock. "For the first time in my life I'm glad of the feminine propensity to bring enough picnic lunch to feed a regiment. We may need it."

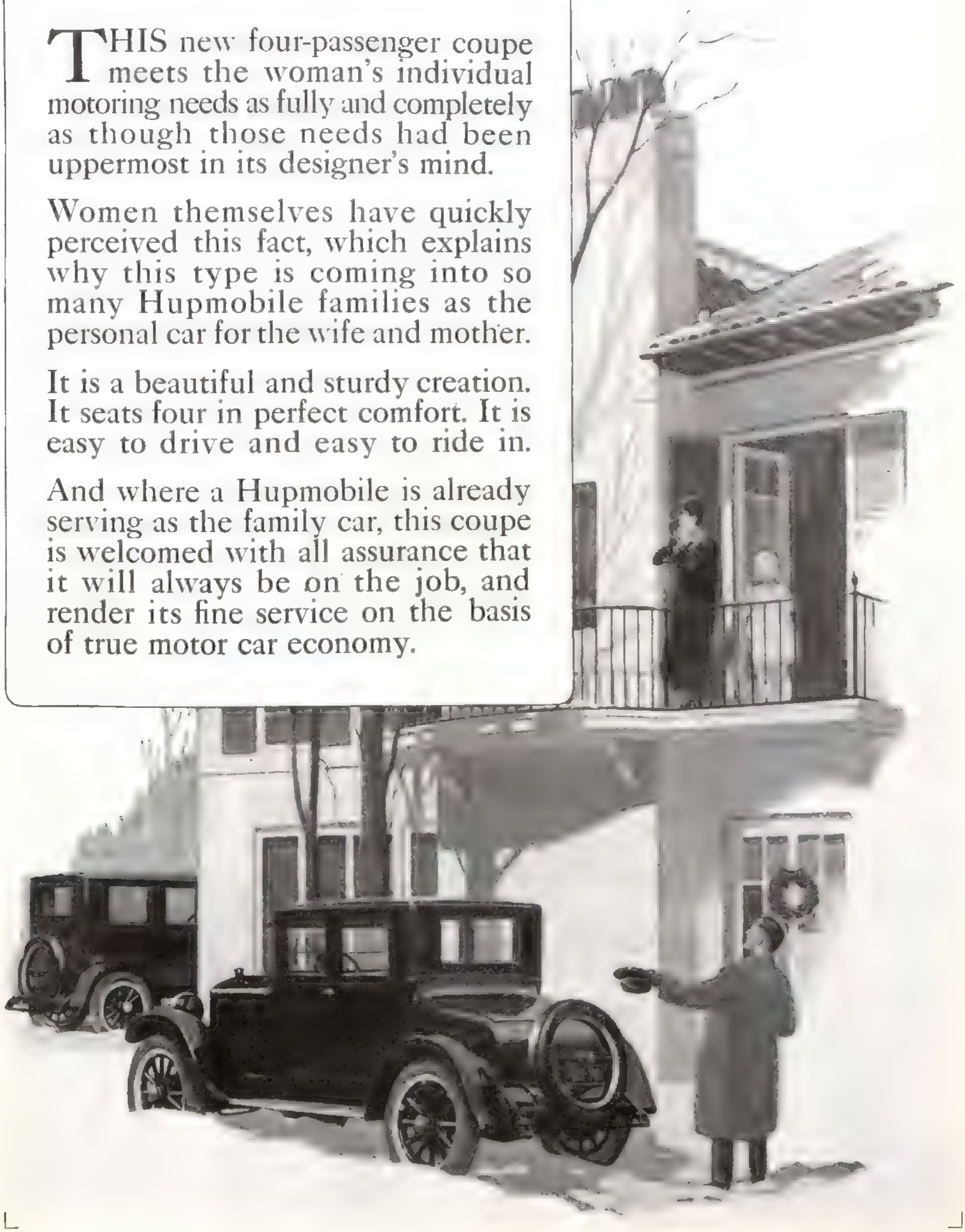
(Continued on Page 26)

THIS new four-passenger coupe meets the woman's individual motoring needs as fully and completely as though those needs had been uppermost in its designer's mind.

Women themselves have quickly perceived this fact, which explains why this type is coming into so many Hupmobile families as the personal car for the wife and mother.

It is a beautiful and sturdy creation. It seats four in perfect comfort. It is easy to drive and easy to ride in.

And where a Hupmobile is already serving as the family car, this coupe is welcomed with all assurance that it will always be on the job, and render its fine service on the basis of true motor car economy.



(Continued from Page 24

"Shellfish!" cried Betsy delightedly. "And we make a fishline by unraveling your socks if we can find out how; and a fishhook out of a hairpin. And we draw lots."

"What for?"

"How do I know? We'll have to decide on that. Come on; I'm going to explore."

That did not take long. Their resources, outside of those they had brought with them, proved to consist of sixteen stunted fir trees, a couple of million barnacles, a large mussel population, and an army of small and distrustful crabs. They returned to the boat, where they spread their rugs and made themselves comfortable.

The hours passed, but not so the fog. At noon they ate a sandwich apiece. Both had the same idea, though neither expressed it. These fogs had been known to last for several days, and to clear with a high wind. In spite of themselves they could not keep from speculation, nor from frequent quite useless examinations of the weather.

"I hope your brother won't worry too much," Marshall broke a long silence.

"He'll do all he can, but he won't worry," said she.

They fell silent again. Noah, after calling their attention to the lack of milk, had curled up on one of the rugs.

Suddenly the sound of oars in rowlocks became clearly audible.

Electrified, they sat up and shouted. The rowing ceased for a moment, then resumed. A small boat glided around the point of the islet.

The occupant stepped ashore and made fast to a projecting rock. He was a young man, very dark, very pale under a coat of tan, with deep burning eyes. He wore a peaked cap, a checked shirt and knickerbockers. The cap he raised politely on catching sight of Betsy.

"I beg your pardon," said he in a cultivated voice, "but can you tell me how far it is to Canada?"

His intonation and manner were quiet, but with an underlay of nervous tension, as though some great excitement were with difficulty held under.

"It's about five miles," Marshall told him, "but I haven't the slightest idea in what direction. We are lost in this fog, and are waiting for it to clear."

"It is in that direction," the stranger pointed confidently. "I have a boat compass. Are you hungry or thirsty? I have provisions in my boat."

"Thank you; neither. We have a picnic lunch. Where are you from?"

"Forty-seven twenty-three north latitude, and one hundred and fifty-one west longitude," replied the stranger promptly.

Marshall looked dazed for a moment. He had no precise knowledge of their present position, but it was over fifty north, and he vaguely remembered Vancouver as being about one hundred and twenty-five west. In other words, the man claimed to belong something under a thousand miles westward and two or three hundred miles to the southward. Marshall knew that a degree of latitude equaled about seventy miles, but was uncertain as to the value of longitude.

"No; I mean just now." He recovered himself. "Where is your ship?"

"At the point I named."

"But ——"

"I am a castaway," explained the stranger. "I have been twenty-eight days in that boat."

"On the open Pacific!" exclaimed Betsy.

"Yes, but the weather has been fine. I was well provisioned. I have suffered no hardships except a certain anxiety of mind. But even the Pacific in a storm would have been preferable to what I left behind me."

The last words were spoken with a fierce energy. It was as if an inner fire had flared up, to be instantly smothered.

"Your ship was wrecked?" inquired Betsy eagerly.

"Worse," said the stranger somberly.

Marshall started to speak, but Betsy imperatively motioned him to silence.

"Won't you tell us?" she begged, fixing the stranger's attention entirely upon herself. The latter shifted uneasily. "Please do!" she pleaded: "I should so much like to hear."

"You would not believe," he expostulated. "It is too terrible."

But at last his reluctance was overcome. He accepted a cigarette from Marshall and sat down; but he sat tense and without ease.

III

"I AM," he began, "in a way a victim of the war. Though I came through without major wounds, the effect on one of my temperament was profound. It was as though the cords of my being had been struck to so swift a vibration that nothing could still them. All other means of relief failing, I was at length advised to try a long trip on the water, quite cut off from all contact with the world."

He paused and passed his hand vaguely across his brow.

"I forget who advised that, and I forget in what manner or through whose offices I made my arrangements. My memory up to the doings of the past six weeks is somewhat uncertain; due, I suppose, to my condition. It does not matter. The important thing is that I arranged—or someone arranged for me—so that I took passage on a two-thousand-ton tramp steamer bound for the Orient. The length of the voyage, combined with the fact that I would be utterly divorced from all human contacts except those of the captain and crew, I hoped would aid my condition.

"Parenthetically, I may state, in that respect my hopes were justified. My memory has cleared, and my command of myself has been resumed. Had it not been for the circumstances which I am about to narrate, my cure would have been complete. As it is, I am still a little nervous.

"The ship was a small iron affair, of the typical tramp sort. My quarters—which were, of course, aft with the officers—were small, but clean and adequate; and the fare, though coarse, was wholesome. I had an abundant supply of books. Had it not been for the captain and the men under him, I should have been quite happy. He was a complete brute, and with one exception the men under him were like the master. The captain's name was Amos Barkeley." Again he passed his hand across his forehead. "I wish I could remember how it happened that I selected that ship!" he said. "No choice could have been more unfortunate!

"Captain Barkeley," he resumed after a moment, "was a resolute man, of great physical strength, domineering and brutal in character, vindictive in disposition, primitive in intellect, and of abysmal ignorance. His first mate was a worthy second to such a man. The fourteen members of his crew were a profane, rough, lawless band, quarrelsome, reckless, little better than so many dangerous beasts. The captain and his mate went always armed. They ruled by sheer brute force. Though I must confess," added the castaway thoughtfully, "that such was perhaps the only possible method with such men.

"I could naturally have little intercourse with them that could be pleasing to me. Unfortunately Captain Barkeley

(Continued on Page 28)

"The Ship Was Held Against the Island by the Magnetic Attraction, and the Tide Rose and Fell Against Her Side"

FISHER BODIES

Out of Fisher's long-time leadership in body design and building has grown the buyer's recognition that he has chosen most wisely when he purchases a car which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 26)

seemed to look upon me as the only person on board with whom he could converse on terms of equality. His discipline was perhaps necessarily—so rigid that he held himself aloof even from his mate, except in matters of the ship's business. Me, however, he singled out for his company; and many weary hours I had to endure in listening to his crude theories, his violent prejudices and his equally violent hatreds. With these I shall not weary you. Suffice it to say, he was a curious combination of anarchist, of bolshevist and of individualist. No existing human institution had his approval, to no class other than his own did he accord the smallest virtue. Nevertheless, he looked with envy on those more fortunate than himself. He seemed to consider in some strange way that he had been defrauded of all that others possessed, and that therefore he was fully justified in taking any unscrupulous advantage to redress the balance. He was restrained by nothing but his conviction of superior force. I am convinced he would have made an excellent pirate had he lived two hundred years ago.

"The exception I mentioned was the second mate. This young man was as much out of place in that company as myself. He was a thorough seaman, active in all his duties; but he was, in addition, of an ambitious temper and had a tolerable education. I think that in any walk of life he would have been called a fine young man. I would have found much pleasure in his society had not the captain's jealousy, disguised under the maintenance of the ship's discipline, held us almost wholly apart.

"We took, as I understand it, the northern circle. Our speed was very slow. For many days we had sailed a tenantless ocean. Then early one afternoon a transoceanic liner passed us.

"She was a beautiful sight, with her graceful lines, her flawless paint, her fluttering flags and pennants, her white bow wave curling away from her prow. But Captain Barkeley chose to see in her only a text for one of his diatribes. Everything about her displeased him—from her speed, which was thrice our own, to her cost of maintenance, her luxury, even the waves of her wake in which for some moments we bobbed about. He shook his fist after her in an ecstasy of rage, exclaiming blasphemously that she and her like carried riches that rightly belonged to himself. In fact, he acted like a madman, stamping around the deck."

The stranger paused for some moments in deep reflection; then shook his head.

"Did you ever hear of the birth of an island?" he asked abruptly. "One of those volcanic upheavals that suddenly appear in the open ocean?"

"I've heard there are such things," assented Marshall.

"Just before we sailed," added Betsy, "I saw in the paper an account by some ship's captain of having seen one of them rise. I think it was somewhere in the South Seas."

"Well, within five minutes of the liner's passing us we saw that happen. It came up rather suddenly, a jagged peak of bare rock, a good deal like the appearance of something in the Hippodrome tank. There was a dull rumbling sound, and an agitation of the water like that in a teacup violently shaken, only, of course, on a great scale.

"The liner was nearer than we, and was considerably tossed about. Then she held off on her course, but apparently under reduced speed, probably in fear of underwater pinnacles.

"'Look at the fool!' Captain Barkeley remarked bitterly. 'Why doesn't he sheer off? Any idiot would know enough to give the thing a wide berth!'

"And, indeed, his criticism seemed well deserved. The Maru—for that was her name—seemed to be edging closer and closer to the newborn island.

"'He's willing to take any chance just to gratify idle curiosity and make a show!' cried our captain. 'And he'll get a lot of credit by reporting it in!'

"We watched for some time. Shortly the Maru actually drew up alongside the precipitous shore and came to a stop. Captain Barkeley's contempt and anger at this it would be impossible to describe. But soon his attention was drawn to his own concerns. We ourselves, in the absorption of the spectacle, seemed to have drifted rather closer than was desirable. Under command the helmsman turned our bow a point or so outward. But soon it became evident that though we progressed through the water, nevertheless the distance between ourselves and the island was slowly decreasing. Some strong current seemed to be setting us in that direction. As soon as he became aware of this, Captain Barkeley headed directly away.

"'We'll leave the thing astern!' he cried with his customary oaths.

"But soon we found that this would not do. We did not gain. It became evident that the disturbance that had thrust up the island had also set up a current of extraordinary strength. Captain Barkeley ordered the helm down.

"'If we can't go against it we'll go with it,' said he, 'and pass the thing to port.'

"As soon as we were headed in the opposite direction we drew up on the island with great rapidity. It almost seemed to fly toward us, and we bore straight at it.

"'Keep her off! Keep her off, you fool!' cried the captain to the helmsman.

"'She's hard over now, sir,' called the man, frightened.

"The captain with one bound was himself at the wheel. It was as the helmsman had said. The rudder was hard over, but without effect. At terrific speed we were bearing down on the island, but on the opposite side from the point where lay the Maru. Another five minutes must bring us to a disastrous collision, unless the set of the current changed, as seemed most unlikely. Captain Barkeley promptly ordered the engines reversed. This instantly relieved the danger of the situation, though not its character. Instead of helping the current, the engines now worked against it. As a result our speed was checked, but we still continued to be drawn slowly but inexorably toward the rocky cliff.

"At this moment the cook, who was a negro of gigantic size who had always followed the sea, burst wild-eyed from the galley shrieking madly something about his pots being bewitched and flying through the air.

"The captain, being full of anxiety and resenting this disturbance, snatched from the rack an iron belaying pin. As he raised it to strike, it seemed to be jerked from his hand and to go sailing away through the air as though possessed of life and wings. We watched it, paralyzed with astonishment. It flew, light as a feather, overside and away; and though we followed it to the limits of vision, not once did it falter in its flight.

"All was now confusion. The cook fell on his knees, howling that he was bewitched; those of the crew who had witnessed the incident ran about the deck bewildered. Captain Barkeley stared for a moment at his open hand. Then he leaped to the deck and with heavy blows knocked the panic-stricken sailors to their senses. He roared that whether the devil were back of it or no, a collision was imminent and that they should take measures accordingly. Some semblance of order was thus obtained. Fenders and rope balls were hung overside. In a few moments, our screw still turning violently in reverse, we sidled up to the steep rocky side of the island and came to a stop. Luckily there were no under-water rocks. We were held there by the force of the pressure, apparently as securely and rigidly as sometimes you may see a stick held against some obstruction in a mountain stream."

The stranger paused and looked about him a little vaguely.

"I wish," said he, "I could remember why I elected to go on that particular ship!"

Marshall offered him another cigarette, which he accepted; and after a moment resumed his tale.

"We had hardly come to rest when the cook, who had been babbling prayers, uttered another yell. His eyes were fairly sticking out of his head. We looked to where his trembling finger pointed. There against the cliff was our belaying pin. It stuck straight out from a glassy, smooth, perpendicular surface of rock.

"At this new evidence of witchcraft it seemed likely that the cook would go stark and staring crazy, and that the crew would fall into an utter impotence of terror. Even Captain Barkeley's iron nerve was shaken. But the phenomenon that so terrified the others had illuminated my own mind. I took my knife from my pocket, held it out and opened my palm. Straight as an arrow it flew from me through the air, hit the cliff with a faint smack and clung quivering alongside the belaying pin.

"It was now only too evident what had occurred. The whole newborn island was nothing more than a loadstone, a monstrous magnet. Our ship—and the Maru—being constructed of iron, had been drawn to it irresistibly."

"Good heavens!" cried Betsy.

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Marshall.

"Nor I. But there we were. As quickly as may be I explained the situation and abated the alarm of those aboard. But though this removed the element of the supernatural, it offered no practical solution to our difficulty. We were there hard and fast, and my scientific education was too slight to enable me to offer suggestion. It might be possible that the Maru might be better informed, but when we attempted to lower a boat with the purpose of visiting her, we found this impossible. The boats, too, were of metal construction.

"I shall not weary you with an account of the next few days, nor more than suggest the petty annoyances to which we were forced to submit. Portable objects of metal had either to be lashed down or handled very carefully. At the least carelessness they flew overboard. Of course we could always recover them from the cliffs, but it was a great nuisance. Inside the ship it was not so difficult, as all such things simply plastered themselves against the walls on the side toward the island, whence we could pluck them as needed. The cooking had all to be done in brass or copper pots. We had to keep a very firm hold on such iron or steel implements as we used. I remember that Captain Barkeley, relaxing carelessly his hold on his table knife, cut the side of his mouth while eating canned green peas.

"However, as is usual in strange circumstances, we adapted ourselves very quickly; and in a short time we were leading what might be called a normal life, disturbed only by speculation as to how we were to release ourselves from our predicament.

"Now in this enforced leisure Captain Barkeley's active mind had its opportunity. Early the first evening he had set men to work building a raft of wood, by means of which he purposed visiting the Maru, which was, of course, unaware of our presence. His intention, I am convinced, was at first merely to seek superior knowledge, but his evil genius soon suggested an opportunity.

"The afternoon of the fourth day I was lying on my bunk when I heard the captain and his two mates descend the companionway. They were either unaware of or indifferent to my presence, for they talked freely, with no lowering of their tones.

"To my horror I soon learned that Captain Barkeley was proposing no less than piracy. He pointed out the riches to be acquired in taking over the Maru, dwelling in his usual fanatical and vehement manner on what he considered his rights and wrongs. He called attention to the fact that the liner was quite helpless and at their mercy. The disparity of numbers he dismissed with contempt.

"'One of my bully boys is worth twenty of those milk-fed sops,' said he. 'We are armed and we have the advantage of surprise. If we can't handle that lot, I miss my guess.'"

The castaway turned courteously to Betsy.

"I paraphrase his language in deference to yourself," said he apologetically, "but the substance is as stated."

"Go on; do go on!" begged she breathlessly.

"He proceeded to unfold his plan in detail. I will admit that from a military standpoint it was excellent, and could hardly fail of success.

"'Will they join, think you?' he asked at last.

"'To a man!' growled the mate.

"'And will they stick?'

"The first mate answered for that. But then Mr. Hardy, the second mate, and my friend, spoke up. He hesitated, and was evidently guarding his words.

"'But, sir, if so be it we do succeed in this venture, how do you plan to get away to the enjoyment of the loot?'

"The captain cursed his lack of education.

"'But if our milksop of a passenger cannot remember his college well enough to find a way, surely in so large a ship's company are some who know the ins and outs of this magnetism,' said he. 'Except in the way of resistance there must be strict orders that no one is to be killed until after all have been questioned as to their attainments. I only fear lest some such may already release the Maru before our attempt. But we shall know that, for we could not fail to hear her engines were she to get under way. I will offer his life to anyone who can get us free. I shall not say how long he can keep it,' he added with grim humor.

"'And the others?' asked Mr. Hardy in a small voice.

"'Dead men tell no tales,' replied the captain. 'Do you take me for a fool?'

"I could hear Mr. Hardy leap to his feet.

"'That would be massacre!' he cried. 'There are hundreds aboard; women, children too! Would you kill them in cold blood?'

"'How else?' demanded Captain Barkeley coldly.

"'It is a crime! An incredible, monstrous crime!' cried Mr. Hardy excitedly.

"'Aye? And is it so with you?' I heard the captain's voice drawl.

"There followed instantly the crack of a revolver shot; a groan. Then after a pause someone laughed.

"Shortly I heard the conspirators ascend to the deck. I ventured into the cabin. Poor Hardy lay where he had fallen, half across the table, shot through the head. I heard from forward the cheers of the crew as they greeted the plan. Shortly there were footsteps on deck returning, so I reentered my cabin.

"Here I gave myself over to serious thought. It was only too evident to me that my own life was not worth a penny. Indeed, I doubted not that I should by now have shared Hardy's fate were it not for Barkeley's hope that I might possess some knowledge by which he might escape away from the island. I heard through the partition sounds accompanying the removal of Hardy's body, and an attempt to clear away traces of the crime. Shortly after, I was summoned to the noon meal.

"I called on all my resolution to meet the criminals as naturally as might be. It was manifestly absurd to pretend ignorance; so I took the bolder course. I heartily approved of the whole plot, demanded eagerly a share both in participation and plunder, and even made one or two suggestions—God help me!—which earned the captain's approval. Whether he was deceived or not I do not know. At least he pretended to take my statements at their face value. Especially did I throw in a lot of balderdash concerning polarization and depolarizing which I hashed up in a kind of Sunday-supplement fashion, in the implication that I might still be of use. At least I was not murdered as I sat!

"After dinner I ascended to the boat deck to try to think. If only warning could be conveyed to the people on the Maru, the project must fail. But how? The cliffs of the island itself were like glass and almost perpendicular. All our boats were of metal, even to the jolly-boat, which was the only one small enough for me to handle alone. The wooden raft was not yet overside, and in any event it was both cumbersome and under observation. The thought came to me that I might try to swim; but I am a poor swimmer, the water was cold, and the distance to the Maru around the island could not be less than a mile. A life-preserver might help; but that thought was soon crossed from my mind by the sight of at first one or two, then dozens, finally hundreds of dorsal fins cutting the water. I verily believe in all history no such concourse of sharks has ever taken place. Possibly the disturbances leading to the upheaval of the island had attracted them in hope of prey. Perhaps in the mysterious labyrinth of Nature's ways some prescience had come to them, some glimpse of instinct into future events, some foreknowledge of a dreadful feast not yet prepared."

Noah at this moment leaped from the top of a near-by rock into Betsy's lap. She screamed.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried. "He startled me. Do go on!"

"While I was still at a loss," the castaway continued, "one of the men came by and opened the door of a little closet known as the paint locker, evidently in search of something needed on the raft. My eye fell on something that gave me an idea. No sooner was he gone than I proceeded to put it into execution. From the locker I took the can that had attracted my attention, together with a paintbrush. With them and a belaying pin I retired behind the jolly-boat. The belaying pin I carefully coated with the compound from the can. Then, my heart in my mouth, I released my hold on the bit of metal.

"It fell to the deck!

(Continued on Page 30)

ON Saturday of this week and Monday of next, thousands of women will choose for their Christmas dinner meat wrapped and marked as pictured below. A whole Premium Ham! Enough for everyone and to spare, meat assuredly fine and tender, yet secured at a saving per pound—there is in this purchase a satisfaction for the hostess as well as for her guests

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Swift's Premium Ham

(Continued from Page 28)

"Don't you see?" he insisted a little excitedly, as the others failed instantly to respond. "It did not fly to the loadstone; it fell to the deck! All that remained for me to do was to paint the jolly-boat with the same compound, to release it from the fatal attraction."

"What was the compound?" asked Marshall.

"Rubber paint. Rubber is an insulator, as you know. I spent the rest of the afternoon treating the boat, in deadly terror lest I be interrupted and my purpose inquired into. Fortunately all hands were very busy in preparation for their act of piracy. I also made it a point to appear among them from time to time lest a too protracted absence should be noted. Each of these excursions served a double purpose, for I managed on every occasion to smuggle back some provisions. My intention was to warn the Maru; but I foresaw that if this should fail I must provide for myself. It took some time to stock the boat, and I had several narrow escapes from discovery. Each lifeboat habitually carries water breakers and pilot bread, so all that was needed as far as they were concerned was to transfer a sufficient supply. However, other articles had to be brought up from below. My mind was working very clearly and accurately. In my twenty-eight days of voyaging I have lacked for nothing in the way of health and comfort. I even, as you perhaps noted, took off the latitude and longitude from the chart room.

"But, this task completed, I was at a loss. It was manifestly impossible for me to put the jolly-boat overside without being instantly discovered; nor could I invent a pretext for doing so. In fact, if my insulation worked—of which I was not yet certain—that would merely place her at the disposal of their designs. I could see nothing for it but to await the event; and to my growing horror I began clearly to realize what was the fact—that I would have no chance to warn the Maru.

"I hardly know how time passed. But near midnight the expedition left the ship. They were seventeen strong, for even the negro cook went along, and they were armed to the teeth. Indeed, I was the only man left aboard. For policy's sake I expostulated.

"'You'll get your share,' Captain Barkeley told me gruffly, 'and I don't intend to leave my ship alone.'

"This of course suited me to perfection. I barely waited until they were safely away before I was on deck loosening the lashings that held the jolly-boat in place. To my great joy she did not stir in her chocks. I hoisted on the falls. She hung from them vertically, without the slightest sway in the direction of the huge magnet alongside. My insulation was successful!

"I lowered away as rapidly as I could. But you must understand that to do this successfully, single-handed, from an upper deck, and without oversetting the contents, must be a slow job. It was accomplished, but it consumed a heartbreaking amount of time. I tumbled in and seized the oars.

"For a new thought had come to me. The Maru, as nearly as I could guess, was directly opposite us on the other side of the island. The pirates had gone around to the left. I would row around to the right. The raft must be very slow; perhaps its sluggishness would make up for my delay in launching; perhaps I might arrive before them!

"I laid to my oars and rowed with a will. The distance proved farther than I had anticipated, and I found a current against me. Indeed, as I at once understood, that was the reason the raft had taken the direction it did. Nevertheless, I made good time, and at length rounded a point from which I could see the lights of the Maru. But almost at the same instant those lights went out, and a burst of rifle shots was succeeded by a dead silence, which in turn was followed by a confusion of sound. I was too late!"

The stranger paused, overcome by the recollection.

"For some time," he resumed, "I lay on my oars, hoping against hope that the attempt might have failed, that the people of the Maru, though surprised, might have gained the upper hand. Then I heard Captain Barkeley's hoarse voice bellowing orders. The lights all went on again. There was a succession of splashes as of heavy objects thrown overboard. More orders were given. Little by little the confused hubbub died down to silence.

"I think," said the narrator, "that I might have lain there indefinitely or until discovered, for I was paralyzed with horror. Then a woman screamed—a long-drawn quivering shriek, suddenly stifled. It brought me to myself. I rowed away."

He seemed to have finished his narration, for he made as though to rise.

"And then? What then?" cried Betsy.

"I rowed a short distance, then rested until daybreak, which was only an hour or two away. Through the dark, at intervals, screams quivered and were stilled. It was rather horrible."

"I should think so!" shuddered Betsy.

"When daylight came I was perhaps a mile or so away. I was soon discovered, of course; but as to that I was careless, for I knew I could not be pursued. They trained a gun upon me, but it was a small affair, and I easily pulled out of its extreme range.

"Then, as I watched through the glasses with which I had provided myself, I noticed that the Maru seemed to have settled somewhat in the water. The red water line, which for ornamental purposes had been painted considerably above the level of the water, had disappeared. I trained my glasses on her draft marks. Soon there was no doubt that she was slowly sinking in the water. Had the pirates already loaded the raft with what booty they desired, and then scuttled the ship? That hardly seemed credible. Then the reasonable explanation occurred to me. It was simply the rising of the tide. The ship was held immovably against the island by the magnetic attraction, and the tide rose and fell against her side as against the rock itself. Curious how amid all that tragedy this obvious phenomenon interested me!

"But after a little I suddenly realized that it would not do. No tide, save in a confined space, ever rose as this tide was rising. It covered steadily one after the other all the draft marks, it rose to the rub strake, it covered that. Now it was lapping away at the closed lower ports. And all at once I understood what was happening.

"The island was sinking as it had arisen; and the two ships, fastened to its sides, were sinking with it!

"After the first shock of this discovery I watched as at a spectacle. I think there are tragedies so great—as there are wounds so deep—as to benumb. Black figures ran to and fro, indulging in vain activities. A swimmer struck out for the raft, which had gone adrift. He was sucked down in a whirl of sharks. It did not seem to me to matter that they were human beings. The spectacle was so much bigger than they were. The ship and the island went down slowly and calmly, without haste and without turmoil. Again it was like a Hippodrome spectacle. The waters seemed to rise placidly and inexorably. The hull, the various decks, the funnels, the topmasts vanished quietly. One by one the peaks and spires of the island withdrew. Finally the waters closed over the last of them all. I was alone on the sea."

So absorbed had the two been by the castaway's story that they had not noticed a change in the weather. The fog was lifting and a light air was ruffling the water to the westward. And now they discovered that the islet on which they had waited was in fact one of the group that sheltered the Kittiwake. They recognized the island behind which she lay not over a quarter of a mile distant.

This short space they covered in a brief time. X. Anaxagoras received them placidly. As the weather had been calm, the mere fact that they had been befogged had failed to alarm him. The newcomer he greeted with cordiality, which speedily quickened to interest when, under Marshall's and Betsy's eager urging, he repeated the story of his adventure. He listened with deep attention to every detail.

"You have had a most extraordinary experience!" he said when the story was finished. "And I can see that you have suffered profoundly both physically and mentally. I am by way of being a physician. What you need is a complete relaxation first of all. If you will follow me into the cabin I will prescribe for you."

He was gone for some time. Marshall and Betsy conversed excitedly in low tones concerning the tragedy they had heard narrated. At length X. Anaxagoras reappeared, carrying with him the Coast Pilot and a newspaper. They pounced upon him with eager desire for his comment. He led the way to the forward deck.

"Sit down, children," he said in his ordinary cheerful tones. "What do you think of it? Oh, you needn't lower your tones. He'll sleep now for some hours."

He listened to their varied comments, nodding from time to time.

"You apparently believe all that," said he, when they had finished.

"Don't you?" demanded Betsy.

"I'll stake my last cent he isn't lying," struck in Marshall with conviction.

"Oh, he's sincere enough, poor chap. But as Sherlock Holmeses you are a pair of Dear Watsons. Didn't you notice anything?"

They cast their minds hastily back, but had to shake their heads.

"Well, for one thing he must have shaved aboard his small boat; his face is perfectly smooth."

"Well, why not?" demanded Betsy indignantly. "It may not be usual to do so when cast away in an open boat; but I know an Englishman who dresses for dinner when he's bear hunting."

"Quite so," agreed X. Anaxagoras equably. "Possibly you noticed his breeches? The tailor's crease mark was still plainly visible. I suppose he pressed his clothes regularly in an open boat."

"It is not inconceivable that for some reason he has changed recently into a second pair," said Betsy scornfully.

"Quite so," repeated her brother. He opened the blue-bound Coast Pilot, fluttered the leaves for a moment. "Listen to this: 'The effect of magnetic masses external to the ship diminishes so rapidly with distance that it would require a local center of magnetic force absolutely unknown to affect a compass ½ mile distant.' 'To affect a compass,' mind you, it says; and a compass is a delicate instrument."

"Heretofore absolutely unknown," Marshall pointed out, but with uncertainty.

"Oh, quite so; granted! I might go into the scientific aspect further, but it is unnecessary. I would call your attention to one fairly obvious matter you overlooked in your quite pardonable excitement. His boat is not a ship's jolly-boat; it is a St. Lawrence skiff. It is not of metal painted with rubber paint; it is of wood painted with white lead. And just to shorten discussion, read this." He handed Marshall the newspaper. "Observe it is the latest paper we got at Haldane. Today is the nineteenth of August; the paper is dated the thirteenth—six days ago."

Marshall eyed the indicated paragraph, then passed it silently to Betsy.

"Arrived," it said briefly, "Yokohama Harbor, S. S. Maru."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr White. The next and last of the series will appear in an early issue.

STRAIN AT A GNAT

(Continued from Page 7)

well-drained shoulder of the main ridge which still lifted above him, he marked a group of oak trees, straight and clean, and forty feet to the lowest branch; and as he went on his thoughts were busy with the task of finding a use for them.

By and by the wooded land gave way to scrub where birch and poplar had sprung up along the fringe of an old pasture, the young trees now serving to shelter the seedling pines and spruces which had already taken root. Through this fringe he pushed on, emerging into rocky pasture land where low juniper grew, and blueberry bushes clustered here and there. As the rise of ground brought him above the level of the tree tops he paused and sat down on a bowlder to look back at the wider panorama now outspread below him. The woods hid his own farm; but he could see across the Whicher Swamp beyond, where moose browsed on the cedars, to the hills whose colors in the brighter light of late morning now assumed sharpness and definition. The clear air between hung a faint blue veil against these hillsides, enriching them with an added hue. He identified the loftier hills, those which the nomenclature of the countryside dignified with the appellation of "mountain"; Frye Mountain, and Hogback, and Haystack, and the long rampart of the Sheepscot Ridge to the southwest. When he should have climbed a little higher, reached the crest of the ridge on which he stood, he knew it would be possible to see still loftier peaks, northwest, west and southwest; the White Mountains themselves, unless low clouds on the horizon obscured his view.

He rose at length to go on. As he did so his eye fell upon a dead stick, curiously shaped, lying across a near-by ledge and weathered by the seasons to an even gray. He picked it up and used it as a staff while he continued to climb. Now and then, with this stick, he switched idly at a flower or a tuft of grass. It suggested a golf club; and he reminded himself that the nine-hole golf course south of East Harbor would soon be ready for play and that he must go in some afternoon and try a round.

It was an easy transition from this thought to the conception of building a golf course upon the open land along the crest of the ridge, which he was now approaching. The thought, no more than a germ at first, developed almost instantaneously into something sufficiently definite to be called a project. At once the man's characteristic enthusiasm awoke, he hurried forward to the crest of the ridge and stood there, too much interested to sit down on one of the many bowlders that offered, surveying the land in each direction with his eye. The ridge ran for ten miles toward the south, but half a mile or so away a gaunt ledge broke through the thin soil and Somes knew this solid rock, sparsely covered with grass here and there, extended far enough to put an effectual bound to expansion in that direction. About the same distance behind him, the ridge dropped down toward Fraternity Village. There thus remained a tract of high land perhaps a mile long, reasonably clear of trees for a quarter mile down the western slope, moderately clear in some places on the eastern side of the ridge. He began to vision individual holes, delighting in them. There should be three or four following the very crest of the ridge so that hook or slice would slide away downhill into trouble, there must be others diagonally uphill or down, there should be at least two which crossed the ridge, so that the drive would be uphill, the approach down grade into punchbowl greens.

A bare ledge perhaps a hundred yards wide a little north of where he stood caught his eye; he imagined a tee at the border of this ledge, so that a topped drive would strike the naked rock and bound eccentrically.

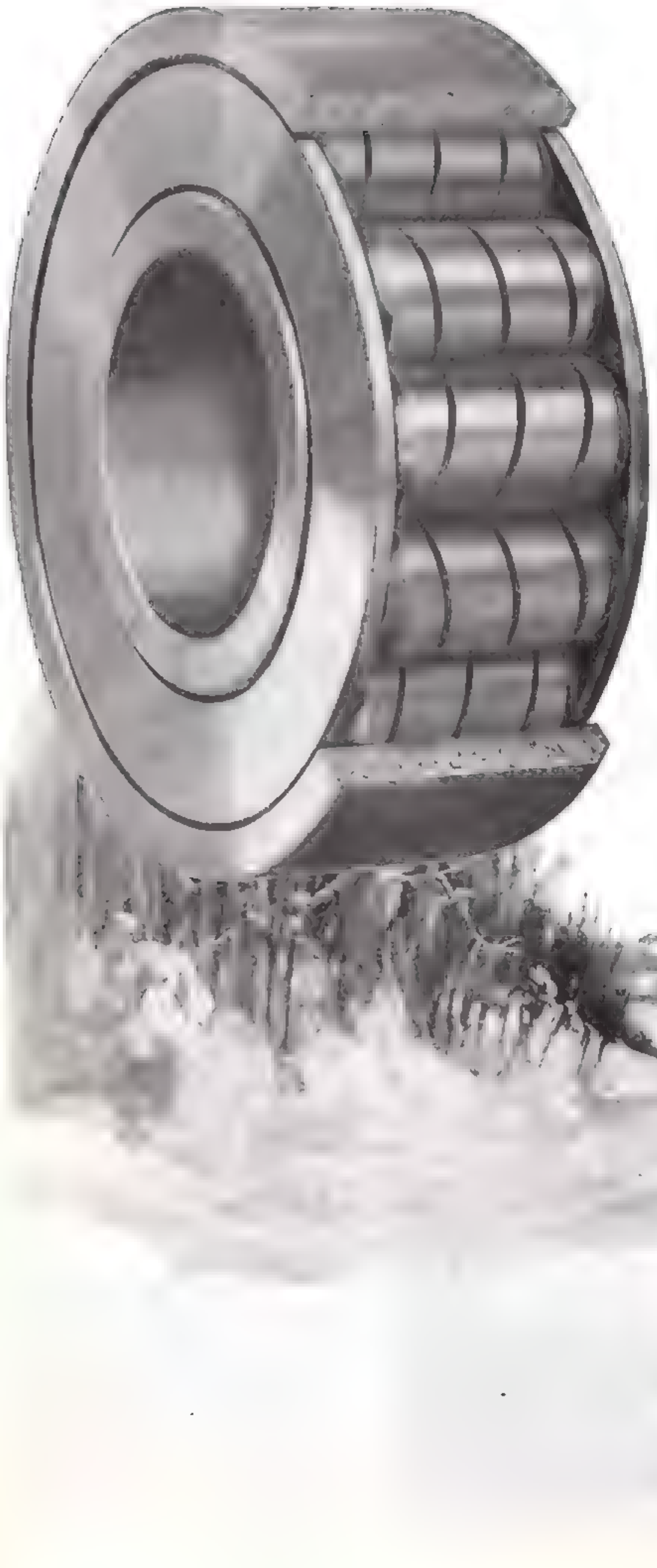
A dozen little wooded runs cut the slopes here and there; he pictured holes calling for a pitch or a drive across these runs, and laughed with delight to think of the trouble into which a man might plunge himself with a badly played ball.

"A course to suit my game," he told himself. "A course for dubs. Built for the man that does well to break a hundred. That's the ticket." He fidgeted to and fro, intoxicated with his own plan. Such a course would not be unduly expensive. The ground was already clear; much of it was meadow land. It would not be difficult to grade and seed and mow it. Only the greens would require time. His eyes swung around the horizon. From where he stood he had an unobstructed view in every direction. The deep valley of the Georges lay behind him, with Moody Mountain and Levenseller beyond, and a glimpse of the distant bay through a low pass in the hills. Glints of silver marked the position of a dozen lakes and everywhere the rich carpet of the woodlands lay. The soft wind bathed him where he stood. "Lord," he cried, "what a place! What a place! Not a course I ever saw to touch it for beauty. Yes, sir, I'll do the thing!"

Somes was, as may have been guessed, a man of quick decisions. The first step would be to buy the farms along the ridge. Not difficult, he decided. Two or three of them were abandoned, could be purchased for a song. One, to the south, was now inhabited; he saw a small flock of domestic geese beside the barn. But the nearest, only a little way north of where he stood,

(Continued on Page 32)

Building Durability Into Your Motor Car



No road is too rough, no weather too severe for your motor car if it has Hyatt roller bearings in the motor, transmission and axle.

These bearings with their durable, high-grade steel rollers, their positive self-oiling action and their ability to prevent noise and vibration assure you of:

1 Years of dependable operation without need of bearing adjustment or replacement.

2 A quiet running car on all roads, in all kinds of weather.

3 Minimum repair costs.

4 Maximum pleasant, economical transportation.

When the manufacturer of your car builds in Hyatt roller bearings, he builds in these desirable features for you.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
NEWARK DETROIT CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Worcester Milwaukee Huntington, W. Va. Minneapolis Philadelphia
Cleveland Pittsburgh Buffalo Indianapolis

HYATT
Quiet
Roller Bearings

E60

(Continued from Page 30)

was Mat Pouncy's. He was on Pouncy's land. He decided to go down and see Mat and get an option right away.

Five minutes later he had told Pouncy his errand, and Mat had replied that his farm was not for sale.

This man, this Matthew Pouncy, was in every way the antithesis of Dave Somes. The physical difference was marked, for Pouncy was small, and seemed frail, and he was by some sort of protective coloration as inconspicuous as a man can well be, while Somes attracted the glances of strangers in any gathering. Pouncy had lived on this farm since boyhood; he and Somes had known each other thirty years before. He was ten or fifteen years the elder; a stooping little figure with an indolent and straggly mustache and heavy brows beneath which his eyes lurked timidly. Even the garments which he wore had an inoffensive, shrinking quality about them. He worked all day long on his farm; and in the evening put on his coat from the nail behind the door and drove to the village. This coat was old; and it had hung so long upon the wall that below the collar in the back there was a little cone-shaped hump where the cloth had stretched across the nail head

Their lives had been as different as the men themselves. Somes had met the world face to face, with a laughing and confident demeanor, and made it yield him all that he desired; he had fought the world and conquered it. But Pouncy had lived by escaping attention; he had never tempted fate, never drawn the notice of the gods toward his poor self. He never farmed more land than his own hands could till; never cut more hay than he could handle alone. He ventured nothing, yet in his own person belied the truth of the saying: Nothing venture, nothing have. For Pouncy had his farm, had a wife, had two children; and he had life and sufficient to support it. From the point of view of Somes, Pouncy's was a miserable existence; but Pouncy existed, and that contented him. His reach would never exceed his grasp; he contented himself with shyly laying hold of those things which he found beneath his very hands. Somes, as he strode along the ridge toward this man's house, gave no thought to the question whether Pouncy would be willing to sell. If he had thought upon the matter at all he would have said that Pouncy would snatch at such an opportunity. He found the little man in the farmyard, humbly grinding an ax, manipulating the stone with his foot upon a rude treadle while he pressed the edge against its circumference. When Somes spoke to him Pouncy nodded without raising his eyes, and stood in a posture of humility, waiting for Somes to tell his errand.

The big man was abashed for Pouncy's sake at the other's bearing. He said heartily, "Pouncy, old man, I want to buy your farm."

Pouncy received this announcement without comment, without even a movement of surprise. Only his eyes beneath the heavy brows looked for an instant upward.

Somes explained: "I'm going to put in a golf course along the ridge here, and build a big clubhouse, and perhaps a hotel. Bring people here. Do you realize, Pouncy, that this is the most beautiful spot in New England? If people knew about it you'd have a procession of cars along the road all the time. When I get through, people will talk about Fraternity the way they talk about Poland Springs now."

Pouncy, by way of reply, spat mildly against the stone and began to grind his ax again.

Somes resumed: "So I'll be wanting to buy all the farms from here along for half a mile or so, and back toward the village. I'll want you to give me an option. What's your price?"

Thus directly questioned, Pouncy replied, "I never put a price on the farm."

Somes laughed. "Naturally. No market for a farm like this, I know. What's it worth? Fifteen hundred? Two thousand? I want to pay enough so that you'll be glad to sell. Say five thousand. That's about twice what it's worth, anyway." He drew a notebook from his pocket and opened it and wrote rapidly and tore out a leaf. "Here's the option. Just sign at the bottom there."

Pouncy did not even look at the option. He ground his ax. "I never figured on selling," he replied mildly.

"I suppose not," Somes agreed. "Well, you don't need to feel that you're sticking me. It's worth that to me. I'd better give you a hundred for the option too. Here." He opened his bill fold.

But Pouncy said slowly, "I'd have to think about it."

"Why, you'll sell at a price, won't you?"

The little man replied, in his thin and reedy voice, "I dunno. I guess the farm's not for sale."

Dave Somes had not become what he was without encountering obstacles and overcoming them. Now and then he had suffered a check; but always in the end he had been able to drive over, under, around or through. Pouncy's diffident statement that his farm was not for sale did not discourage him.

He laughed in the utmost good humor, told Pouncy they would discuss the matter again, and walked down the flank of the ridge and home to tell Mrs. Somes his plan and explain to her all its beauties. Whatever she might have been able to do if she had caught the idea in the seed, she perceived that it was useless to think of changing her husband's purpose now. So, as her custom was, she entered into his enthusiasm

All that afternoon and evening Somes devoted to elaborating the details. Next day he had an attorney from East Harbor at work looking up titles to the lands he wished to buy; had a surveyor preparing a contour map of the tract he thought desirable. He lent so little weight to Pouncy's attitude that he had not even mentioned it to Mrs. Somes. Within the week he had a professional architect of golf courses on the ground to consider the possibilities of the land along the ridge; and by the end of the same period he had acquired options on all the farms except that owned by Pouncy. The little man's land lay like a saddle across the ridge; it was absolutely essential. The high point above the house, where Somes had stood that day his plan was born, was the logical location for a clubhouse. Somes went to see Pouncy again.

He had, during the interval, considered their first discussion and decided that his manner had been too abrupt, that he had taken too much for granted. This time he was more tactful. He chose a rainy day when Pouncy would be in the house with no tasks upon his mind, and when it was probable that Mrs. Pouncy would hear their conversation.

Pouncy opened the door to him, and Somes said in a friendly tone, "I'd like to come in for a while, Mat, and talk to you about buying your farm."

Pouncy might have refused, but the physical bulk of his visitor overbore him and they went into the dining room. Mrs. Pouncy was there, and Somes—in default of a word from her husband introduced himself to her and addressed to her what he had to say. He told her what he wished to do, and that he was anxious to buy the farm.

But when he was done she looked inquiringly toward her husband, and Pouncy merely said "It ain't for sale"

Somes laughed. "Now, Mat," he began, using the other's given name in an effort to emphasize the friendly spirit in which he came—"now, Mat, you know and I know that most things are for sale. It's just a question of getting together. A meeting of minds between buyer and seller, as the lawyers have it. You say your farm isn't for sale; but I say it's just a question of price. If Mrs. Pouncy here were desperately ill, and I could cure her, and demanded the farm in payment, you'd give it; so you see I'm right. The price is the difficulty. Well, Mat, the price needn't be any difficulty here. We both know what the farm is worth in the market. I'm not going in with my eyes shut. But I tell you frankly that I'm willing to pay more than the market price. A good deal more." He chuckled. "Mat, you can stick me hard. I'm willing. What do you say?"

Pouncy replied, "I didn't figure to sell."

But Somes did not lose patience. "You and Mrs. Pouncy haven't realized what this means," he suggested. "I'm not going to urge you, today. I'm just going to say that I'll go as high as ten thousand dollars. That's enough to buy half a dozen farms somewhere else; or it's enough to take you anywhere you want to live and get you started there. Or I'd agree to pay you so much a year as long as you live. Enough to give you the things you've always wanted." He chuckled. "Lord, Mat, I know you folks around here think I'm a fool to spend money as I do; but money breeds money, Mat. I can afford to waste some to get what I want here. And I'd like right well to see you people have things you've wanted for years. Mrs. Pouncy, you talk to him." He got to his feet. "You talk it over together. I'll see you again in a day or two."

He told Mrs. Somes that night of Pouncy's reluctance to sell his farm; and she asked, "Won't that spoil your whole plan, dear?"

Somes laughed confidently. "He'll come around," he prophesied. "The idea is new to him, that's all. He'll sell in the end."

Her doubts may have persisted; but she hid them. As for Somes, he had no doubts. He proceeded to put through the purchase of the other farms involved, as confidently as though Pouncy were already persuaded. The value of the land was slight; but Somes wished to be generous, and paid more than he need have paid. About that time a matter of business, the necessity of rearranging an investment or two, called him to New York; and he arranged with an attorney in East Harbor to go to Pouncy again and complete the purchase.

"He doesn't know yet that he wants to sell," he admitted. "You'll have to persuade him." In the matter of price he gave wide latitude.

He was detained in New York longer than he had expected; but he sent the course architect to get a gang of men at work clearing up the land already purchased, then forgot the enterprise for a day or two in meeting the situation involved by a sudden shrinkage of values in the stock market. He was a little surprised to find that his cash withdrawals during the past fifteen months had been so large; they had resulted in some losses, and some present embarrassment; but at the end of a week he was satisfied—Somes was always an optimist—that conditions would shortly improve.

He had renewed old friendships during these days, and to some of his friends he told the story of the golf course he projected along the ridge above Fraternity. His enthusiasm awoke a response in them; before he went north again half a dozen of them had promised to come and play a round with him when the course should be completed.

Somes returned home to find the preliminaries of the task begun. Here and there a clump of alders had to be uprooted or a group of birch saplings removed; here and there a depression had to be filled or a bowlder blasted out. The work of plowing and reseeding the meadow lands in order to convert them into fairways was already well started. The architect was busy staking out greens and tees. But Pouncy had still refused to sell his farm.

"I went as high as I thought reasonable," his attorney told Somes. "He didn't weaken any. I thought you might want to put some pressure on him, so I made some inquiries; but he doesn't carry a mortgage."

Somes shook his head good-humoredly. "No, no; that isn't necessary. He'll sell when he sees it in the right light. I don't want any hard feeling in this business anywhere."

Nevertheless he began to be impatient to close up the matter; and at his first opportunity he went to see Mrs. Pouncy, humorously excluding Pouncy himself from their conference. The little man humbly accepted his banishment, went out to the barn and busied himself with chores while Somes talked to Mrs. Pouncy. Somes talked well; he projected some of his own enthusiasm to her, till her eyes shone at the picture he drew. But she could give him no encouragement.

"Mat don't want to sell," she said. "You can't go back of that?"

"Is it more money?" Somes asked, and at her faint embarrassment he cried, "That's all right. He's right to ask as much as he can get. What does he want?"

"It ain't money," Mrs. Pouncy assured him earnestly. "We've always saved some. He just don't want to sell."

"A sentimental attachment?" Somes asked. "Here!" His face lighted. "Suppose I move this house somewhere else for him, anywhere he says? And all the out buildings?"

"I dunno as it's that," she replied.

"I'll tell you!" A new enthusiasm had him in its grip. "I'll even grade the ground up so that it will look the same. Move these trees you have here. You won't know the difference." He got up, took his hat. "There's a farm down the ridge, at the other end of the course, you can have. Or I can put you at the end nearer the village. You'll have the same view, and just as good a farm, and the same house."

"I don't figure he wants to sell," said Mrs. Pouncy. "And anyways, you'd have to talk to him."

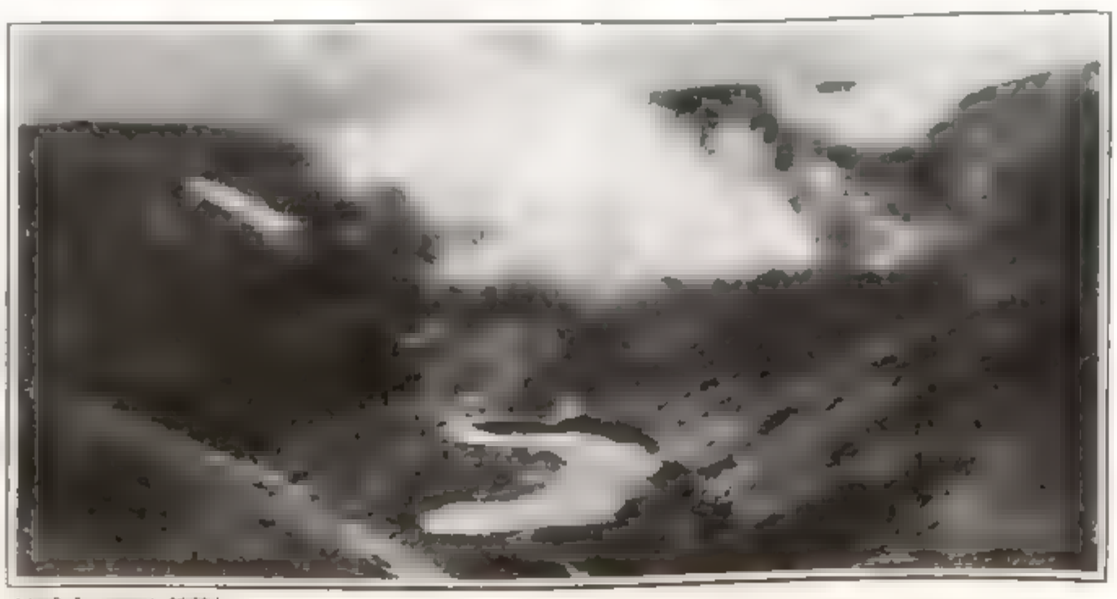
Somes did talk to Pouncy. He elaborated upon this plan for moving house and outbuildings entire. Pouncy listened humbly enough, declined as mildly as before, and Somes at last decided he would have to put off his persuasions to another day.

He was perfectly certain success with Pouncy was only postponed; and when he saw the little man that night at the store he spoke of the matter before them all, in the most friendly way. Pouncy sat in his accustomed chair, inconspicuous in the darker corner toward the stair, and made no reply. His half-hidden eyes had a curious, almost triumphant malignity in them; but they were so well concealed that Somes could not see. Even if he had seen, he could hardly have believed; for so innocuous a figure as Pouncy was bound to be, in any malignant rôle, utterly unconvincing.

So the work went on, and Somes bided his time, and assured himself and others that Pouncy would some day come to terms. He gave this assurance to a group of New York men who came to see what he was doing. Somes had abandoned his original idea of financing the whole enterprise alone. It involved more expense than he could easily bear, and he had decided to sell stock to those who could afford it. The scheme had been worked out in some detail. The large clubhouse—it would be begun as soon as Pouncy could be persuaded to release the chosen site—was to serve as a center for a group of summer homes along the crest of the ridge. There would be a water supply, an electric-light plant, every comfort—and all around to the horizon the incomparable panorama of valleys and more distant hills which Somes found so beautiful. Somes counted on enlisting a sufficient number of subscribers to show a profit on the enterprise. He needed this profit; but he derived pleasure not only from this anticipation but because he expected the project to be a boon to Fraternity, believed it would bring money into the town and awaken it from somnolent stagnation to a more active existence. Somes was proud of the village and the town, and wished it well.

So now he showed his visitors the location he had chosen, and they caught some of his enthusiasm and made tentative pledges of support. They could not help observing that there were two zones of activity along the ridge, with an untouched area between; and they asked questions.

Continued on Page 34



Like a Puddle in the Fog-Shrouded Mountains—Horseshoe Lake, Carson National Forest.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

RENEW SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug. It is your protection against imitations. Look for it!

The richly-colored floral motif shown above is Gold-Seal Rug No. 580. In the 9 x 12 foot size it costs only $15.00

Pattern No. [illegible] *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 548* *Pattern No. 577*

A sensible rug at last! One that is easily cleaned—

"Easy to clean" means so much to the woman who does her own work. For, of course, an easy-to-clean floor means more leisure time—a chance to do the many things she enjoys. A few strokes of a damp mop, and a Congoleum Rug is spotless. Dust and ashes can't sift into its firm, smooth, durable surface. Neither water nor grease can harm it.

And ease of cleaning is not the only thing that women like about *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs. The patterns and colors are unusually artistic and harmonious. For practically any room in every home, there's an appropriate design that will add color and attractiveness.

These rugs are made all in one piece and they lie flat on the floor without gaping seams or turned-up edges.

You must see these rugs to appreciate their beauty. Your dealer will gladly show them to you. Their prices will be a revelation in economy.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	feet x 3	feet $ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25		3	feet x 3	feet 1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50		3	feet x 4½	feet 1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75		3	feet x 6	feet 2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"Beautify your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs," is an interesting folder showing all the beautiful patterns in full color. A copy will gladly be sent to you free on request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis
Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

836

(Continued from Page 32)

"A man named Pouncy," Somes told them confidently. "He's a quiet little chap, the sort who's afraid of the world in general and every man in particular. He hasn't the courage to uproot himself. I'm talking him around. It's only a question of time. By the time the financing is done he'll be ready to sell, all right."

Someone suggested that there were ways of applying compulsion; but Somes shook his head. "He's all right," he assured them. "I don't want to crowd him."

If they were not so confident as Somes they did not express their doubts to him. When he had put them aboard the train at Rockland he drove back to Fraternity sure of their support. In spite of the man's natural optimism this certainly was a relief to him. His investments, speculations, call them what you will, had been disturbing him of late. But on this proposed basis for financing the golf club he would get back his money, and a fair profit besides.

That fall, and during the following winter, he wished it might be possible to realize this profit more promptly. The work was at a standstill, since deep snow covered the ridge save where the scouring wind had swept it clean. In mid-December Somes and Mrs. Somes and the children went to New York for two months or so; but when they returned about the first of March Somes began to perceive that Pouncy was decidedly more important than he had at first appeared. Somes had been forced to sell some securities at a loss in order to protect his speculative holdings; and there were hours when he regretted—with as much bitterness as was possible to the man—the enormous sum he had put into the renovation of his home farm and the project on the ridge. He saw Pouncy at once, and told himself there was some relenting in the man.

Toward the middle of June his affairs came to a climax—a climax that had been two years preparing. A mischance here and a disaster there, coupled with a steadily declining market that made a mock of his habitual optimism, brought Somes to the point where he was in definite need of money. When the pressure began to make itself felt he sought to arrange for a mortgage loan on his farm, and was astonished and to some extent angry to discover that he could borrow scarcely one-tenth of the amount of his investment there. To complete the financing of the golf course became a pressing necessity. He decided to turn it over to a syndicate instead of carrying it through on his own account; and to that end summoned again from New York a group of men whom he wished to interest.

He had word that they would arrive about the first of July. But a letter from one of them forced him at last to face the facts of his position.

"We think you have a good proposition there," the writer said. "Golf is a good investment; golf clubs are a good investment. The pressure on the existing clubs is increasing all the time, and will continue to increase. Also, the average big club is built for the par golfer; and as you point out, it is dubs like you and me who support the game, and we want a course to fit our speed.

"It's no fun to play a friendly foursome with a bunch of young cracks always hanging around, waiting to get through. I hate golf balls rolling around my heels. It puts me off my game. I'd give a good deal to see a course where my foursome could take all day to a round if it chose. So we're with you in this, all right.

"I remember there was one farm you hadn't landed last summer. You'll have to get that, of course, before we can get together."

Somes read this letter, full of satisfaction as he perused the earlier passages; but the last paragraph brought him up with something like a start of doubt. For the first time he felt a little uncertainty; he had suffered so many buffets during the past two years. Mrs. Somes saw this when he put the letter in his pocket, and offered him the sympathy of her eyes.

He would not disturb her; said simply, "I guess I'll drive up and see Pouncy this afternoon."

She nodded. "Shall I go along?" she asked. "Wait in the car for you?"

He hesitated, then assented. "Thanks," he agreed. "I'd like you along."

His tone was light; yet each of them understood that the approaching interview would go far to determine their future fortunes. Perhaps because of this understanding they ignored the matter during lunch; and afterward, whirling through the village in the car, spoke of everything else in the world.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they drove into Pouncy's farmyard, and Somes got out and knocked at the kitchen door. Mrs. Somes, in the car, saw him admitted; she watched him disappear into the house, and there was a lump in her throat, and something like tears in her eyes. She looked about the miserable farm with a bitter anger in her glance. Women are not so philosophical as men, where their own menfolk are concerned; this seemed so wretched an obstacle that threatened to destroy her husband's cherished plans.

It chanced that Mrs. Pouncy was at the village this afternoon; Pouncy let Somes into the kitchen and waited, an inoffensive and humble figure, to hear what the big man had to say. Somes, his eyes as clear and friendly as though they had not already looked upon the spectacle of ruin, said in his hearty tone, "I came up to try once more to persuade you to sell this farm of yours, Mat."

Pouncy made no immediate reply; and Somes went on: "Don't answer me right away. Suppose we sit down. I've got a good many things I'd like to say."

The little man, at this, led the way into the dining room, and Somes dropped his cap on the table and chose a chair. Pouncy also sat down, with a movement almost furtive; and his eyes did not meet those of the other man. If he found a secret pleasure in this hour it left no outward sign.

Somes leaned his elbows on the table and spoke earnestly. "I want you to look at this thing as plain business, Mat," he said good-humoredly. "Here's the situation: I saw a chance to build a golf course along the ridge here that would be a wonder; and it's well under way now. I know the game doesn't mean much of anything to you; but it does mean a good deal to many men. Men who can afford to pay well for a chance to play it as they choose. To build this golf course is good business on my part, and I can afford to pay you well for your farm as a necessary portion of the club's lands. I want you to know what we intend. We want to build a big clubhouse on top of the ridge, over yonder on the knoll. It will be a fine-looking building, verandas all around, beautiful views in all directions. Your farm will be cleaned up somewhat. We'll have to move your house; and I'm willing to move it for you to a new locality, start you off right where you stand now, with a good farm around it. We'll make this spot even more attractive than it is now; you can stay near by, and come here when you choose."

He added, after an instant's pause: "Now I'm sure when you think it over you'll agree to sell. It's good business for you, and good business for me. And if you are reluctant because you're fond of this house and this farm we'll make that just as easy for you as we can. People have told me that you wouldn't sell, but I've been sure from the first that you would in the end, and I believe you're ready now." He challenged: "Come, now; what do you say?"

Pouncy said just what he had said all along. "I don't figure to sell," he replied.

"Why not?" Somes asked agreeably. "Tell me how you stand, Mat. What's your idea?"

"My idea is to hold on to this farm," Pouncy said slowly.

There was a faint edge to his tones, but his posture was as mild as it had been from the beginning. He was so small, so insignificant, like a dried leaf on an autumn day, that Somes had a moment of impatience, a momentary feeling that he could blow the other away with a breath. But he held his temper.

"I know how you must feel about your home," he agreed. "But I believe we can make you forget that."

"I don't figure you can," Pouncy replied. "We can set you up in a place so like this you can't tell them apart, and pay you well besides, Mat. You can use the money, can't you?"

"I've saved all my life," Pouncy answered. "I don't need the money."

Somes laughed, a faint irritation in his eyes. "I don't know how much you've saved," he said, "but I'll undertake to triple it if you'll do what we want."

Pouncy stirred in his chair with a slow movement which Somes thought curiously like the sluggish uncoiling of a snake. The big man said apologetically, "You know, another fellow might try to drive you, Mat; but I'm not trying to do that. I want you to be satisfied."

Pouncy finished his uncoiling and lifted his head and met the other's eyes. "You rich folks think you can have everything," he said slowly. "I've read about it. But if you try to crowd me you're going to be sorry."

Somes spread his hands in a frank way. "I don't intend to crowd you, Mat. If you say 'No,' that ends it, as far as I'm concerned. But I don't believe you're going to say 'No.' Now here"—he leaned forward more intently—"Mat, just listen to me for a while. I'm not going to say anything about myself. It's true I've sunk a good deal of money here, because I counted on your seeing eye to eye with me in the end. But that doesn't matter. I just want to suggest another side of it to you. I'm mighty fond of this country around here, Mat. I'm proud of it; and I like to bring friends up here to see how beautiful it is. I love this town too. I like the folks here. Now, Mat, here's the way of it. If this club is built it's going to bring a lot of money into the town. There'll be people here all summer. There'll be a good market for all the vegetables and chickens and eggs and butter you can raise, and good prices. You'll all make money. Your wives can sell all the preserves they can put up. There'll be work for a lot of men, at good pay. There'll be a good road built from here to the village. Why, in five years you won't know the old place, Mat. I might want to claim it all as my doing, but it will be yours too. If you say 'No,' it means the whole thing falls through, and things will go along the same way, and the whole countryside gets a black eye. But if you'll let me buy your farm—we won't even talk price at all; you can have anything you want—you'll see people coming in, they'll go home and tell about how beautiful it is here. Everybody will know Fraternity."

He paused; and Pouncy caught the pause and made it his own with a phrase: "We're all right as we are. We git along."

"Get along?" Somes protested. "Half the farmers in town—all the farmers in town are losing money. Making less than they should make. Don't you see that would be changed?"

"I don't want any change," Pouncy replied.

Somes sat back, baffled, ready to surrender; the armor of the little man, apparently so thin and vulnerable, had turned aside his every attack. Pouncy must have his weakness; there must be some avenue by which he could be reached. But Somes could not find it. For the first time he admitted to himself the possibility of a failure; and he laughed a little at the thought, found in it a certain exhilaration. It was a long time since he had failed in anything; failure now, here, in this small room, would be a blow out of all proportion. It would mean that he must start the long fight all over again, begin where he had begun twenty years before. His blood beat more warmly at the thought.

It was rather the voicing of his own thoughts than any notion of pleading with Pouncy which led him to say, "You know, if you stick to that it will break me."

The words were innocent enough; they were uttered almost abstractedly. But they acted like a spark on tinder, and Somes instantly perceived this—perceived that Pouncy had turned to him with eyes at last fully revealed, with a countenance full of venom, with lips drawn back above his teeth.

And the little man burst into an abrupt tirade, his arms lifting, his eyes burning, his voice unnaturally shrill.

"Break you?" he cried. "Well, who cares if it does? Don't you come saying I did it, though. Don't you go to do that. I'd do it in a minute, and serve you right; but you done it yourself. You come up here the first time, and I told you 'No,' and you was so sure of yourself you wouldn't believe I meant it. I tell you, you busted yourself; and it's a wonder you didn't do it a long time ago. Must be bigger fools than you in New York, I guess. That's all. But we ain't fools around here. No, sir. You're the only fool in these parts. Pouring your money like water, into barns and silos and henhouses and dog kennels. Dog kennels!" He spat the word. "Them dogs of yours has a nicer house to live in than any man in this town. It ain't as if you didn't know better. Your paw got along on that farm without any dog kennels. The rest of us git along here without such truck. But not you! Oh, not you!"

His eyes were full of scorn, while Somes watched him and listened with a faint wonder at this astonishing outbreak. "No, sir; you had to spend money first before you'd made any. You put a hundred thousand dollars into an old farm that wan't worth two thousand. You spent like water, with nothing coming in, nor nothing that could come in. Three or four automobiles, and cows so fine it took a man in a stiff shirt to milk 'em, and dogs in houses with men to take care of 'em and pick up after them and fix pillows for them to lay on, finer than folks has. Folks told you you was a fool. Everybody told you. But you was so dinged sure of yourself you wouldn't listen to a soul. Went bulling right ahead. Spending money as if it wasn't hard to come by. Spending it like pouring water on sand. More money than better men than you could earn in a lifetime. And you wasn't satisfied with that, but you had to come up here and turn a lot of farms that used to be good ones into croquet grounds, so a lot of fat soft fellows in knee pants could bang little balls around. Yes, sir, you had a lot of big ideas. And little old Mat Pouncy, he didn't amount to a thing. Him and his farm. Buy it up, says you. Give him anything. Five or six times what it's worth. It don't matter. Kick him out of the way. Choke him with money and get rid of him. Turn his wife against him. Pick up his house by the roots and put it somewheres else. It's a wonder you didn't burn me out. I wouldn't been surprised if you had, but I guess that took more insides than you've got. All you know is spending money. Making it out of fools and spending it like a fool. Well, you'll have a chance to make some honestly, maybe. Break you? I hope it does break you. It might teach you a few things. You ain't fit to be loose, running around the country. You ought to be in the asylum somewhere. Why, listen ——"

The little man had worked himself to such a heat, he presented a spectacle so appalling, that Somes was afraid he might burst with his own passion. Pouncy's eyes were staring, his mouth twisted, saliva dripped from his lips; his hands on the table trembled, and he banged them up and down in a weak and futile fury.

Somes got to his feet, tried to quiet the other, said at last in a low voice, "It's all right, Mat. You don't need to say any more."

Pouncy, too, came to his feet. "Git out!" he cried passionately. "Git out of here. If you bust, good riddance! You'll have a chance to learn something. Learn the way to work, and sweat, and save; learn to live decent and thrifty and right. I'm through with you. Git out of my house and stay off my place. For good and all."

Somes repeated thoughtfully, "Learn to live?" He smiled a little; and he said in a gentle, almost pitying tone, "Why, Mat, living is fighting and trying and reaching out and struggling. To live isn't to hide in a corner and snatch your next meal and gulp it like a dog. Live? You don't know the meaning of the word, old man."

He had, to this small measure, the honors of the interview; for his words left Pouncy gasping and choking with emotions beyond speech, and before the little man could recover Somes went slowly out into the yard.

Mrs. Somes had no need to question him. He got into the car and they drove away. Her hand rested on his knee. His shoulders were square and his eyes were the proud eyes of one going into battle. Even in this hour of defeat there was some glory of victory about the man.

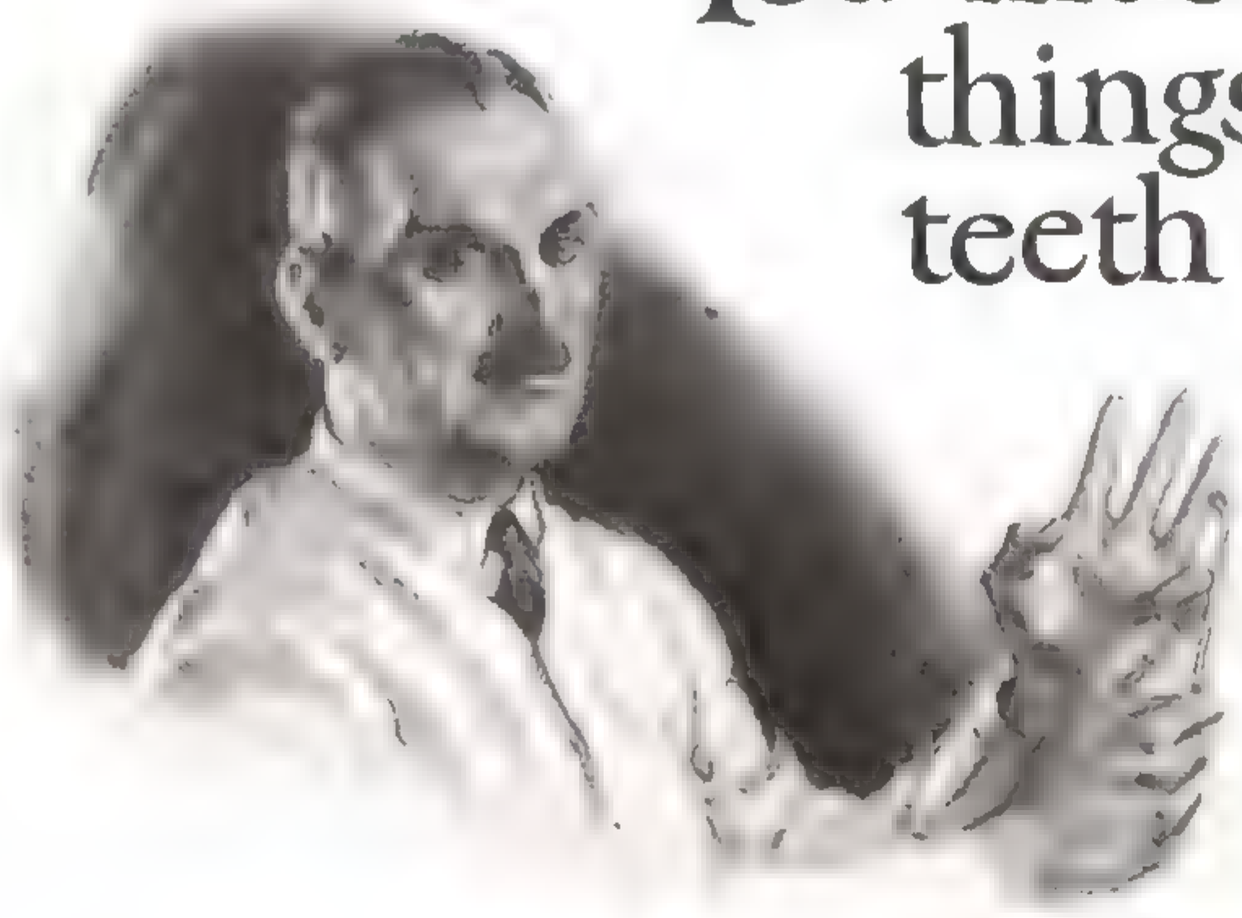
Pouncy told me about it, in his own way, long afterward; and I did not interrupt till he was done. He was as inoffensive a figure as he had always been, stooped and inconspicuous and mild, but I saw that his lips as he spoke were wet with appetite, and I knew that he liked the savor of the tale. When he had finished I asked him what happened afterward.

He chuckled in a shrill way. "Why, his place went under the hammer, the way everyone knowed it would," he replied. "It didn't fetch hardly anything at all. I bought his upper woodlot. There was some good pine on it, and some oak, and I cut them off and made a good thing."

"What became of Somes?" I inquired.

"Him? He went back to New York," he replied. "He was here last summer. In a big car. He's made some more money likely." He chuckled triumphantly. "But I tell you he ain't likely to come up here and try to tell us how to do again."

You must do three things to keep your teeth clean !



YOUR teeth are naturally divided into two sections, upper and lower. For the purpose of brushing, each section—upper and lower—is considered as being divided into three zones—outside, inside front, and inside rear. Brush each section—upper and lower—separately. Brush the two inner zones—front and rear—in a way different from the outer zones and from each other.

Brush the outer—or cheek—side of your upper teeth downward. Place the bristles of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush on the gums, and brush down over the gums and teeth. This removes dental mucin from both gums and teeth, massages and stimulates the gums, and carries food debris away from the gums and out of crevices between the teeth. For the lower teeth, reverse the brush, and brush upward. This will clean the outer or cheek side of all the teeth.

For the inner—or tongue—side of the front teeth, place the long end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush against the roof of your mouth, and draw forward over your gums and teeth. For the inner side of the lower front teeth, reverse the brush, and brush away from the floor of the mouth.

A third operation is necessary for the backs of the back teeth. Here, too, brush away from the gums with the long end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. For the grinding surfaces of the back teeth, brush with a rotary motion.

This correct method of cleaning teeth is prescribed by leading dental authorities. It is the Pro-phy-lac-tic way. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush performs correctly all three necessary operations of cleaning teeth. You cannot see crevices between your teeth, nor the backs of your back teeth. To make sure they are clean and undecayed, see that the name Prophylactic is on the handle of your tooth brush. And remember, a clean tooth never decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths' and children's, made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft*

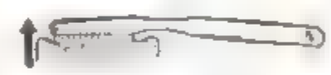
FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

© 1923, Florence Mfg. Co

What happens when you brush your teeth

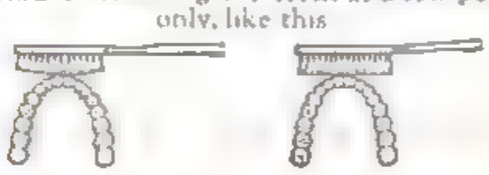
Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this.

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this

Wrong Way

Right Way

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Always Sold in the Yellow Box
Pro-phy-lac-tic
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH PRESERVES THE TEETH
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS

The Button of Welcomed Service

Welcomed, because it is the identifying mark of 5,037 Fuller Men, each schooled in matters of Cleanliness and Sanitation. Welcomed, because these men suggest to the woman in the home better, quicker and less tiring methods of doing practically all her cleaning work. Welcomed, because they render this Fuller Service right in the home, where the housewife best knows her own cleaning problems. Welcomed, because they are gentlemen; courteous and considerate of the reception accorded them in thousands of homes, every day. Welcomed, because representing one of the largest houses of its kind in the world, and therefore received with absolute confidence, everywhere.

Fuller Brushes are sold only in this home-demonstrating way, by the Fuller Man, who is a resident of the community he serves. You will always know your Fuller Man, when he makes his regular calls, by this identifying mark, the Fuller Button, and by the Fuller Red Tip Tag and Fuller Trade Mark on every brush he shows you. If your Fuller Man has not called on you recently, write to The Fuller Brush Co., 1070 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.) Also ask for a copy of the "Handy Brush Book"—it's free, just send a postal.

Welcome him, and the Service he brings.

FULLER BRUSHES

THE THIRTY-SIX HAIRPINS

(Continued from Page 11)

"What do you mean?" the younger asked uncertainly.

Glory's father smiled.

"Remming," he said slowly, looking now up toward the ceiling, "I suppose all of us have limitations things we're chained to, things that keep us littler than we really are. It's hard to express it, but I've done a lot of thinking about it. I've had to. We're funny animals, we human beings. We go to the menagerie and feel superior because we're out, walking around, while the other animals are caged in. We feel particularly superior because we're told that they don't mind being caged, those other animals that they become accustomed to it and actually like it, and that if they were released they wouldn't know what to do. We read of convicts let out of jail who beg to be taken back—and we smile. Isn't that so, Remming?"

"Yes. I knew a fellow once down in Arizona who told me one night—he was full of *aguardiente* -that he cried like a baby from loneliness for two whole days after being turned loose from a ten-year stretch."

"Well, that's more or less true all through the run of humanity, Remming, if you stop to think about it. When I was a boy I ran away from home. My grandfather was a severe man—crabbed and sour on the whole world, including me. I lived with him. My father was dead. Well, I hated it. The place that I called home was worse than a prison, all discipline and restrictions and silence and unhappiness. But do you think I stayed away? Not much, I didn't. I got homesick and sneaked back. Yes, Remming, we grow to love our chains, whatever they may be."

The younger man started to speak, but the other waved him to silence.

"Just a second, son! I'm getting somewhere in a blundering sort of way. I'm trying to say two things at once, and probably I've put the cart before the horse. Anyway, my first point is that we all wear chains of one sort or another and that instead of rebelling at them we tend to grow fond of them, more and more as the years go on. We'd be completely lost without them. That's my first point." He laid his palm flat upon the arm of his chair.

"My second," he went on without pausing, "is that these chains, oddly enough, are almost always of our own making. We fetter ourselves and take pride in it, just as women periodically fetter their feet and legs with inordinately tight skirts which trip them at every step. The rich fetter themselves with possessions—houses and motor cars and jewelry until after a while the possessions are the masters of those who originally owned them. The poor often fetter themselves with a sort of intolerance, which may or may not be born of envy. Men fetter themselves with a habit like drink. And men and women both fetter themselves with vanities petty vanities, all out of proportion to the slavery they cause."

"I never thought about that," said Remming soberly.

"Well, it's true. And these fetters are actual chains, as real as if they were forged of iron or brass. The interesting thing about it is, Remming, that except in exceedingly rare cases we don't make any effort to burst these bonds. We like them, as I have said, even though our intelligence may tell us we would be far better off without them. A man is forced to stop drinking -by social pressure or by threat of disease. So he stops and is much happier. But would he stop if he wasn't made to by some power outside himself? Have you ever known a confirmed drinker who quit without being jolted into it?"

Remming shook his head.

"Neither have I. And that's only one example. Another is the familiar story of the millionaire who suddenly loses all his money and is forced to live simply, like other men. Strangely enough he finds himself much happier, he and his whole family. It has actually happened, you know. But if either you or I were millionaires, would we give up our luxuries voluntarily in order to enjoy the advantages of rubbing elbows with life? You bet we wouldn't. Do you see what I'm driving at, Remming?"

"No, sir, not entirely."

"I'm driving, my boy, at you and Glory. Actually, I don't imagine she's much different from any other normal human being, except that the manner of her fettering is rather more clearly marked than perhaps yours or mine. She has beautiful hair, as you know—exceptionally beautiful hair. Of course, her mother has coddled her about it; but probably that's natural enough too. Anyway and you'll learn it soon enough the fact is that Glory is a slave to that red topknot of hers. Why, man, she was named after it! She has been taught all her life to live by it and for it. And if you're going to get along with her happily, as I hope you are, you've got to take that fact into account, just as much as she'll have to take into account the fact that you—I hope—are a slave to your professional honor."

"I'm Going to Jane Chandler's Tea—Yes, I Am!—This Very Afternoon. And I Bet I Knock 'em Dead"

The younger man laughed.

"Well, that makes us even, doesn't it?" he asked.

The other shook his head

"Not exactly even. You'll have to work it out for yourself, son. Be as patient as you can, but try to remember everything I've said. I've had a good many years to think it over. Personally, if I were marrying Glory ——"

"Yes, sir? '

"If I were young and marrying any woman, Remming, I'd do everything in my mortal power to let nothing on earth come between us and our happiness. I don't know how, but I'd try."

"You can bet I'm going to try," Remming vowed.

The older man laid a paternal hand upon his knee.

"Some day," he said, "it is not inconceivable that you may need to know what I am going to tell you now. Remember that I love Glory. She is a fine girl, Remming. She is sweet and generous and sunny. She has intelligence, balance. So I have been tempted, sorely tempted, my boy. There have been a score of times when I have had to hold myself from walking into her room in the middle of the night with a pair of sheep shears—to cut off that damned hair of hers and throw it down the sewer. That's what I've been trying to tell you, because I hope from my heart that you may never come to feel the same way."

Remming tried to laugh.

"My Lord!" he said. "I hope not!"

By the time he climbed into bed that night Douglas Remming had it all straightened out in his mind. Now at last he was able to laugh with some degree of lightness.

"Funny old duffer!" he said to himself. "Hypped on that one subject, of course. Well, I suppose any man gets ideas as he gets along in life."

He sniffed contemptuously at the thought that Glory's hair, that wonderful hair which he had pressed with reverent lips not half an hour ago, could ever come between them and their happiness. What ridiculous bosh! He went to sleep smiling.

It was on their honeymoon that she first proved to him the truth of her statement that she could, indeed, have played Lady Godiva. She did it with the naïve delight of a child. They were at Santa Barbara, in a suite redolent with blossoms, their broad windows overlooking the blue of the sea. Remming had thought at first that a camping trip back in the redwood country would be more fun and would bring them closer together, but he had not even proposed it after hearing her own breathlessly radiant statement that Santa Barbara was the honeymoon spot to which she had looked forward all her life. What did he care, he reflected, as long as she was happy?

Dressing for dinner, with the long evening sunlight slanting in and painting the far wall with gold, Douglas Remming smiled blissfully to hear Glory singing gayly in her dressing room, the one beyond the bath. How wonderful it was to be the cause of someone's happiness, particularly when that someone was dearer to you than all else in creation! Suddenly the singing hushed. He heard her light step in the bathroom, then the click of the latch as the door swung open. He looked up. His mouth sagged open.

"Didn't I tell you?" she chanted, clapping her hands delightedly. Then, "Don't gawp that way, Doug. I left my stockings off to fool you, but I've a bathing suit on underneath it."

"My heavens, you're beautiful!" he breathed.

With a sweep of her two hands she parted the curtain of copper waves which had hung about her like an enveloping cloak.

"You see, I'm all dressed," she caroled. "I fooled you, didn't I, Doug? Do you really think it's beautiful?"

"You're beautiful, Glory—all of you."

She stamped her foot.

"But don't you think it is?"

He stood up quickly and went over to her.

"Oh, Glory, dear," he said, looking deep into her eyes, "why do you ask me such absurd things? You know it's beautiful as well as I do, and I love it. But I don't love it for itself, dear. You wouldn't want me to do that. I love it because it's part of you." Satisfied, she raised her lips and kissed him.

"But look, Doug," she added, turning away quickly, "I told you it came below my knees. See? Doesn't it?" She began whirling slowly, then faster, until the rippling lengths fanned out about her in a drooping, rolling circle of living bronzed flame. Then she stopped with a twist of her head, laughed happily and said, "I'll be ready in an hour, Doug. Not much more than that anyway."

"But, Glory, dear, I thought we'd shoot out for a little ride before dark. Couldn't you "

"You old silly! I've got to bathe and dress, Doug, and I can't possibly do this"—she prettily lifted two heavy strands—"inside of a full half hour."

"Great Scott!" he said, and stared at her. Then he added, "Well, do the best you can, old thing," and turned to his mirror as she danced out of the room.

Later that evening, at bedtime, Douglas Remming was duly initiated into still another solemnity. Glory, who had disappeared into her own room, presently called "Doug!" He found her seated before her dressing table, diligently tearing a piece of white material into short, narrow strips. She looked up with a smile.

"Old linen," she explained. "It's softer than cotton, you know."

"But what's it for, dear?"

"I'll show you pretty soon, Doug. They're to keep me beautiful You won't mind, will you, as long as I wear a boudoir cap?"

"Of course I won't mind," he scoffed. "You're talking Greek to me though."

"Funny man!" She resumed her careful tearing of the strips. "I'll come in after a little while," she said over her shoulder. He took the hint.

Glory's little while lengthened itself wearily. Her husband smoked a cigarette, another, and a third. He walked about the room, picked up a railroad folder, thumbed it through. Then the door swung open and she stood there in a beruffled dressing robe of shimmering yellow taffeta. Over each shoulder, down toward the floor, hung a long ruddy braid. Upon her head snuggled a lace-frothed cap of golden satin.

"Like me?" she asked.

"Do I?" He whistled soundlessly. Then, pointing to the twisted ends of her braids, "Oh, are those the little white jiggers you were making?"

She laughed musically.

"I braid it tight," she said, "and fix the ends—so." She held them out. "That does it awfully well," she added.

"Does what, Glory?"

Again she laughed.

"Oh, Doug, I suppose you've got to know! It's my deep secret, though, and don't you ever dare tell a soul."

Gingerly she lifted the fluffy yellow cap from her head. He looked at her.

"Curl papers!" he whispered.

"No, Doug, no! Not curl papers at all. Papers hurt your hair—make it kinky."

"But, Glory, I always thought ——"

She pinched his chin.

"Men find they have lots of things to learn when they get married," she told him.

He almost answered with "I'll say they do," and was swiftly ashamed that the words had even entered his mind. So he said, cautiously, "Of course, dear, you don't have to go through that bother every night?"

"But I do, Doug. I don't mind. It only takes twenty minutes extra. I'd have to brush it anyway. If I didn't wave it this way I'd look like a drowned rat—and then what would you think? It's really the simplest and best way to do it, Doug."

Later he made a suggestion. They would hop into the car on the morrow and take

their lunch with them and drive back into the hills for an all-day picnic, all by themselves. Glory clapped her hands in delighted assent. Then, abruptly, her face clouded

"Oh, botheration," she broke out petulantly, "I can't!"

"You can't? What do you mean, you can't?"

"It's Thursday," she enlightened him, her lips pouting.

"Well, what of it? Thursday's as good a day as any other. We only have nine days left to ourselves now, honey, remember that."

"But, Doug, don't you understand ——"

"What, dear?"

"Thursday's the day I always have it washed—always, Doug. You'll have to remember that. It's filthy now, too, after the drive down. I've already ordered the man to come. He'll be here at ten o'clock. We could go out about four, Doug."

He grimaced.

"The man!" he echoed. "Do you have a man wash your hair for you, Glory? Do men do those things? Do you have to have a man?"

She said with dignity, "I always get a man when I can, Doug—when there's a good one. It takes a man to handle my hair."

"But you handle it, Glory."

"Oh, Doug, you just don't understand!" she said, and sighed.

During the nine remaining days of their honeymoon Douglas Remming began to understand how Glory's father could have felt as he did about his daughter's crown of loveliness. Glory had brought riding clothes with her, a crisp linen habit and well-cut boots, but she smilingly declined to wear them upon the back of a horse.

"I haven't ridden for three or four years," she explained ingenuously. "It shakes it down."

"But why did you bring the clothes then?"

"Oh, I might want to wear them around sometime. I look rather ducky in them, Doug."

She played golf with him, but he could visibly note that she held back on her swings. He spoke to her about this and suggested that she throw herself more loosely into her strokes. She told him she would try, but she didn't try, and he knew the reason. Tennis she would not play.

"I couldn't!" she exclaimed, as if in horror at the thought, and touched her fingers instinctively to her loftily coiled tresses.

At the beach she went into the water only to her waist, expounding to her husband with childlike candor that no matter how many rubber caps she put on, the salt water still found its way in.

"I like it just splashing around," she added. "I have just as much fun."

"But I don't, Glory dear. I'd like you to swim with me—do lots of things with me."

She studied him, frankly puzzled. Then a light of comprehension came into her eyes.

"I know," she said without rancor. "Douglas Remming, you're actually jealous of my hair! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She splashed him gleefully. He swam slowly out through the lifting waves.

"The funny thing," he mused, sweeping the water behind him with strong, steady strokes—"the funny thing is that she doesn't get the idea at all herself. The old man was right, all right. Gosh!" He shook a slap of spray from his head. "Gosh! There's a job ahead of me, right enough. I swear it would be easier if she wasn't so darned sweet about it."

Upon their return to San Francisco, however, the copper cloud which had lifted its head above Remming's horizon seemed actually to be dispersing of itself. They hunted for an apartment, found one, moved into it gayly. Remming was keeping office hours now, but Glory met him every noon for a hurried luncheon and then a breathless forty minutes of hand-in-hand exploration up and down Market Street, even into the alleys of Chinatown. For there were many, many things to be bought, and the buying was a delight. In the evening, when Remming reached home, he found Glory waiting for him, always dressed, always smiling, always lovely to look upon. True, when bedtime came she would inevitably go through the sacred rite revolving about the tiny strips of white linen, but she never failed to cover them with an adorable cap, generally golden and smothered with lace.

Then in close succession there befell two occurrences. The first of these was on a Sunday morning. Now Sunday was the only day of the week that Remming could call strictly his own, and like most men nowadays he counted every minute of it that could be spent out of doors. Today Glory and he were driving to Sacramento to see some friends. Anxious to be off, he had awakened her early, then dressed himself. Now he sat upon a chair in her dressing room and with the patient eyes watched the hairpins as one by one they found their circuitous way into the steadily heaping mass of hair.

Finally he said, too casually, "Ten minutes of nine, dear."

She inserted a hairpin into her mouth, then mumbled something as she felt with her fingers for a coiling strand.

After a while he grinned and asked, "What number pin is that, Glory—the one you just jockeyed in?"

Her face from the mirror glowered at him

"Please leave me alone," she said half ersly. "You make me terribly nervous, Doug."

"Well, dear, you make me nervous too. It's getting later every minute, and you've been pretty near half an hour already. Isn't there some quicker way, honey—some way you can whang it around and let it go at that? You won't have to take your hat off today anywhere."

This time she faced him.

"Doug, if you don't leave me alone I won't go with you at all."

He rose.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it!" he said as cheerfully as he could, and strolled out of the room. A moment later he heard his name.

"Doug," she called out to him, "why didn't you tell me? It's raining."

"Only sprinkling a little, honey—just here in the city near the bay. It'll be all right inland."

She was standing in the doorway.

"Doug, you go ahead alone. I just can't, Doug, you know that. The rain'll ruin it."

Remming did not have to ask her any more what she meant by "it."

"Do you mean to say ——" he began, and checked himself at the flash in her eyes.

"Please, Doug, don't use that tone. You know I don't want to be selfish, but you know perfectly well I never go out when it's wet. It isn't any pleasure to me," she added, a shade of hurt creeping into her voice—"it's no pleasure to me to sit around the house all day with my hair done up in rags"

"But, Glory, dear, they're expecting us."

"You can telephone them, can't you? And anyway, you can go, Doug."

He seated himself heavily.

"Glory," he said after a moment, "don't you really think this is carrying it a little too far?"

She whipped her head back.

"Carrying what?"

"This—this hair worship, Glory. It makes me feel just sick to have it come ahead of everything else this way. Please try to understand what I mean, dear. I'm not being critical. I simply think you don't realize ——"

"Don't realize what?" Her voice was deadly level.

"I think you don't entirely realize what a—well, slave you are, honey—a slave to your linen rags and your thirty-six hairpins and all the rest of it. You miss so much fun, Glory. And you make me miss fun, too—normal fun that a husband and wife ought to enjoy together."

She said, "If I spoil your fun, why did you marry me?"

"Because I love you, Glory."

She sauntered to her mirror, making no answer to this, nor did he say anything further, but sat staring straight before him. After what seemed a long time he said quietly, "Glory, dear, do you love me—as much—as much as you always wanted to love somebody?"

Suddenly she knelt beside him, buried her face in his lap.

"You know I do, Doug," he heard her whisper

"Then, honey, won't you sort of try to get things in their proper place" What's it matter, after all, if your hair does lose its wave for one day?"

"Not much, I suppose," she conceded, her head still bent. "But, Doug, just the same —"

"Then won't you please be a good little sport and come along with me today?" he pursued. When at last she nodded her yes he leaned down and caught her up into his arms.

It drizzled all day. Glory said not a word about it or about her hair, but all the way to Sacramento and back he could read her misery. When they reached home she smiled feebly and then went into her own room. An hour later when Remming quietly opened the door he found her at her dressing table, her head upon her arms, her hair drooping to the floor about her in a cone of straight, stringy threads. As she raised her head, startled, he saw that her eyes were red and swollen.

"By gosh, you are a little sport!" he told her, laying his hand upon her shoulder with sudden tenderness.

"I'm never going to be again," she quavered. And then, as his arms went about her, "Oh, Doug!"

That was Sunday evening. Tuesday noon Remming telephoned to her excitedly and came bounding home with news.

"Goldfield!" he announced with boyish jubilance. "Inspection work! Three months! Just like a honeymoon! We can do it in the car if we get off tomorrow. Make it in four days easy. Oh, honey, aren't you happy? Three months all to ourselves in the most wonderful wild country you ever saw!"

She drew in her breath.

"Where's Goldfield, Doug?"

"Nevada—sagebrush and desert. We'll work down into Arizona too. Get a little shack for headquarters, you know, and then work out from there. Have it as a home to come back to. Gee, I'm happy, honey! Getting awful sick of this office grind."

"Doug!"

"What, sweetheart?"

"Is Goldfield a—a city? I mean, would they—do you think—are you sure, Doug, that there's a good place there?"

"Sure—we'll find a place, all right."

"But, Doug, you know what I mean—a place for my hair—a hairdresser's?"

He was still riding in the saddle of his enthusiasm.

"Don't be silly, peaches. How do I know? Probably there is. I don't know. But you'll have all the time in the world to fuss yourself up to your heart's content."

She made a little face. Then she said, "But tomorrow's only Wednesday, dear."

"Sure—what of it?"

"My shampoo, Doug. You never stop to think of me at all. I just can't miss it—I can't, Doug, don't you see? Especially after what happened to it Sunday. If I could go at all—well, we couldn't possibly start till Friday." She shook her head thoughtfully and added, "Anyway, that'll give me a couple of days to think it over."

Douglas Remming could only stare at her. A leaden weight seemed to have come into place inside him.

He said steadily, "This is business, Glory. I have to leave when they tell me to."

"I don't see why I'm any more selfish than you are," she retorted.

Still he stared at her. The leaden weight had become icy cold. He was not shivering, but he felt as if he were.

"I've got to go tomorrow," he informed her painfully. "I'm sorry, dear, but there are times when business has to come first. I wish you'd try to understand. Oh, honey, I can't go without you! I'd be deathly lonely. I don't know how I could bear it. I know it upsets your plans, dear, but you'll come along—won't you? You'll love it, once we're started. We'll have such fun!"

She laughed, a short, nervous laugh.

"Doug, you're trying to boss me, as you did the other day." Now she shook her head with decision. "No, I won't go rushing off like that. Really, that's asking too much."

In a daze he stumbled back to the office. He did not go home for dinner that evening. Instead, after telephoning that he would be delayed, he walked out alone through Golden Gate Park. There, sitting motionless on a bench and straining with unseeing eyes out over the sea, darkness found him. It must have been nine o'clock when he finally mumbled, "Yes, I love her enough!" Then he shook himself, rose stiffly to his feet and strode off toward the city

He did not go directly home. First he called upon a physician, a man of his own age whom he had known for many years. To him Remming talked earnestly for perhaps a half hour. At the end of that time the doctor nodded somberly and reached for the telephone.

Presently he said, "She'll be there, sitting outside in a taxicab, from eleven o'clock on. She's middle-aged and the most competent and reliable nurse I've ever known."

"Good," said Remming.

Then he headed for home, but on the way he stopped in a drug store and bought a large, substantial pair of office shears. These, after they were wrapped, he tucked away in the inside pocket of his coat.

Glory was waiting for him, sweet and serene. Never before, thought Remming, had she looked so utterly lovely. Her dress was long and clinging, a filmy, cloudy thing of soft brown georgette with high lights of satin showing through. And her hair—ah, it truly was lovely, a glowing nimbus of copper wavelets, pile upon shimmering pile. Remming's heart caught him sharply.

"Had dinner?" she asked. "I've missed you, Doug."

He lied to her, told her he had snatched a bite and then run back to the office.

"Got to get off first thing tomorrow morning," he added. "I have to have the car or I wouldn't take it, honey. I hate to get up at dawn, but anyway I won't need to wake you, dear. Get all my packing done tonight, just the automobile trunk and a suitcase." He studied her. Then, "Oh, little sweetheart," he burst out, "won't you please change your mind and come along?"

She shook her head demurely.

"I've thought it all out, Doug. I don't want you to be mad at me and I don't want you to think I'm selfish—because I'm not. Really I'm not, dear. What do you think I care how I look, except for you? See, we're thinking about different things. You, being a man, are thinking about the temporary fun we could have on a trip into the desert, and all that. I, being a woman and loving you—for I do love you, Doug, just desperately—I have to think of the years ahead, and of keeping myself attractive and beautiful for you, so you'll always think of me as you thought of me first. Don't you see, dearest?"

He said quietly, "Aren't you kidding yourself a little, honey?"

"Oh, Doug, how could you?"

"All right." He exhaled wearily. "Want to come in with me while I pack?"

The packing took a long time, and when at length he carried the chunky little trunk downstairs Glory was yawning. To his suggestion that he sleep on the couch in the living room she assented drowsily.

"If you come in and kiss me good-by in the morning," she stipulated. She smiled. "I get so sleepy, Doug. Oh, If I could only flop right into bed!"

He followed her into her dressing room, and as she seated herself to take down her hair he began to tell her of his plans for the days ahead. One by one the hairpins came out. Coil by coil the lustrous copper waves cascaded down her back.

"Thirty-six!" she finally announced, and shook her head free. "Oh, Doug, I do wish I could go with you! Maybe—if you promise to write me the absolute truth about how it would be for me there—maybe I can come a little later."

At midnight Douglas Remming got up from his improvised bed and went to the window. Yes, a taxicab was standing in front of the house. He straightened himself to his full height, took a deep, long breath and began to dress.

"I feel like a murderer," he whispered to himself. "I feel like a murderer, but I'm doing right."

He fumbled for the package in the pocket of his coat, tore open the paper slowly and drew out the shears. A bar of light fell upon them from the street lamp across the way. They glinted wickedly. Remming settled them firmly in his right hand. Then gently he opened the door of Glory's room.

When he came out his face was expressionless. He seized his suitcase and walked downstairs softly. Outside the front door he approached the taxicab.

"Come upstairs with me," he directed the woman who sat within. "I'll show you where to sleep. I want you to keep your ears open and not let anything happen to her. Poor kid, she's got a hard time ahead. Doctor Riggs told me I could count on you to the limit. You'll take care of her, won't you? See—here you are." He was whispering now. "She's right in this next room, through that door. And—oh, yes, here's my itinerary, so you can keep in touch with me, by wire."

For a moment, as he stepped again into the street, Douglas Remming stood irresolute. A sort of nausea gripped him, left him shivering. He clenched his hands tight. A little sound that might have been a moan

(Continued on Page 41)

Another Seventh Day of Rest

...for every Woman

Happiness—in washday!
Sounds impossible—but it's true!
For now, through a phone call to the laundry, washday becomes another seventh day of rest.

A whole day of leisure every week—time for some of the many things you've always wanted to do. Time for the books you've wanted to read, for the plays you've wanted to see, for the club you've wanted to join. Time, too, for the little attentions that you've realized the children need and deserve.

Steam, fuss and bother of home washing—all are banished. Instead, just a bundle that the laundry representative calls for—and washday is over.

The wide range of laundry helps offered enables you to select one that not only meets your family's needs but fits the requirements of your household budget, too.

If you wish a complete, all-ironed service, you may have that. If you prefer only part of the ironing done, there are semi-ironed services to fulfill your wishes. And if you would rather do all the ironing at home with just the washing cared for by the laundry, you may have such a service.

Today—telephone a modern laundry and have them explain the services they offer. Then choose the one that suits you best and try it.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati

PRIM-PREST
A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

HO-MESTIC
A most acceptable medium-priced service. Everything is tastefully ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

ROUGH DRY
Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

FLOAT-IRONED
A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

THRIF-T-SERVICE
Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

WET WASH
Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry

The enclosure that is enclosed—
The promise that is kept—
The appointment you don't forget

HERE are three different uses of printed forms. Each form insures something being done right that otherwise might be forgotten or done wrong.

Nearly every situation that arises frequently in business can be handled most easily by a little printed piece of paper.

The present generation of business men has come to see this simple truth. We observed this trend in business methods and began to develop in Hammermill Bond a paper that would exactly meet the needs for all this class of printing.

Forms have to be re-ordered at frequent and irregular intervals. It is not convenient to shop for paper at such times. Business men wanted a paper they could order without hesitation, knowing that in quality, in price, and in promptness of delivery it was everything that could be desired.

We have made Hammermill Bond that paper. Hammermill Bond is a good-looking paper, clean and firm, easy to write on, to type on, and to read from. It has the strength and durability to serve for records that must endure. The proper use of forms demands that their color should identify their character at a glance. Hammermill Bond is made in twelve distinctive, uniform colors as well as white.

Modern methods of manufacture and distribution make it possible to sell Hammermill at the lowest price asked for any standard bond paper. It is known to all good printers, who have or can quickly secure any quantity in any desired color from our appointed agents, who carry stocks in all the larger cities.

Careful purchasers of large supplies of forms and stationery have found it convenient to standardize all their office printing on Hammermill Bond. If there is work in your office you would like to see more promptly and more accurately done, write for our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

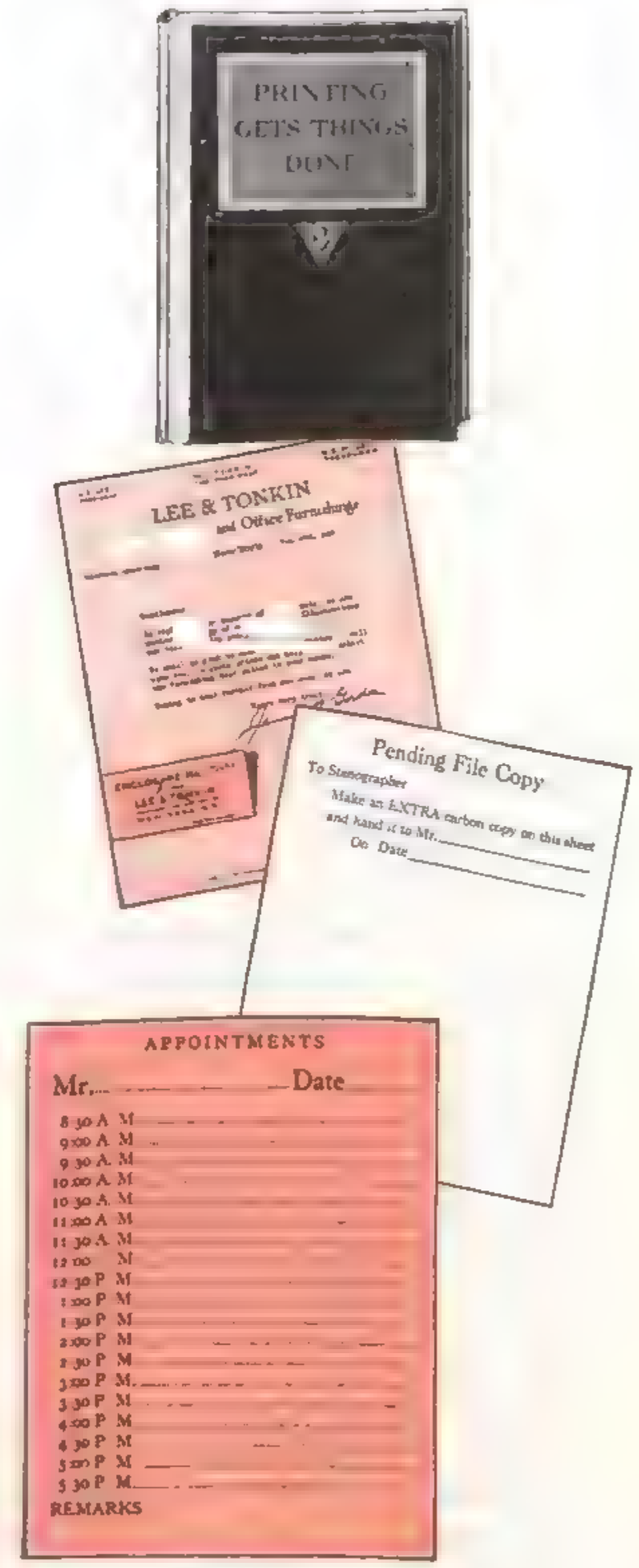
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Send for Our Book
"Printing Gets Things Done"



THE enclosure form identifies the enclosure and makes sure it gets in the proper envelope. The pending file copy form serves as a reminder of what you intended to do or have done. The appointment form is a simple illustration of how a standard form serves as a reminder and keeps you from forgetting. When filed it is a rough diary of where you were and what you did on any given day. These are typical of the interesting and useful forms shown in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

(Continued from Page 38)

escaped his closely pressed lips. Then he said aloud, "Oh, damn!" and set off for the garage.

It was broad daylight when Glory awakened. She yawned luxuriously. Then she remembered. Douglas was going away. A pang smote her heart. Poor old Doug! Of course he hadn't gone yet. He couldn't have gone without waking her. She sat up. Her head felt strangely light. What in the world ——

Glory reached quickly up toward the back of her neck with two shaking hands. She dropped them, looked at them bewilderedly as if to make sure they were there. She reached upward again, fumbled helplessly for a sinking second. Then she began to scream.

A strange woman's face was staring at her from the doorway.

For three days Glory did not leave her room. On the fourth, after a telephone call, she appeared at her father's office and informed him tersely that she must see him alone. He dismissed his secretary and faced his daughter amiably.

"Dad," she began, her voice strangely flat, "I want the name of the best lawyer in California. I'm going to get a divorce."

Her father's jaw sagged abruptly. Then he grinned tentatively.

"I'm not fooling, dad. I mean it. I—he—oh, dad! Oh, dad! I'll never be able to look anybody in the face again."

Suddenly the tears were streaming down her face and she was blurting out the story against his rough, woolly shoulder. He listened attentively, murmuring comforts, but presently a puzzled expression crossed his face and he held her back from him.

"Just a second, daughter," he said. "Let me get this straight." He was scrutinizing her now. "I thought you said he cut it off. It looks all there to me—looks the same as it ever did. You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Oh, dad, don't you see? He—he left it on the floor, dad, those two darling braids! I—it's just stuck on—just stuck on, dad. Oh, it's too horrible! My lovely, adorable hair!"

"But, Glory ——"

She was sobbing again.

"When I hold it in my hands, dad, it's just the same as if—as if I were holding a corpse. It feels like that, truly. To be able to face the world I have to—I have to wear a dead thing on my head. Oh, dad, no man could ever understand!"

He nodded deliberately.

"I think I do understand, dear. Anyway, I'm awfully sorry for you." He paused. "I'll think over the lawyer. We don't want to go off half cocked in a matter like this. Where did you say Doug was?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Don't ever mention his name to me again."

"Glory honey, don't you think you'd better move over and live with us—for the time being anyway? It'd sort of take your mind off things, and then ——"

"Nothing can ever take my mind off it, dad. Twice a day, every day of my life, I have to look at myself in the mirror and—and see myself like a picked chicken. Oh, you've no idea how hideous I look! Just ghastly—like—like a joke." She began to laugh hysterically.

"There, there! Take it easy, dear. Let me think it over a little. I'll take care of you. And now rest up a little, daughter. You've got rouge on, I know, but your face looks worn."

"What do I care? Oh, dad, don't tell mother; not quite yet, anyway. I couldn't bear it."

"I won't," he promised.

For two hours Glory's father sat solitary in his office. He smoked a long cigar to the butt, then lit another. Halfway through the second cigar he began to nod. He reached for the telephone, called a number.

"Hall of Justice? Judge Marson's chambers, please."

Then, "Is this Judge Marson? Hello, Ben; this is Harry Garritson. Got something important I want to see you about. Can I come right over? Good!"

He rose briskly, seized his hat, told his secretary he might or might not be back, and went down to the street.

Glory's father spent a half hour closeted with Judge Marson. When he came out the judge came out with him, dressed for the street. Still talking earnestly, the two men walked together through the corridors to police headquarters. There, after a short wait, an orderly announced, "He'll see you now."

The man referred to as "he" was dubious, even after both the judge and Mr. Garritson had expounded to him at length. He conceded that the point they made sounded sensible, but he feared difficulties.

"Well," said Judge Marson, "I believe that the time to stop trouble is before it starts. We may be wrong, but I think we're right."

The official's eyes twinkled.

"I think you're right too."

"Then, damn it, man, you know perfectly well it can be done."

The official pressed a button.

"Send Garvey in here," he directed as the door opened. He smiled at his visitors. "I'll put the thing up to Garvey, and if he says he can find a man he can. It'll be breaking and entering; but, after all, it won't be real burglary. I guess we can fix it somehow."

Garvey, who wore a derby hat made for another man, listened with his head on one side. Then he said, "Sure, chief. I got enough on a dozen of 'em to ask a little favor like that."

Said Glory's father, clearing his throat nervously, "I want it done, yet I hate to think of a man going in ——"

"Get you a lady," stated Garvey genially. "There's lady crooks aplenty can do a little trick like that."

"Go ahead and get her," said Henry Garritson.

At 8:30 next morning, while Glory's father was at breakfast, the telephone jangled a peremptory summons. He jumped to his feet, strode to the instrument. The voice was Glory's, tense and shaking:

"Oh, dad! Thank God it's you, not mother! Dad, the most terrible thing has happened! I'm simply crazy! Oh, it's hideous, dad! Don't ask any questions. Don't tell mother—not a word. Just get into a taxi and come over as quick as you can. Oh, dad, I don't know what to do!"

Glory was waiting for him in a kimono, a lace cap over her hair, and around the cap, turban fashion, a wide pink ribbon. Her head, it struck her father forcibly, looked strangely small.

"Dad, I've been robbed. They came in the fire-escape window. And"—her voice rose in a sudden wail—"and they took my hair!"

"What?"

"I don't care what else they took—just a couple of pins and some earrings—they didn't find my jewel box—but they took my hair—my hair! Dad, please"—she clutched him by the lapels of his coat—"please, I've got to get it back. I've got to, dad. I don't know what to do. Oh, dad, I've got to get it back!"

"Sit down, dear," he said quietly. "Give me a chance to think. Have you telephoned the police?"

"What? And have it get in the papers that I've lost it? Can't you see everybody laughing, and all the cats saying it wasn't really mine anyway? Oh, dad, I've been humiliated enough—but not that!"

"Glory."

"What, dad?"

"We'll try to find it, honey. But I want you to start thinking. Suppose we don't?"

"I'll drown myself," she stormed passionately.

Her father took her hand, began stroking it gently.

Then he said, feeling gingerly for his words, "Would you want to give him that satisfaction?"

"Who?"

"You told me never to mention his name?"

"Do—do you think he wants me to?" Her eyes were wide.

"Drown yourself? I shouldn't think he would; but whatever he wants or whatever he had in mind, I can't quite picture a Garritson lying down and showing the white flag. Can you, dear?"

She stared at him, her mouth drooping open.

"But what do you want me to do?"

He shook his head.

"I don't know, dear. But whatever you decide, I don't believe you'll want people to think that your hair, lovely as it may have been, was the only thing that made you the most beautiful girl in San Francisco County."

Her eyes widened. Now her father chuckled.

"By gosh," he exclaimed, "I'd be willing to bet that if you bobbed it and had it curled—have it done right, you know—and walked down Market Street as if you'd done it because you wanted to—I'll bet you'd have half the girls in this town crazy with jealousy inside of fifteen minutes! Of course," he added hastily, "I'm not suggesting that."

He was watching her eyes. For a fraction of a second he saw them glint.

"Well," he said hurriedly, "I've got to rush. I'll get a private detective, dear. How'll that be? I'll call you up from the office?"

On the street he let out his breath as if he had been under water and holding it.

But Glory's father did not call her up. Instead, just as he was putting on his hat to go to luncheon, she called him.

"Dad," she said—and her voice was quivering as if with something suppressed—"dad, I've thought it over—a lot. After you left I just sat down and thought. And at last I decided you were right. I couldn't let people think I was licked. Besides—oh, dad, the man has just left, and I'm crazy about it! It looks perfectly darling. Please come over right away and tell me. It fluffs out all around, and it's so soft. And do you know what I've made up my mind to do? I'm going to Jane Chandler's tea—yes, I am!—this very afternoon. And I bet I knock 'em dead. Hurry over, please, because I've got to get a new hat."

As Henry Garritson hung up the receiver his eyes were peculiarly moist.

At six o'clock that evening Glory stood fumbling in her purse for the latchkey of her apartment. Her color was high from excitement; she was breathing quickly. In truth, as she herself had phrased it, she had knocked them dead. All afternoon she had been the center of a chattering, marveling feminine throng. She smiled faintly at the breathless phrases yet ringing in her ears. How alike they had been! First the incredulous, "Oh, Glory, my dear!" Then the tentative, "Why, I love it!" And next the inevitable, "But how on earth were you ever brave enough to do it? It must have felt like committing murder."

Glory smiled more widely at memory of her own casual reply: "I just made up my mind I wasn't going to be a slave a minute longer, that's all. Besides, I've always been crazy to have it bobbed. Don't you really think it's cuter?" That was what she had said.

She found the key now and let herself in. The apartment was dark and very still. She switched on the lights quickly and walked into her bedroom. There before the mirror she lifted off her hat. Instinctively her hands reached up to straighten the heavy coils that were no longer there. She sat down, suddenly weary. Yes, it had been exciting enough all afternoon; but now, here, all alone! She looked about her helplessly.

What was there to do? This was the hour that had always been consecrated to the tender care of that silken glory for which she had been named. Her fingers yearned to fondle its firm, glossy mass. Ah, she wanted it back!

She lifted her head, alert. She smelled something. With a swish of skirts she darted to the kitchen door.

"Doug!" she gasped.

He wheeled sharply from the frying pan which he had been holding over the stove.

"Glory!"

Abruptly he dropped his hands, held them before him. "I couldn't stand it any longer," he told her miserably. "I came back. What did I care about my job! Oh, honey, is there anything on earth I can do to make up for it? I was a dog. I'm just—plumb ashamed of myself."

She was standing very straight. She hadn't the faintest idea what she was going to say until she heard her voice asking, "Doug, do you like it?"

She saw him peering agonizedly at her hair and heard him mutter, "Oh, Glory!"

"Doug!" sharply. "I asked you if you liked it."

His face began to change. Line by line it relaxed. A trace of a smile quirked the corners of his mouth.

"If you want to know the truth," he said at last, "I think it's great. Dear, you're—gosh, you just don't know how pretty you are that way!"

Still she stood there erect. Then abruptly she laughed, her eyes suddenly soft.

"Doug," she said, "isn't life crazy? I hate you. I've hated you for five days. But if you really think I'm pretty—oh, Doug, all my life I've been beautiful and I've been so darned envious of girls people called pretty! Do you really think I am?"

"Do I really? You bet I do." He took a step toward her.

"Well, Doug," she tossed her head, "so do I—rather. Listen—if we left tonight, couldn't we get back to that old desert place in time?"

"You mean ——"

"Yes, Doug, I'm afraid I do. I didn't think I would, but I do." She grinned impishly. "And the only baggage I think I'll take is something we'll go and bury in the deepest old mine in Arizona or wherever it is."

He creased his forehead in perplexity.

"Oh, you goose!" chanted Glory. "Wouldn't you love to bury a little package with thirty-six of them inside it? Please let's—way down deep! Doug, are you going to stand there like a goop all night, or are you going to kiss me?"

PHOTO BY ASAHEL CURTIS SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Crevasse Near Summit of Mt. Baker, Washington

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

(Continued from Page 9)

other, for constructive results are meager. Analyze at least three of them, and San Remo in particular, and you find that oil not only vied with reparations in importance but was the only subject that precipitated action.

The point to be emphasized in this connection, however, is that the Anglo-French oil coalition—principally Anglo—against American interests at San Remo stirred Washington into action and gave us a look-in on Mesopotamia. Whether we now have a share in zero, or something more tangible, is yet to be proved. In any event, the closed door to at least one undeveloped oil region has creaked on its hinges.

A definite, coherent and consecutive narrative of world oil progress is a baffling and well-nigh bewildering task. It is almost as difficult as keeping track of the reparation mess. I have already indicated the kinship between those two vital problems in their perversion into nationalistic politics abroad. Europe, however, has no corner upon the capitalization of petroleum for political purposes.

In the United States—and it bears directly upon the present so-called gasoline crisis—the favorite target of the self-seeker who aspires to public office is the corporation, and particularly the oil company or the railroad. When all other issues fail, here is the unfailing stand-by that can be counted upon to provoke the populace into more or less righteous indignation, inspire costly investigation and pile a few more laws upon the already burdened statute books.

The only law which should be considered, and which is ignored, is the law of demand and supply.

Waste

An intelligent comprehension of the international oil problem is impossible without an understanding of the domestic situation. Ten years ago they were separate and distinct entities, because we had the supply and the rest of the universe had the demand. We have been exhausting our stores while other nations conserved theirs at the American expense. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell.

Likewise, the formulation of that much-desired firm and consistent American foreign oil policy hinges upon the extent to which Americans rise to the emergency. Unless, for example, they realize that oil production in all its phases is not a monopoly at home, neither they nor their Government can get behind the American oil producer abroad. This does not imply the indiscriminate underwriting by the public of oil shares for exploitation in alien lands, but it does mean a whole-hearted national support of an organized offensive with which is inseparably linked the fate of our trade, transport and industry.

I use the words "organized offensive" advisedly, because one reason for the waste in the oil industry in the United States lies in the mad rush of everybody to a field where oil has been struck. The average American producer has gone on the theory that if the other fellow is there, he must go. The same mistake is likely to happen overseas, with costly consequences. The possible participation of an American group in Mesopotamia shows that in one section abroad the mistakes at home will not be repeated. The larger benefit is to be derived from coördination rather than haphazard individual initiative.

With the controversy over the American invisible oil reserve we are not concerned just now, because such discussion must be left for the American series. Whether we have ten, twenty or thirty years to go—and these are the variously estimated periods as doped out by the geologists—the fundamental fact to be borne in mind in approaching the foreign situation is that the oil reserves in the United States are more nearly exhausted in their relation to demand than any other economic mineral.

Vast as have been our oil resources, they have been more fully developed than those of any other part of the world. Just as we pioneered the world, so have we supplied the universe. The principal drain, however, has come from our own phenomenal demands, born of American temperament, initiative and expansion. Though many other countries—and they include China, Japan, Burma, Russia, Galicia and Rumania—were ahead of us in the commercial utilization of petroleum, we—and it is typical of our instinct for waste—have gorged ourselves with the product, with the inevitable result.

You have only to take a passing glance at the statistics to realize why a foreign oil supply is essential to our industrial well-being. In 1922 the crude oil production in the United States was 551,197,000 barrels. The domestic consumption was 592,283,000 barrels. If we had not imported 126,000,000 barrels from Mexico we should have had a shortage. In the face of these figures you can readily understand that all our oil exports are at the expense of the native output. It means further that if we are to maintain our growing oil business abroad we must depend upon new sources.

A forecast of the 1923 production will give you another angle. It is estimated to be about 710,000,000 barrels. Many eminent government geologists maintain that the supply of oil in the United States subsoil does not exceed 7,000,000,000 barrels. There is, of course, a vast reserve of oil in what is known as oil shales, which exist in many American states. These, however, do not figure in present-day oil estimates because the production costs are high.

A more striking illustration of the inroads on the oil supply is in a parallel between oil production and the motor vehicle. In 1911 we had 315 barrels of crude oil for each car; in 1912, 219 barrels; in 1913, 194 barrels; in 1919, 50 barrels; in 1920, 48 barrels; while for 1922 the figure was a bare 43 barrels. Of course the almost miraculous increase in the number of motor vehicles has considerable to do with the shrinking ratio. This increase in motor equipment is bound to go on, while the oil supply, with the prodigal drain on it, will not. That the ratio is bound to be a shrinking quantity is evident from the forecast of motor manufacture. For the next five years there will probably be an average annual production of 3,500,000 motor cars, or a total of 17,500,000 new vehicles by the end of 1928.

Now you can begin to understand why America must look beyond the seas to bulwark the fuel which is absolutely vital to our productive life. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the axiomatic fact that just as oil is the first aid to the pursuits of peace, so it is equally essential to the conduct of war. War today is a scientific business of destruction waged with machines, and those machines are mainly propelled by gasoline. The aëroplane, the submarine and the tractor that hauls the big guns have revolutionized the bloody business of war. Lord Curzon once said that "the Allies rode to victory on a flood of oil," but he overlooked the important detail that much of it came from the United States. But for those Yankee tankers that sailed unafraid through the perils of the deep, the result in 1918 might have been different.

Right here you have, all protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the real reason why Britain regards the domains that fly the Union Jack as a closed oil corporation. It explains also why the British Admiralty acquired a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. This, however, is a later story.

Until 1921 only three European powers—England, Russia and Holland—were factors in the overseas oil situation so far as big production is concerned. Various American oil aggregations operated more or less extensively in Rumania and in various parts of Central and South America.

Our world contribution, however, was first in the standardization of the industry, and second in the widespread merchandising of the refined products of crude oil, most of which came from Mexico and the United States.

The World War emphasized civilization's almost acute dependency upon oil. More than one Allied fleet had to hug its harbor and scores of offensives in France and elsewhere were either halted or postponed because of the lack of fuel to drive trucks, tractors and aëroplanes. With the signing of the Armistice, European powers—and especially England—dedicated themselves to the task of making themselves independent of alien sources of oil supply.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Castle of Ur of the Chaldees, Which is Supposed to be the Oldest Temple in the World, Viewed From the Southwest

It was no new idea. Fully a decade before William Hohenzollern signed the death warrant of his empire, the late Lord Fisher, the picturesque if verbose watchdog of the British Navy, started the movement to give the Admiralty a definite oil connection that would guarantee the adequate mobilization of an all-British fuel for the royal fleets. The net result was the historic deal made in May, 1914, between Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through which the British Government acquired a controlling interest in this company, with its immense fields in Persia and elsewhere. The complete story of this deal, as well as the narrative of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, will be told in the next article. I refer to this transaction here because it is a necessary part of the prologue to the international contest for oil supremacy, in which England plays the leading part.

With the end of the war, England lost no time in translating her ambition for oil control into actuality. There were two pressing reasons: One was what might be called the political, and related to the national defense. The British Navy is now 90 per cent oil-fired, as compared with 45 per cent before the war. The other was purely economic. In each you find the accentuation of nationality by the war a driving motive.

Coastal Coal

The explanation of the political provocation is obvious. Behind the other is the interesting story of Britain's evolution from a coal into an oil civilization. The history of British coal mining is in reality the history of British industrial progress. That storied British might largely rests upon island isolation and the further happy coincidence that most of her coal fields are near the coast. Someone has well said that "coal has supported the whole edifice of British material prosperity." British ships have gone out laden with coal and returned with full cargoes of the raw materials and products essential to home and factory. In other words, the British merchant marine has always had a full load both ways.

During the past ten years the prestige of this key export has been menaced. Reductions in hours of labor, fantastic increases of wages, strikes that disorganized output and gave opportunities to foreign competitors, political and legislative interferences, the advent of the petroleum age—to say nothing of possible railway electrification—have combined to make inroads in that one-time impregnable bulwark of prestige and prosperity.

Economic self-defense was not alone in the dictation of some degree of nationalistic mastery of a huge oil reserve. Aside from the impairment of the coal industry, Great Britain is, next to the United States and in normal times Russia, the largest consumer of oil in the world. Her home resources consist of one well in Derbyshire which produces a ton a day, and the Scotch shale fields which yield about 155,000 tons each year. She therefore had to bestir herself in foreign domains.

Immediately after the Armistice, England cast her eye over the world for available areas in which to launch her petroleum offensive. At that time the Entente was well oiled and working. The phrase "well oiled" suited the situation, because John Bull took on France in a combination for commercial control of oil resources as a political principle for Allied action. France

(Continued on Page 44)

In All the World No Car Like This

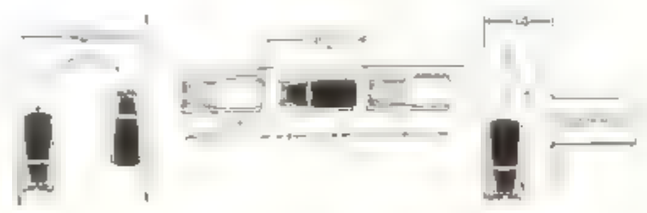
The ideal combination of roomy comfort and convenient size—sturdy construction—wonderful power—amazing performance—Moderately Priced

THE New Jewett Six is the final type of car for the average motorist. Most people want a car of roomy comfort for their average load—of convenient size that lightens the driver's task in traffic—a car so sturdy repair bills are rare—and powered to give satisfying performance—big six performance.

Roomy Comfort

	FRONT SEAT Leg Room inches	Width inches	REAR SEAT Leg Room inches	Width inches
Brougham	40	*Driver* 18½, *extra* 18½	44	46½
Sedan	38	46	46	46½
Touring	42	44	46	46½
Roadster	41	46		

The above sketch shows Jewett's roomy comfort whatever body style you may select. Few cars have more body room—and those are far higher priced. Jewett's rear seat is comfortable for three. Many owners carry six—with three in front. Sit in the Jewett—note its ample room.



Traffic Advantages

Here is shown how ably the New Jewett Six manipulates in traffic. Turn around in a 42-foot street. Park Jewett in a 16½-foot space at the curb. Jewett easily enters your garage from a 14-foot alley or driveway. Larger cars force you to back in turning around, keep you away from many a choice parking space and require a larger garage and more driveway. Think of the advantages of a car that handles so conveniently and still has the ample passenger room we told about above.

Rare Sturdiness

Look at the New Jewett's sturdy construction. It has a 6-inch-deep frame, extra cross-braced and weighing 184 lbs.—a superb foundation for a long-lived car. Paige-Timken axles front and rear. All-steel universal joints, with sealed-in lubrication good for 15,000 miles. Jewett weighs 2805 lbs.—far more than "light" sixes. Serves long because it's strong.

Big Six Power

See Jewett's motor. You are amazed when you lift the hood. Expecting the ordinary size motor, squat and low, you see that Jewett's motor nearly *fills the hood!* It's a SIX, with tremendous energy—full 50 horsepower. High-pressure oiled, like the Paige and other highest quality cars. Jewett's cylinders are 3¼ x 5 inches—249 cubic inches piston displacement—20% to 40% more power than "light" sixes.

Thrilling Performance

But the New Jewett's performance gives all owners their greatest thrill. Passes most any car on any hill. Like the strong man handling the weight, compared with the weaker—Jewett's powerful 6-cylinder motor easily handles the sturdy 2805-lb. Jewett. Jewett climbs hard hills slowly, in high, which cause other cars to stall or shift. Jewett picks up on hills. Drive Jewett from 2 to 60 miles an hour, or more, in high, easily.

Quick Get-away

See the ordinary horse struggling to start a load—then watch the stronger horse walk easily away with it! Jewett's most power for weight accounts for its extraordinary quick-footedness. In get-away, Jewett's 50 horsepower gives you every advantage. Jewett is away first at the officer's signal. Picks up from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. (Try that with ANY other car!)

Easy Handling

All women like the New Jewett because "it just seems to drive itself." Steers with finger-touch guidance due to ball-bearing steering spindles. Test Jewett's clutch pedal with your hand to know its gentleness. Then, while driving, let it in with a jerk to be amazed at its smoothness. Gear changing is effortless, and quiet. Rarely a "miss" or clash. Shift from high to second at 30 miles an hour.

In all the world no car like this. It's true! No other car offers you Jewett's combination of roomy comfort and convenient size, sturdy construction, wonderful power, amazing performance at Jewett's moderate price. Ask the Jewett dealer to let you drive this car. (600)

Touring . . . $1065
Sedan 1495
Brougham . . 1325

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

De Luxe Roadster . $1195
De Luxe Touring . 1220
De Luxe Sedan . . 1695
Prices at Detroit. Tax Extra

(Continued from Page 42)

got the mandate for Syria in exchange for the British right to exploit a combination Anglo-Dutch oil business in France.

England's desire was to consolidate herself in the Near East, with the Mediterranean region as the oil reservoir for both war and peace, while France's objective was a similar consolidation in Galicia and Rumania. Great Britain, let me add, had always stood for a copper-riveted nationalism in oil fields in crown possessions like Trinidad and India. She had become an expert in what might be called the architecture of the closed door.

As a matter of fact, ever since 1918 England had been widening her sphere of oil influence. Costly as was the World War to her in blood and treasure, it gave her some compensation in the shape of immense petroleum areas. In accepting the mandate for Mesopotamia she acquired a vast amount of expenditure and trouble, but at the same time she got her hooks, politically and otherwise, into some of the richest potential oil areas anywhere.

Britain's Oil Diplomat

With Mesopotamia, we arrive at the scene in the international oil drama where the United States makes her initial appearance. It was not altogether pleasing to our British friends, and for a time it well-nigh imperiled good feeling between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. We appeared in the rôle of objector—both conscientious and consistent—and the interrupter of the proverbial good thing is seldom a popular individual. Because this episode marks the entry of America into the broader field of world petroleum under the ægis of what must be the Magna Charta of our whole overseas economic endeavor, the complete story must be told in all its illuminating details.

To get the first chapter we must go to San Remo, that lovely Italian spot where Prussia's Red Prince, Unser Fritz—later the second Kaiser—suffered in his last days, and where, in April, 1920, the Allied Supreme Council met to bolster up peace and make some further distribution of the spoils of war. Just as Spa will rank in post-war history as the scene of what is called the coal conference—it was here that Stinnes first flouted the Allies—so will San Remo be known as the oil gathering. It fairly reeked with petroleum, but it also savored of some other things. Chief among them was the Anglo-French oil coalition. Though it was not aimed directly at the United States, we should have suffered from its consequences had we not made the representations which ultimately let the bars down and made us a member of the international oil club.

Although Lloyd George, Millerand and Nitti held the center of the stage so far as the spotlight is concerned, the dominating figures in the allocation of oil territory were Sir John Cadman, K. C. M. G., who appeared as oil adviser for the British Government, and Philippe Berthelot, director of political and commercial affairs at the French Foreign Office. Between them they framed and signed the historic agreement which sought to clamp the lid down on some of the richest oil fields in the world. With the exception of the Versailles Treaty, no other state document of recent years has provoked quite so much international discussion. As a fomenter of diplomatic notes it runs second only to German reparations.

In Berthelot we have only the transitory interest which attaches to the accident of his holding a particular diplomatic post at the time of the San Remo Conference. A few years later he passed from the official scene. With Cadman it is a different matter. Not only has he loomed large in the British petroleum perspective but henceforth in this article and in those to follow he stands out as a star, so to speak, in the world oil drama. It is well, therefore, to know who he is.

Sir John Cadman is a striking illustration of how the Great War gave the scientist the opportunity to emerge from the twilight of academic aloofness into the full glare of world events. In 1914 he was merely Professor Cadman and known only in those circles that specialized in coal and oil mining. On the day the Armistice was signed he had behind him the achievement of having been oil controller of England during those years of blood and slaughter when oil was almost as precious as human life itself. Today he is regarded as perhaps the foremost petroleum authority in the world. Likewise he is the most accomplished of oil diplomats. I have never met a more persuasive person.

Like Stinnes, he comes from a coal family. His people in Staffordshire have mined the black diamond for generations and he was trained for the scientific side of it. His first contact with oil was with the Scotch shale industry. Subsequently he was sent by the British Colonial Office to Trinidad and elsewhere to make official investigations. It was while occupying the chair of mining at Birmingham University that he first realized the value of oil in world economics. He therefore started the department in the university which conferred the first degree in oil engineering. Meanwhile, as expert investigator, he carried out missions in Burma and Rumania, and was in Trinidad on one of these expeditions when the Great War broke.

Cadman hurried home. After the Second Battle of Ypres, where poison gas was added to the horrors of war, he was put on the staff of British scientists charged with the task of devising a counter terror. But the oil instinct was strong in him. He saw the various British government departments bidding against each other for the precious liquid whose supply was being menaced more and more by the inroads of the German submarine. At that time Walter Long—now Viscount Long—was a member of the government. At a cabinet meeting he told Lloyd George that the petroleum situation was precarious and that something must be done to coördinate the supply. Victory hung in the oil scales.

Lloyd George's reply was, "Very well, I put the task up to you. Whom have you to intrust with this vital work?"

"I suggest Professor Cadman," was the reply.

At the mention of the word "professor" Lloyd George's usually animated face fell. He has never had much use for academic folk, being largely on the unacademic side himself. It will be recalled that Clemenceau once declared that the little Welshman was the most uncultured man he had ever met in public life. Therefore the reference to Professor Cadman conjured up the vision of a prosy and whiskered person, more the student than the doer. However, Lloyd George sent for him.

Instead of the ponderous and academic scientist, he was confronted by a brisk, alert and energetic man of medium height, whose smooth face had almost a boyish look. This smoothness of face is matched by a corresponding smoothness of manner in dealing with difficult situations. The premier was not only impressed with Cadman's personality but gave him a free hand to stabilize the vexing petroleum question.

Sir John in Action

Once in action, Cadman vindicated the confidence that Long had promised for him. As controller he organized petroleum in precisely the same way that he would have organized a huge corporation. He budgeted the needs of every department, and this included the army, the navy, munitions and trade.

It was one of the most difficult, as well as one of the few unsung, achievements of the war. To the confines of a single sheet of paper he reduced the balance sheet of a monster activity whose ramifications led to every battle zone on land and sea and touched every available field not controlled by the Germans.

Cadman became chairman of the Inter-Allied Petroleum Council which rationed Britain, France, Italy and all the other Allied powers and provided the oil they needed. As the war petroleum overlord he established his first contact with the American industry, for, with our entry into the conflict, we set up the National Petroleum War Service Committee, with A. C. Bedford, of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, as chairman. The two groups coördinated their efforts. In the United States, as in England, all rivalries and interests were buried in the one great desire to win the struggle. The coöperation of those years of stress and travail was to be followed by an intensive competition for the very product which had been mobilized for a common victory.

Now you can understand the knowledge and experience that lay behind Cadman when he stepped upon the scene at San Remo. Meanwhile he had become Sir John Cadman, K. C. M. G., his knighthood having been a merited appreciation of conspicuous war service, and was still director in charge of his majesty's petroleum department. It was this latter post that clothed him with the authority he now began to exercise.

Although the German reparations problem persistently knocked at the door of every European conference, the specific subject that focused attention at San Remo was petroleum. It is significant of the importance that the Allies attached to oil that, though European stabilization depended upon finding a way out of the baffling indemnity question, it was sidetracked for the remaking of the oil map along 100 per cent monopolistic lines. England and France, then as now, could not look upon the reparations problem eye to eye, but they discovered an astonishing unanimity of view with regard to oil.

The San Remo Agreement

What is known as the San Remo Agreement, between Berthelot and Cadman, which was ratified by both the British and the French governments, spilled the beans—as we would term it in our inelegant but expressive vernacular. It showed precisely where England stood with regard to the world oil problem. Though France is a party to the contract, the master mind and the real beneficiary is Britain. This agreement is too long to print in full, but a few sections will indicate its motives and significance.

As a prelude, it may be well to state that immediately after the Armistice the Standard Oil Company of New York sent a staff to Palestine to operate under an oil concession granted by the Turkish Government prior to 1914. Palestine was then a part of Turkey. Both men and material were held up—the men were really taken into custody—by the British, who had obtained a mandate for this historic region. The same company sought to prospect in Mesopotamia, but their representatives were not permitted to carry on their work despite the fact that British geologists in army uniforms were engaged in the same task. England, as most people know, has the mandate for Mesopotamia. I refer to these two mandated areas because they—and especially Mesopotamia—were vital factors in the developments at San Remo.

At the beginning of the San Remo Agreement is this general statement:

> This agreement is based on the principles of cordial coöperation and reciprocity in those countries where the oil interests of the two nations [Great Britain and France] can be usefully united. This memorandum relates to the following states and countries: Rumania, Asia Minor, territories of the old Russian Empire, Galicia, French Colonies and British Crown Colonies. This agreement may be extended to other countries by mutual consent.

So much for the broad general outline. Early in this document is the following section, which showed the way the spoils of war were to be divided:

> All shares belonging to former enemy concession which can be secured and all other advantages derived from these negotiations shall be divided, 50 per cent to British interests and 50 per cent to French interests. It is understood that in the company or companies to be formed to undertake the management and the exploitation of the said shares, concessions and other advantages, the two countries shall have the same proportion of 50 per cent in all capital subscribed, as well as in representatives on the board and voting power.

The section just reproduced had no particular commercial interest for America, because, save for the cost of our Army of Occupation and certain war claims growing out of the sinking of the Lusitania and other ships, we have no stake in the war gains. What did concern us vitally was that section of the San Remo Agreement which dealt with Mesopotamia, and which started the international back fire which smoked out the Anglo-French monopoly. Here it is:

> The British Government undertakes to grant to the French Government or its nominee 25 per cent of the net output of crude oil at current market rates which His Majesty's Government may secure from the Mesopotamian oil fields, in the event of their being developed by government action; or in the event of a private petroleum company being used to develop the Mesopotamian oil fields, the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a share of 25 per cent in such company. The price to be paid for such participation to be no more than that paid by any of the other participants to the said petroleum company. It is also understood that the said petroleum company shall be under permanent British control.

In a supplemental paragraph the British Government agreed "to support arrangements by which the French Government may procure from the Anglo-Persian Company supplies of oil, which may be piped from Persia to the Mediterranean through any pipe line which may have been constructed within the French mandated territory and in regard to which France has given special facilities, up to the extent of 25 per cent of the oil so piped, on such terms and conditions as may be mutually agreed between the French Government and the Anglo-Persian Company."

You will observe from these sections of the San Remo Agreement that the United States was left out in the cold. We had done our part in the Great War to secure the things called equality and democracy, and we had made no attempt to break in on the spoils. The American Government rightfully felt that its nationals should not be discriminated against in the matter of entrance to those foreign oil areas which were becoming more and more indispensable to the integrity of the American motor machine and, beyond that, to a considerable portion of their transport and industry. The fight for the open door began. We sought to establish for the mandated areas that same traditional principle of economic quality that we fostered in China. It is the basis upon which American overseas policy is reared.

There is no need of going into the long series of diplomatic notes between the American and British Governments which followed the ratification of the San Remo Agreement. One section will indicate the American point of view. Incidentally it points out one reason why Europe is still in turmoil.

Diplomatic Correspondence

In the first protest transmitted to the British Foreign Office by John W. Davis, then American ambassador to the Court of St. James, this statement appears:

> The Government of the United States desires to point out that during the peace negotiations at Paris leading up to the Treaty of Versailles it consistently took the position that the future peace of the world required that, as a general principle, any alien territory which should be acquired pursuant to the treaties of peace with the Central Powers must be held and governed in such a way as to assure equal treatment in law and in fact to the commerce of all nations. It was on account of and subject to this understanding that the United States felt itself able and willing to agree that the acquisition of certain enemy territory by the victorious powers would be consistent with the best interests of the world. The representatives of the principal allied powers, in the discussion of the mandate principles, expressed in no indefinite manner their recognition of the justice and farsightedness of such a principle and agreed to its application to the mandates over Turkish territory.

Throughout the long interchange of communications the American Government bore down hard upon the necessity for the open door. To quote from a paragraph in Secretary Bainbridge Colby's note to Lord Curzon, because of "the shortage of petroleum, its constantly increasing commercial importance, and the continuing necessity of replenishing the world's supply by drawing upon the latent resources of undeveloped regions, it is of the highest importance to apply to the petroleum industry the most enlightened principles recognized by nations as appropriate for the peaceful ordering of their economic relations."

Needless to say, the British Government in its replies dwelt upon "the nervousness of American opinion concerning the alleged grasping activities of British oil interests," and furthermore minimized the allegation that England's mobilization of oil reserves was for war.

At the risk of digression—it bears, however, on the open door for oil and expresses the American petroleum trade point of view—let me reproduce a statement made by one of the most capable of American oil experts in connection with a nationalized oil supply and war. He said:

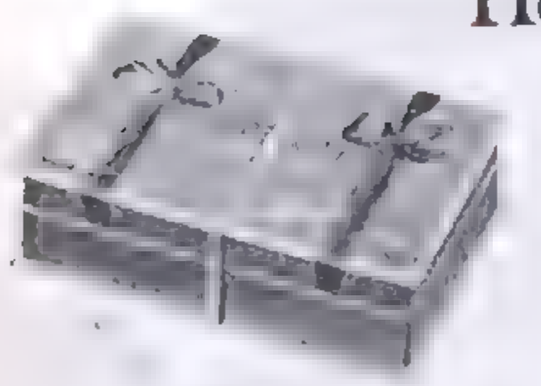
"For a great nation to say, 'Since oil is a prime necessity to us in time of war, the oil resources of our state must be developed solely by our own nationals,' overlooks the economic and practical points: namely, that very large sums are required to develop new oil regions, and much of the money spent in prospecting is not productive; that in case of war only developed oil fields have practical value; and that should there

(Continued on Page 49)

510

A Christmas Plot

How you can surprise her on Christmas Day



Tonight, decide what candy you will give her Christmas.

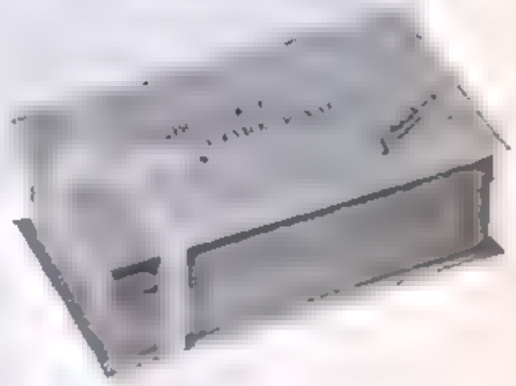
Tonight, take her Johnston's Choice Box. It solves your problem for you. In it are 22 selected kinds of our most delicious confections. And the name of each piece is printed on a little card directly beneath each piece.

Tonight, when she opens the box, watch carefully which kinds she seems to prefer. Then look in the little book that comes with each box. There you will find the boxes filled with the candies she most prefers.

And Christmas Day you can get that particular box, pleasing her beyond measure by your thoughtfulness.

* * *

So take her Johnston's Choice Box tonight—and Christmas morning surprise her with her *own* choice box. A subtle compliment she cannot but appreciate.



Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

Johnston's

R. A. Johnston Co., *Makers of Fine Candies*, Milwaukee, Wis.

You will find the Choice Box in most good stores in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for a sample Choice Box. You will be delighted with its goodness.

The Day of the Knight Is Here

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Coupe-Sedan DeLuxe

$1550 *fob Toledo*

Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Dearest Girl:—With all my heart I give you happiness—thousands of miles of it. I give you freedom from four walls when your house work is done. I give you hundreds of places to go; lots of friends to see; a lighter step; a readier laugh.

I give you a setting of the beauty and charm you deserve; protection from cold and snow and rain and dust; comfort and luxury reached through wide doors front and rear; the safety of big, strong brakes, and the easiest steering ever known in a motor car.

I give you responsive power from an engine that has no clicking valves and that grows smoother and quieter with use—the same type of engine as in the finest cars of Europe.

I give you the motor car I think will make you happiest of all—the Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan.

Merry Christmas! Good Old Motor

— and a snappy New Year

You've pulled me over the toughest hills; you've speeded me cross-country when time was everything; you've slipped me safely through congested traffic.

Always ready, day or night. Ready with that snappy start, that quick pick-up, that wealth of power.

I remember the day I first drove you home—clean, fresh and new. Now you are not so dressy. You may seem a bit old to strangers. But I know. You still have all your youthful vigor and you run as sweetly as ever.

You and I know how it was done. The secret of your youth, from the beginning, has been good oil—Veedol. That's what keeps you young inside.

So here, then, is my Christmas present to you—"exactly what you wanted"—a brand new 5-gallon can of Veedol for another snappy New Year.

A New Christmas Gift

Last year, when Veedol first suggested giving the car something for Christmas, hundreds of motorists found a new answer to the annual gift problem. Call on your dealer now. He will be glad to supply you with five gallon cans of the correct Veedol oils for your own car and those of your friends.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION, 11 Broadway, New York
Chicago, 3433 So. Racine Ave. San Francisco, 440 Brannan St.

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 44)

be a war, any developed oil field is immediately mobilized by the country concerned, irrespective of whether the development was due to domestic or foreign capital. It is better economics to have the losses of development shared by foreign capital than to have the whole loss fall at home. The most complete national self-interest and self-advancement says, 'Throw the doors wide open.'"

Britain clung tenaciously to her closed-door policy, which was no less stringent in Asia Minor than in India, where American oil interests have never been able to get a foothold. At the high tide in the flow of oil notes between the British and American Governments the indictment against England rested on these counts:

First, that she had made the San Remo Agreement with France with no regard for American interests; second, that in the mandated territories, particularly Mesopotamia, she intended to keep whatever oil might be discovered in her own hands; third, that the British Government itself had entered the oil business and was responsible for the activities of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; fourth, that several of the self-governing dominions over the seas had placed an embargo on the development of their petroleum deposits by non-British subjects; fifth, that while this policy of exclusion was being carried out in the Near East and throughout the empire, British owned or controlled companies were acquiring valuable oil concessions in Mexico, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Ecuador and Nicaragua, countries which Americans had come to look upon as being within their own sphere of commercial influence and exploitation.

If you had asked Sir John Cadman—then, as now, the real power behind the shaping of British oil policy—to express an opinion on what was going on he would very likely have responded in this wise:

"The British policy is first and foremost to encourage the maximum of production, to recognize all legitimate prewar rights in the territories that have come under British authority and to discriminate against no interests merely because they are foreign. So far as oil was ever a serious issue between the British and American Governments, it was because the question was being looked at not in the light of facts but of fears, conjectures and stupid misunderstandings. I am far from saying that these misunderstandings were all on one side. Those in this country"—England—"who were perpetually inveighing against the American Oil Trust and accusing it of bleeding the British consumer white were no wiser than the Americans who went about proclaiming that Great Britain was out to corner the oil fields of the world."

The D'Arcy Concession

The exchange of oil notes—which at times were anything but oily might have gone on indefinitely while England intrenched herself more securely in the Near Eastern oil fields and we fretted at the frontiers of foreign oil opportunity. Then came an event which changed the whole situation.

Upon the severance of his official relations with the British Government, Sir John Cadman made a commercial connection which not only altered his personal fortunes but led to a breach in the British closed national petroleum corporation. It once more emphasized a fact, familiar to all traders who regard the world as their field, that individuals can get together in a business transaction far more easily and successfully than nations. Furthermore, it again proved the efficacy of the cardinal maxim which ruled the life of Cecil Rhodes, which was that "it is better to deal with a man than fight with him."

Cadman became adviser and a director in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. No asset that he brought to his new association, not even his unusual oil equipment, was greater than the knowledge of men and methods gained during and immediately after the World War. He viewed with genuine alarm the growing breach between England and America over the closed door. None knew so well as he the immense technical advance that America would enlist for the new field, and he knew also that the moral value of Anglo-Saxon coöperation was not to be despised as a commercial factor.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company was in a peculiar position to function as a sort of semiofficial agency, because, through the famous Admiralty deal to which I have referred, the British Government was a full-fledged partner in it. The company owned the immense concession acquired by the late William Knox D'Arcy from the Persian Government, which includes all Persia except the five northern provinces. It had another string to its bow in the shape of a 50 per cent interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company. With the latter concern we at last reach the turn in the long lane that America had followed in her efforts to reach the Mesopotamian oil fields.

You will recall that in the section of the Berthelot-Cadman agreement relating to Mesopotamia there occurred the words: "In the event of a private petroleum company being used to develop the Mesopotamian oil fields, the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a share of 25 per cent in such company. . . . . It is also understood that the said petroleum company shall be under permanent British control."

The Sultan's Civil List

This reference was to the Turkish Petroleum Company, which controls the whole of the Mesopotamian oil fields under a concession, or rather a right to operate, granted before the war by the Turkish Government. Behind this concession is the tangle of an international contest for a rich domain that is linked up with that shattered German dream of economic conquest of the whole Near East. No less a person than the former Kaiser himself was a party to the negotiations.

Nor is the controversy over it ended. The Turkish Petroleum Company concession was aired at Lausanne, where the American delegates had confirmation of it kept out of the treaty with Turkey. Despite the high hopes that repose in it—to say nothing of the possible American association—the validity of the concession is still in doubt.

Although the area is to a large extent unprospected, the two richest potential oil fields in Mesopotamia are in the vilayets—provinces—of Mosul and Bagdad. Mosul lies in the north of the present confines of Mesopotamia, which is now known as Iraq. The Turks claim this section as a part of their territory, which is one of the many complications that have arisen.

Before the World War, Mesopotamia was part of the old Turkish Empire, and the Mosul field—as it is more commonly known—was on the Sultan's so-called civil list. This list contained all the rich pickings of the empire and was regarded as the ruler's particular prerogative. Private enterprise was therefore debarred from it. In 1904, following William Hohenzollern's spectacular visit to Constantinople, the Anatolian Railway Company, nominally a Turkish concern, but in reality a German enterprise—for it was the first link in the famous Berlin-to-Bagdad system and was fostered by the Deutsche Bank—obtained a right from the civil list to explore for oil in the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad. The Germans, however, failed to make good, and two years later D'Arcy, who by this time had obtained his Persian concession, started the negotiations to annex Mosul for a British group. D'Arcy wanted an outlet to the Persian Gulf, and the duel between the British and the Germans began. After the Young Turk revolution of 1908, when Sultan Abdul-Hamid's power was broken, the imperial perquisites of the civil list were transferred to the Turkish Ministry of Finance.

Meanwhile the Royal Dutch-Shell interests—the German branch of the Rothschilds was interested in this enterprise—put in an oar, which meant that England, Germany and Holland were now involved. In 1912, Sir Ernest Cassel, who controlled the National Bank of Turkey, a British institution, got all the conflicting interests together and formed the Turkish Petroleum Company, Ltd., which took over whatever claims the Germans and D'Arcy had. In the interim D'Arcy's interests and claims in Mesopotamia had been taken over by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

There is no need of going into the confusing series of deals and counterdeals which followed. What concerns us is the larger fact that by 1914 a new Turkish Petroleum Company—it is a British limited company—had been organized, with 50 per cent of the stock owned by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, 25 per cent by the Royal Dutch-Shell interests and 25 per cent by the Deutsche Bank, which meant the Germans. Since all interests had been harmonized, the British and German ambassadors at Constantinople made a combined attack on the Turkish Government for a valid concession.

In June, 1914, the grand vizier, on behalf of the Turkish Government, wrote to the two ambassadors a letter stating that the Turkish Ministry of Finance, having been substituted for the civil list in the matter of the petroleum deposits known or to be discovered in the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad, consented to lease these deposits to the Turkish Petroleum Company. The ministry reserved the right to fix later its share in the enterprise as well as in the terms of the contract.

Such was the situation when the Great War broke in 1914. Naturally all negotiations relating to the Turkish Petroleum Company ceased. The next time the company lifted its head, so far as the public knew, was at the San Remo Conference, where the French were given the 25 per cent interest formerly held by the Germans. This made the Turkish Petroleum line-up 50 per cent British, 25 per cent Royal Dutch-Shell and 25 per cent French. Despite the fact that the British lacked actual control, they dominated the enterprise.

Now we can pick up Cadman again. When he assumed his post with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company he began to look about for some means by which the growing American hostility to the closed door in Mesopotamia could be sterilized. The British Foreign Office, in its official disclaimers, was insisting upon its innocence so far as exclusion was concerned, while the State Department at Washington, as well as League of Nations enthusiasts like Lord Robert Cecil, was maintaining that mandate rights were being violated in bottling up the oil fields. Cadman came to the conclusion that it was good policy, to say nothing of good business, to let the Americans in on the Anglo-Persian share of the Turkish Petroleum Company, and a historic negotiation got under way.

During the years following the Armistice, when American oil consumption grew by leaps and bounds, farsighted producers in this country began to be alarmed about our supply.

The problem was to find the most available foreign field. Persia at that time was out of the question, although just now there is a likelihood of our entry into the five northern provinces not included in the D'Arcy concession. The two possible American interests for Persia are in conflict, however. The Mexican situation was becoming increasingly uncertain, while Central and South American fields offered no huge reservoirs such as exist in the Near East. The time came therefore when some kind of concerted action elsewhere overseas was imperative.

Mr. Hoover's Statement

Secretary of Commerce Hoover was keenly alive to the perils of the problem. On August 16, 1921, he called a meeting of leading American oil producers in his office at Washington. In the blunt but effective manner that he has of expressing his mind, he said to them in substance:

"As a result of a survey of our own and the world situation it is evident that our domestic sources of oil will last only a generation at the present rate of exhaustion. Meanwhile foreign nations are rapidly preempting the available foreign oil-bearing territory. Unless our nationals reënforce and increase their holdings abroad, we shall be dependent upon other nations for the supply of this vital commodity within a measurable number of years. The truth of the matter is that other countries have conserved their oil at the expense of our own. We must go into foreign fields and in a big way. Though individual initiative will count for much in the location of deposits, the larger American end will be served by concerted action in production."

The net result was the organization of what is known as the American group, which includes not only Standard Oil interests but the leading independents. This group comprises one hope of American oil operations overseas. If successful, it will establish the precedent for joint operation in other fields.

Secretary Hoover's initiative played into the hands of the British interests. The incessant hammering of the American State Department for the open door prodded the British Foreign Office into a departure from its policy of exclusion. As a consequence, a half interest in the Anglo-Persian's share of the Turkish Petroleum Company was offered to the Americans. Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, went abroad to conduct the negotiations on behalf of his colleagues, who, it is well to remember, included the largest independents of the industry. A frank discussion of a possible American participation developed. This participation has not only been outlined but a plan of coöperation tentatively agreed upon.

In the first place, the Turkish Petroleum Company's concession at the time I write really rests upon rather flimsy support. It is concretely embodied in that letter from the grand vizier to the British and German ambassadors. The right to operate was never confirmed by the Turkish parliament. Not only has the Turkey which granted this original right ceased to exist but Mesopotamia is now outside Turkish territorial confines.

This exclusion from Turkish territory is bad enough, but Mesopotamia has its own ruler—King Feisal—and an assembly. The Turkish petroleum concession must be ratified by the new Mesopotamian Government, which, so far as the assembly is concerned, is not altogether friendly to England, although John Bull fought valiantly to maintain the integrity of the domain. Therefore until the Mesopotamian—or rather the Iraq—Government confirms the concession its validity is open to question.

"To Foresee Is to Rule"

There is another phase. A participation by any American group in the foreign field must conform to the State Department's conception of the open-door policy, which not only means entrance under the same conditions as any other nationals but an equal opportunity for everybody. Thus the specific American group organized for a possible alliance with the Turkish Petroleum Company cannot preclude any other oil producers, whatever their flag, from subleasing territory in the Mesopotamian field. Upon this condition the American group is insistent.

Again, if by any remote chance the present Turkish Government has any say in the matter of a Turkish petroleum concession, it will be adverse. When I interviewed Rauf Bey, then prime minister of the new Turkish régime at Angora, he made this statement:

"We will never recognize the Turkish petroleum concession. There must be a new deal all around."

Moreover, the Turks today have no particular love for the British and still long to put their fingers into the Mesopotamian pie. In the old days the Sultan's government retained its hold upon the Mesopotamian tribes by inciting one against the other. It was merely an exemplification of the traditional Turkish policy of capitalizing the other fellows' discords and troubles. Turkish history may repeat itself in the matter of a ratification of the Turkish petroleum concession.

As the matter now stands, the big significance of the whole Turkish petroleum episode is: First, that it marks a change in the British closed-door oil policy in the Near East; second, that at last American oil producers are awake to the necessity of organized effort abroad.

These American producers are handicapped by the lack of a practical government foreign policy such as Britain places squarely behind her nationals overseas. Though governments in England change from time to time, the policies that affect British trade and industrial exploitation abroad do not. On the other hand, each new Secretary of State at Washington has a different foreign outlook. Moreover, in things commercial the British Foreign Office seeks always to anticipate events, while our State Department usually acts after events have happened. "To foresee is to rule," whether in the business battles of peace or in the actual conflicts of war.

Whatever the outcome, we have definitely aligned ourselves in the contest for world oil supremacy. It is not a bid for corporate power, but a struggle for economic self-preservation. The stage is set, the characters are placed, the motive is disclosed. We can now see how the drama unfolds.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the world oil situation. The next will be devoted to the British interests

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

of Europe. Austria is no longer starving, and the international loan under the control of the League of Nations has stabilized her currency so that business is coming back to Vienna and reviving the spirit of a gay-hearted people. But it is only the careless observer who imagines that all is well according to the old standards of well-being. The peasants are all right. The Jewish bankers and traders are making profits, but the ordinary professional man, the old cultured middle classes, the women who used to make Austria one of the centers of fashion and luxury, belong to a chapter of history which has been turned down. They are stinting and scraping on salaries less than the wages of bell boys in New York, who are millionaires to them. They have meat once or twice a week. They cannot buy books if they want a little butter to their bread. They are not starving, not even hungry—not many of them—but they are not buying more than their barest needs. So it is in Hungary, in Poland, and now in Germany.

The old world before the war when Great Britain grew rich and placed immense reserves of wealth to her credit, was not built up in prosperity by people going to market to satisfy their barest needs. The British Empire, and especially the rich manufacturers of England, built up their fortunes by supplying the demand of a world which for a century at least was continually increasing its demands and desires, constantly raising the general standard of life, and widening its margin of luxury—the comforts, beauties and adornments of civilization after the satisfaction of life's elementary provision.

Dislocations of Trade

What is happening now in many parts of Europe is the annihilation of that margin of luxury—by which I do not mean the vicious luxury of the overrich, but the comfortable spending power of the enormous middle-class world which was created by the industrial era after the Napoleonic wars. It was that enlargement of comfort, that increasing of purchasing power, that prosperity of innumerable small homes which sent so many ships into so many harbors with heavy cargoes. Now imperceptibly, over the greater part of Europe, there is a dropping back to elementary needs, if even those may be satisfied.

What can one say of the middle classes in Europe when the rector of Cologne University gets less wage per week than a street sweeper outside his door, when a head clerk in Berlin gets a weekly salary which is less than he needs to buy a pair of boots, when skilled workers in Austria get a little more than two shillings a day, when from one end of Germany to another the standard of life has dropped so low that a workingman is lucky beyond most of his neighbors if he can maintain his bodily strength and provide enough food for his wife and children?

Because Central Europe is not buying so much wool from Australia, so much cotton from India, so much meat from Argentina, so much timber from Norway, so much butter from Denmark, those countries and many others are not buying the manufactured goods of England by 50 per cent of prewar amounts in many important articles of trade.

Great Britain is faced with the hardest struggle for industrial life that has ever happened in her history. To feed her population of 42,000,000 she has to import two-thirds of her food from overseas, and that can be paid for only by raw material and manufactured goods. With restricted markets and declining industry, that is becoming more and more difficult upon a sound economic basis. Already there is a rising tide of unemployment which is revealing with tragic intensity the effect of this world stagnation of trade upon her industrial life. In her great manufacturing towns of the north factories are closing down or working on short time, and in almost every class of industry men are being turned away from the factory gates because it is useless to employ them.

The figures of actual unemployment are difficult to obtain because in addition to those on the registers and receiving the dole—in October last 1,354,750—there are masses of unemployed in the trades, occupations and callings to which the Unemployment Insurance Acts do not apply. Those are agriculture, outworkers, private domestic service and many branches of clerical work, which add heavy figures to the total of workless and wageless people. The greatest authority on unemployment in England—Sir Lynden Macassey—estimates that the actual number of wage and salary earners out of work in October last could not be less, and were probably more than 1,995,000. That is a sum of human derelicts in the industrial world of Great Britain perfectly appalling in its significance of national distress.

The British Government, after trying to turn a blind eye to the magnitude of this problem, was at last made aware of the urgent need and danger by a storm of public opinion in which there was the sullen growl of angry and despairing men from all the great industrial cities. It voted £50,000,000 for the subsidy of emergency schemes, in addition to the £85,000,000 already expended on road making, and state contributions of nearly £10,000,000 to unemployment insurance last year. That is an immense burden on a national treasury which is faced by increased expenditure, dwindling revenue, and a frightful war debt. Turn which way they will, English statesmen and financiers see no possible way of relieving the capitalists of the country from a taxation which is crippling their trade activities—one cause of the high cost of production which prevents them from selling their goods in markets of low purchasing power.

Not Out of the Woods

Months before the presentation of next year's budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, uttered a plain warning to the people that they can expect no further remission of taxes and that national expenditure can no longer be reduced by drastic and even violent economy such as produced an unexpected surplus in the previous year. That expenditure which in 1919–1920 amounted to £1,665,000,000 had been brought down in 1923 to something less than half that amount. That had been done by heroic means, but the more that had been cut down in the past the less it would be possible to cut off in the future, and any savings that could be made would be wanted to catch up with the corresponding fall in revenue. Speaking with more candor than his predecessors who doped the public with rose-tinted promises, Chamberlain made the following grave and courageous statement:

> We are not yet out of the woods. We have in front of us a weary and perhaps exhausting struggle. But you have got to set your teeth and go through with it as you went through bad times in the war.

One of the most lamentable aspects of English life today—and the most dangerous of all if England were to become involved in another great war—is the condition of agriculture. It is dying and nearly dead. The agricultural laborer in England, where he continues to be employed at all, is paid so much less than a living wage—in some districts no more than fourteen shillings a week—that he has to get relief from the rates in order to keep alive. Yet the farmer is unable to pay him more, for the present loss on plow land amounts to several times the rental. A policy of despair has been proclaimed by the National Farmers' Union, and they have solemnly warned the government that unless there is some form of protection for English farmers, or some national subsidy, they will turn all their land to grass. That is a threat to the life of the cities which might be death in time of war. In any case it is a calamity to the old peasant stock of England from which the best blood of the land and its health of body and soul were drawn. The blame of it must be put down to that evil period of industrial expansion when the factory towns drained the fields of their folk in order to swamp the world with cheap manufactured goods without provision being made for what is the main foundation of a nation's well-being—a healthy and prosperous farming class, producing food enough or nearly enough to supply the needs of the urban population.

Foreign Competition

What can the British Government do? If it puts up a tariff it raises the price of food at a time when the city people have these masses of unemployed. If it subsidizes the farmers it is another drain upon the national exchequer leading to increased taxation which can hardly be borne, which indeed is intolerable now. Yet to that they will have to come for safety's sake because in the present state of Europe the food supplies must be assured for at least three months ahead, which is all that the country produces for its own consumption.

Another great danger to England, so dependent on export trade, is her increasing difficulty in keeping the prices of her wares to a level which has any chance of competition with foreign industries. Those European countries have a double-edged weapon in the warfare of trade, hurtful to their rivals yet wounding to themselves. It is the low value of their money in exchange with English pounds and the low standard of life which gives them cheap labor. Before the surrender of passive resistance in the Ruhr and the break-up of Germany, when German paper money still had some real value in wages, a skilled German worker was paid considerably less than his English rival.

Reckoned in actual standards of value it amounted to this: That to obtain a certain quantity of margarin a German worker would have to labor for four and a half hours, whereas an English worker would earn the same amount in forty minutes.

Put into metal work, leather work, sewing machines, plows, typewriters, any kind of manufactured thing—the same proportion holds good between Germany and England in cheapness of labor, which is the main share in the cost of production. How then can England compete unless her standard of life is also lowered and her workers reduced to starvation wages? But there are countries where labor is even cheaper than that Italy, Hungary, Austria, Poland, Jugo-Slavia. The workers of Great Britain, holding on to their standard of life, decent but none too high, with stubborn refusal to sink to the old levels of sweated labor, are finding themselves already the victims of that cruel competition in poverty-stricken countries. For there is a decreasing sale of the things they make, and that rising tide of unemployment which robs them of any kind of wage.

Great Britain is face to face with the tragic fact that unless there is a recovery in Europe—and very soon she will be unable to support her population. As it is clear now that there will be no quick recovery in Europe, owing to the collapse of Germany, which is dragging down the whole Continent—what fools were they who believed otherwise!—it is inevitable that there will be a steady stream of emigration from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales during the next decade. Young men and skilled men, not yet demoralized by the despair of unemployment—the creeping paralysis of men's stamina and will power—are already drifting out of England to the British Dominions. Also in spite of the restrictions on immigration to the United States many mechanics from the shipyards and engineering shops of England and Scotland are finding positions in American works. Australia and Canada are preparing to receive large numbers of sturdy young men able to face a hard life in the fields.

The imperial conference in London has held out rosy hopes in the future of the great federation of English-speaking peoples under the Union Jack, and doubtless a century from now the British Empire will be richly developed by teeming populations bound together by ties of race, commerce and mutual defense. But a century is a far time ahead to those who now must live, and meanwhile Great Britain, the mother country, must steel her old heart to many sorrows, sacrifices and shocks. After years of great wealth she will have to live in reduced circumstances, shabby genteel, stinting and scraping, keeping up appearances by desperate economies. The English people must face up to a poverty and time of hardship which is going to test their quality of courage more than the years of war, when it was put to the proof, and proved.

Facing the Future

It is my absolute belief that England will pass through that ordeal with a spiritual resistance in adversity which is bound to prevail. But it will not be without agony, perhaps not without riot, bloodshed and civil strife. It is almost certain, as far as any prophecies are certain, that within a few years there will be a Labor Government in England. So far from being afraid of that, there are many thoughtful observers who believe that it may be an advantage to the nation. The present leaders of the Labor Party are essentially moderate in their policy in spite of the wild men within their ranks. They will become more moderate with the responsibility of power, taking the place of the old Liberal Party, which is moribund. They stand between revolution and reaction, and represent that middle-of-the-road in character and compromise which is the strongest element in the mental and moral traditions of the British folk. But revolution and reaction will both struggle for mastery in this time of national crisis approaching with hurried feet—and the fight will not be with gloves on.

The history of the immediate future in England will contain some exciting and perhaps some tragic chapters. But looking back into the chronicles of the past, one is fortified by the faith that in hardest times old England has shown its finest qualities in courage, in strength and in stubborn refusal to surrender pride.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

THE RENEGADE

(Continued from Page 13)

a question of price and that was entirely in the hands of Rinaldesin.

From all over Europe came protests, but Rinaldesin had the whip hand of Europe. Delegations and deputations of Jews arrived. He always received them, generally at his house in the evening and in the presence of friends of his, scourged them with epigrams and sent them away empty. Now he was to receive a final committee of Jewish journalists, of which Janow was a member and little Frankel the secretary.

The great car bore him off down the splendors of the avenue to where Paris lay waiting for his pleasure. Janow turned furiously to his companion.

"Why did you take your hat off to him?" he demanded.

The little man split his nutcracker face with a grin.

"So that he should take his off," he chuckled. "I wanted to see him without it."

"Did you think then that you had seen him before—that you knew anything about him?"

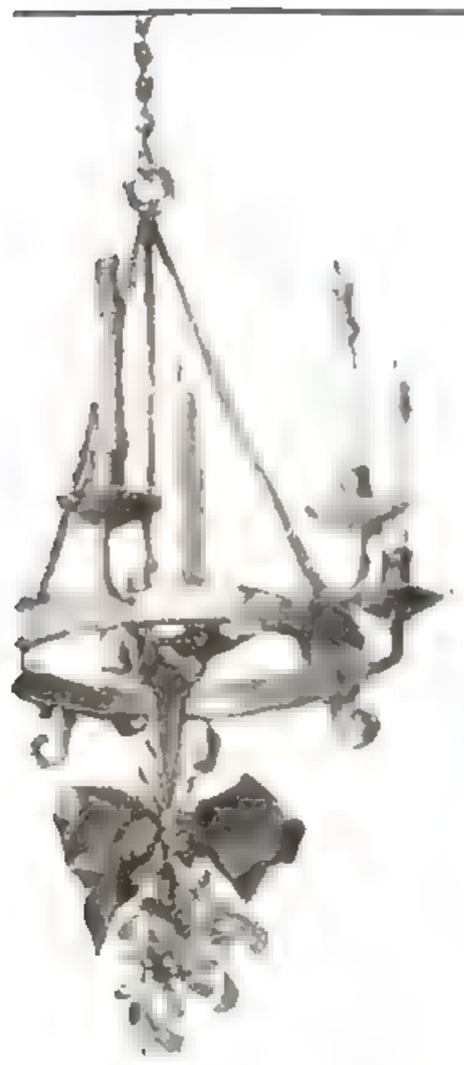
"Never saw him before in my life," answered Frankel. "But he's worth seeing." They had turned and were walking back by this time. "What a poise, eh? What balance and what dignity! And what a shove it would need to throw it down and smash it!"

Janow nodded impatiently.

"I know all that," he said.

"Ah-ha!" laughed the little man. "Then that's where you're wrong. A man like that may make the world shudder at him, but he mustn't let it laugh. Why, it's safer for him to be shot at in the street than to

(Continued on Page 52)



DODGE BROTHERS
"A" SEDAN

There's an air of refinement about the interior that you would naturally expect in a car as beautiful and substantial as the "A" Sedan.

People of taste frequently comment on the richness of the interior color scheme, and the obvious fine quality of every fixture and appointment.

The price is $1385 f. o. b. Detroit

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

They Grip, Cushion and Wear

From an actual unretouched photograph

"In a year of service, our Goodyear Cushion Truck Tires have saved tire and truck bills, given sure traction in and out of coal yards and other no-road places, and returned us high mileage, too."—HOLLAND & FLYNN, Minneapolis, Minn.

Wherever you want real cushioning resilience combined with tractive power and long, economical wear, use Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tires. Their patented hollow center design insures resilience to the final mile. Their All-Weather Tread is famous for gripping power. Their Goodyear quality guarantees good wear. With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires they are the ideal combination for heavy duty hauls.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

Continued from Page 50

sit down on a pin. Our organizations have been going on the wrong tack."

"Why didn't you put them right then if you're so clever?" sneered Janow. "It's too late to talk of wrong tacks now, with our deputation being received tonight."

The smaller man only grinned, and they walked on to their hotel.

The committee of Jewish journalists consisted of only four members and the secretary.

There was Herz, from Berlin, a tall, middle-aged man with a serious, handsome face; Stein, the Englishman, employed in the Paris office of a London paper; Janow, a Russian; Buscarlet, a Frenchman; and Frankel, who was a Rumanian. Men more different racially, as well as in point of experience and mentality, could scarcely be found. Nothing united them save that strange unbreakable band of their common Judaism.

They met that afternoon in Stein's office for a final conference. None of them had hoped that their reception that evening by Rinaldesin would produce any good result. As newspaper men, they knew too well the quality of his personality, his power, his methods.

"We must go, of course," Stein was saying. "But the whole matter is really settled already. It hasn't even a news value compared with Fiume. Later, when it's done and the massacres have started ——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We must go," agreed Herz. "I had prepared a short speech—quite short—but I shan't deliver it. I shall merely say what we have come for and hand it to him in writing. Perhaps we'd all better do that."

Buscarlet nodded.

"Excellent!" he said. "It will shorten the whole farce and it will also deprive him of his characteristic replies."

Stein and Janow also agreed.

"Well," said Frankel, "I shall speak. I want to hear one of his famous answers. Oh, I shan't play the fool!"

They tried to dissuade him, but the little man was obstinate. He would be as brief as they liked, but speak he would. It was finally agreed, therefore, that the others should merely hand over their written statements and the proceedings should close with Frankel's remarks. Stein summed up the common opinion.

"I'd rather you'd do as we do," he said. "But after all, it doesn't make any difference one way or another. The sooner it's over the better."

Frankel looked impish.

"Yes," he said; "before we forget that the poor people down there are real at all. When Rinaldesin has done with us, he's going to start on them."

It was at ten o'clock that evening that they were ushered up the main staircase of the white-marble palace, incongruous figures in their overcoats, with their hats in their hands, amid its splendors. Rinaldesin collected houses as other men collect china; he had them in half a dozen cities from Venice to Moscow, each a home of the art treasures he had been gathering for half a lifetime. Here in Paris were chiefly his modern pictures, and the great gallery in which at last they were bidden to wait was lined with them. Left to themselves, Stein and Buscarlet began to wander along the walls, commenting in low voices upon the paintings. Herz turned to Frankel.

"What exactly do you mean to say to him?" he asked. "You see, whatever you say commits us all. Now don't start laughing here!"

"I'm not laughing," grinned the little man. "It's the shape of my face that you're noticing. Or the shape of my mind perhaps. And wouldn't it be a good thing that a Jew should be able to stand among Rinaldesin's treasures and laugh?"

"You haven't answered my question," urged Herz.

"No," said Frankel. "It might make you laugh, and I know you wouldn't like that."

A footman opened the great doors opposite those by which they had entered the gallery and stood aside. Stein and Buscarlet came over to join the others and they waited together in the middle of the shining floor. There was nothing mean or paltry about them—except Frankel's hat—but each instinctively felt his effect at the heart of all that magnificence. The stage was set, the scene was lit, to show them as ghetto figures, those whose tragedy is ridiculous, whose comedy is repulsive.

Then, lacking only a crash of arms and a peal of trumpets to complete it, came the entry of Rinaldesin and his friends—two ladies, lovely and bare as to neck and arms, and a long young man, languid and herring gutted. The Jewish journalists bowed.

Rinaldesin advanced towards them. He really was worth seeing. Above the great white expanse of his shirt his face had not so much power as was seen through power, as an anatomical specimen is seen through the spirit which preserves it. It was serious now, and bent itself upon the committee observantly. But he did not speak. Behind him the ladies and their *cicisbeo* twittered in laughing whispers. Herz stepped forward and bowed again.

"Sir, I have the honor to present the committee of Jewish journalists whom you consented to receive."

All bowed again, and this time Rinaldesin inclined his magnificent head.

"I hope the Jewish journalists are going to be brief," he said.

"Briefer than you can have hoped, sir," answered Herz. "All that I have to say is in this memorial which I will leave with you."

He rendered it. Rinaldesin put his hands behind his back and half smiled down at it as Herz held it out to him.

"And these others have done the same?" he queried. "I had promised my friends speeches, and now all you have for them is samples of Jewish journalism. I have a large experience of deputations, and though I have never known them effect anything, I assure you this is not their procedure. Come! Instead of bothering my secretary with that literature let me hear one little speech!"

Herz sighed. He half hurried to where Frankel stood beside Janow, his merry little face more serious than its wont.

"I believe this gentleman has something to say," said Herz.

"Ah, this one!" Rinaldesin looked and Frankel smiled at him. "But I have seen you before, my friend. This morning, wasn't it?"

"This very morning," agreed Frankel, with his little throaty chuckle.

"Ah!" Rinaldesin wasn't going to be so condescending as all that. "And now you are going to speak to me? Speak, then."

"At once!"

He stepped forward to Rinaldesin so that his back was to his colleagues and they could not see his face. But they saw him throw back his head to speak directly up to the big man. And then he spoke. His voice was low; they could not catch a word of it or distinguish what language he used. But its effect was instant. Rinaldesin's mighty countenance was convulsed as a man's might be who is stabbed in the back. They saw him answer hurriedly, with a real appearance of panic, then break off and clasp a hand over his mouth to guard his lips.

Frankel turned to them with the most awful grin he had ever shown them. But Rinaldesin gave him no chance to speak. Grabbing him by the arm, he all but rushed him from the room, leaving its other occupants staring and dumb.

They did not notice at what moment the ladies and their companion went out; they stood there trying to discuss and guess and finding nothing to advance. A miracle had happened.

Frankel, when he reappeared, would say nothing till they took him to Herz's hotel and stayed him with flagons. At last he spoke.

"The treaty won't be signed," he said. "I made him swear to that."

"But how?" they clamored. "What did you say to him?"

He grinned.

"Nothing much. I just marched up to him and said, 'When did you become an apostate?' He reddened and glared and said, 'How dare you suggest ——' Then he clapped his hand over his mouth and dragged me out. He saw he'd given himself away."

"I don't see how he had," said Stein.

"No?" smiled Frankel. "But he did. For I'd asked him the question in Hebrew. He's a Rumanian Jew who went to America as a young man, came back with money and bought oil land. In those days Jews couldn't hold land, so he hid his religion and grew rich and swelled out and became what he is now. He told me this; I made him. And now he's a kind of religious cannibal—a Jew-devouring Jew."

There was a silence while they digested it.

"It's the end of the persecution," said Herz slowly. "After all he's done, they'd hound him out of Europe!"

Buscarlet interrupted

"But you must have known something already, when you went up and spoke to him like that. You must"

Again that shocking grin.

"Well, I was watching him today with Janow here when he drove away from his house. I took off my hat and smiled tenderly at him. I was quite close to him. People always say 'Good Lord' or 'What the devil,' when they see me like that I saw his lips shape on a phrase, though he didn't utter any sound But that phrase was as plain as if he'd shouted it."

"What was it?" they chorused.

"He said, 'Hear, my son!' But in the Hebrew, '*Shema, beni!*'"

He lifted the flagon again. The persecution was finished and the flagon wasn't. He was happy.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

when new clews to the mystery were reported, it seethed with excitement. Speculation was rife, conjecture not altogether complimentary It now appears that Mr. Fifield is employed by the shipping interests at a good salary, and that his services are satisfactory.

As a result of this knowledge the excitement has died down. But no other citizen has contributed more to this community than Mr. Fifield:

He gave it something to talk about for three years.

A leading publicist, writing not long ago to a very large clientele of readers, offered it as his opinion that what the leading politicians, irrespective of party, desire is the good of the country If that opinion is given wide credence this country virtually is ruined for a majority of its citizens. Take from the average man his belief that every politician is corrupt and that every financier wishes to exploit him, and you have riddled his articles of faith and left him without so much as a stanchion on which to lean.

Every man has his distinction. Sim Heckle had eleven persons in his flivver at one time Sunday afternoon. The previous record for this vicinity was held by Jim Oelwine, who once hauled nine persons to a baptizing on Bear Creek.

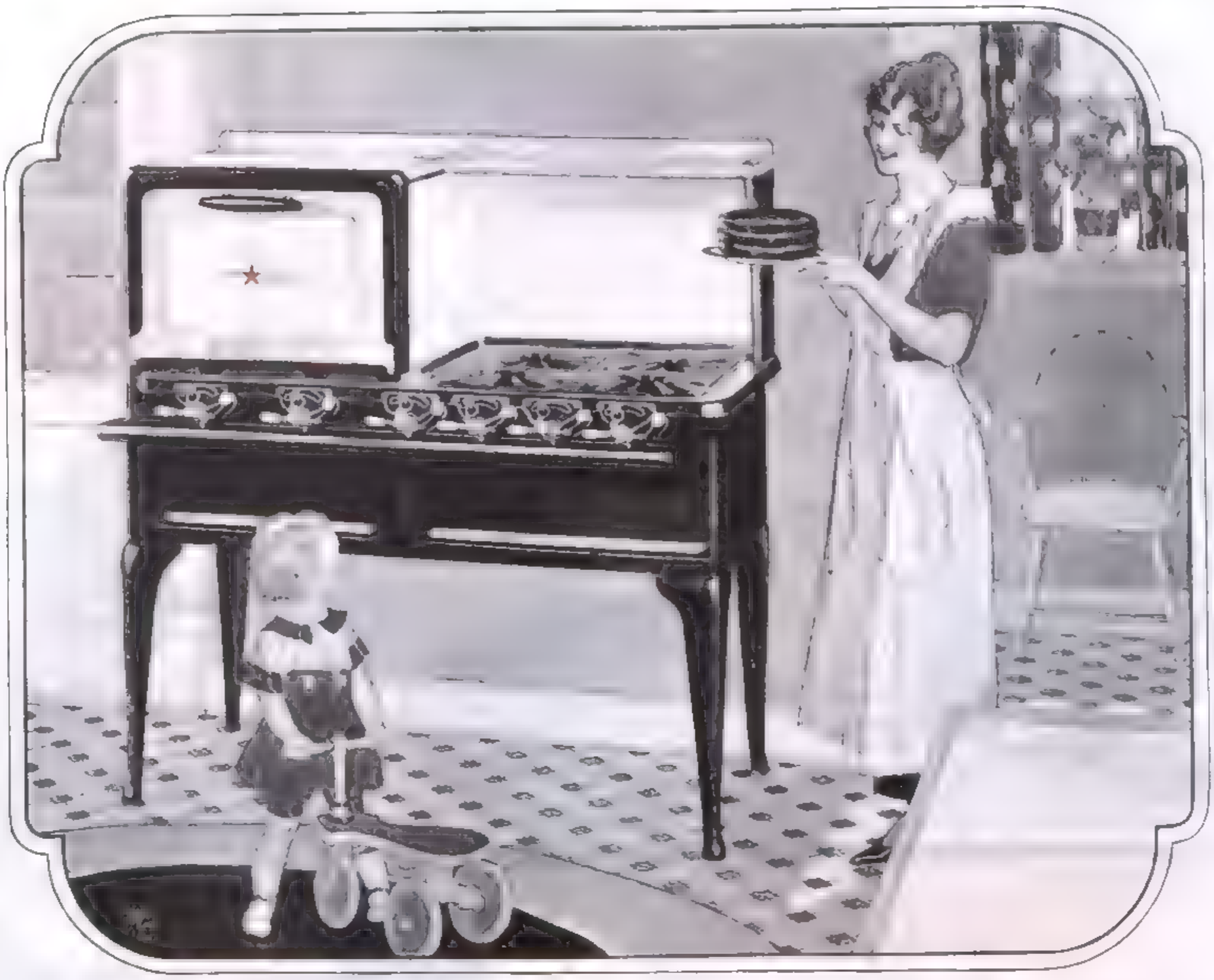
The seconds and trainers of the League of Nations seem to be holding a consultation. Sim Furness says the object of the consultation is to decide whether they shall wait till spring to toss the sponge into the ring or do it now.

A good many say Congressman Mortimer Judd's recommendation of Willard Wilson for appointment as postmaster was political. They say Mr. Wilson has a great deal more influence in this community than all the other applicants combined. Very likely that is true. It is also well within the bounds of conjecture that, as between the two, the man who has achieved a position of influence in his community is better qualified to be postmaster than an unknown and uninfluential aspirant.

Ed Fincus, who had two boys in the war, thinks the country should pay the soldiers a bonus, but believes those engaged in farming should be exempted from any financial obligation in the connection. "Make the profiteers pay it," says Mr. Fincus, who is engaged in farming south of town. Probably Mr. Fincus does not realize it. Likely he is in no sense a candidate. But men have been elected to the United States Senate for less.

If it is anything you particularly like to do the probability is that a law forbidding it is in contemplation and that it will eventually be written into the statutes.

—JAY E. HOUSE.



Nothing could stop Red Star success. It combines in an OIL STOVE those qualities heretofore expected only of the finest gas range. The RED STAR is beautiful, sanitary, easy to operate, and a joy to work with.

The RED STAR is an OIL STOVE. But it HAS NO WICKS or wick substitutes. It cooks with a fast GAS HEAT made by the patented RED STAR burners.

There is a size of RED STAR for every need and a price for every purse. If you do not know the RED STAR dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the RED STAR booklet.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

From a painting by L. V. Carroll

© ARCO 1923

Our free Arcola Book contains a secret worth finding out—how to warm your whole house with less coal than you are now using to heat a part. Write today for your copy to either address below.

The good old summer time —in December

FRANK LEHR of Noblesville, Indiana, lived in a typical American home with an all-American temperature. The kitchen was Miami, but the bedrooms were Bangor, Maine.

A year ago he threw out his old-fashioned heating plant and installed Arcola, setting it in the kitchen and connecting it with an American Radiator in every room.

"We are delighted," he wrote last December. "Our home, which was only partially heated before, is now like summer all the time. Rooms which were never known to be warm are filled with growing plants. . . . We would not part with Arcola for $1000 if we could not have another."

Human life is ___ enough ___ the best. Why waste another winter huddled around an old-fashioned stove or in a room half hot and half cold from ___ old-fashioned heating plant? Why not have warmth from ___ American Radiator in *every* room?

The cost is only a fraction of the value ___ Mr. Lehr places on his Arcola; and the whole amount ___ back to you. Thousands of owners testify that Arcola ___ for

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Ideal Boilers and American Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd Street, Dept. 161
NEW YORK

AMERICAN IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 161
CHICAGO

OPENING THE DOOR TO DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 8

The minister replied as follows: "Forget that nonsense. As far as I am concerned you are the busiest man in the capital, and the only one who can do a favor. I'll be around in ten minutes."

Let us grant that in uttering those words, and promptly ringing off, he proved up on his claim to the sometimes empty title of diplomat. He was one. But there was something deeper than a trick in what he said and did. In smashing a hoary precedent, all by himself, he was not doffing his hat to an office but to a condition. He was merely a jump ahead of his more somnolent colleagues in the realization that the handling of commerce has eclipsed in importance all other international relationships combined, and that the slogan of civilized man today is not "Westward the course of empire takes its way," or anything sonorous like that, but is comprised in two words: "Saw wood."

Under the new conditions the foreign service of every nation, including our own, is its bucksaw, and on a parity in importance with army and navy. The difference between our bucksaw and those of our principal competitors is that ours has a clamp riveted halfway along the blade. In fact, it looks more like a tub divided by a water-tight bulkhead than a bucksaw. On one side of the bulkhead is the mass of our diplomatic representation; on the other is the entire consular corps. Mr. Rogers' bill is a kick directed at that bulkhead. To revert to the former of our scrambled metaphors, he would like to remove the clamp and give the saw a full swing.

But before we take up that main feature of the movement toward opening the door to diplomacy, let us snatch a fleeting glance at the American consul, an individual popularly visualized as clothed in pajamas and a palm-leaf fan, and persistently addressed by the fair stenographers of our land as "Counsel," when it isn't "Council." What was he? What is he? What might he be with a little help from you? These are important questions. A full answer would fill a book, and the book would make you sometimes laugh, sometimes weep, sometimes curse, often admire, but seldom envy.

It is astonishing how many of us still think that the only duty of an American consul is to help us out when we go broke abroad. It is not the consul's business to help out in such a case unless the destitute person be an American seaman, a highly technical and pampered individual who has a legal right to be returned to this country at the expense of the general taxpayer, irrespective of conduct, creed or color. Incidentally, an American seaman need not be, and ordinarily is not, an American.

Trained Men on Modest Pay

There is something exasperatingly funny about the way the traveling public has seized upon the only office a consul is not called upon to perform, as his main duty. Everything else, with the exception of this matter of supporting, out of his meager individual pocketbook, any American citizen who happens to be hard up, the consul is expected to do. His is a profession which embraces every other to an amazing degree. In only such measure as he is a potential lawyer, banker, merchant, engineer, judge and candlestick maker, can he be a successful consul.

At a time when corsets were still in use a large section of our service was called upon to state exactly why the American format was commercially ostracized throughout South America. The same week saw all those men up to their ears in a report on the sewerage systems of the world. Now if there is one thing more specialized than the art of corset manufacture, it is the principles upon which are founded the opposing schools of city sewerage. Except for this common feature of extreme technicality, no two branches of industrial endeavor are farther apart than corsets and sewers. And yet the modern American consul is never allowed to say he does not know. If he doesn't know it is up to him to find out.

As an indirect result of this demand for omniscience on the part of our consuls we have Mr. Skinner testifying before the congressional committee as follows: "I do not hesitate to say that 40 per cent of the members of the consular service today could enter the business world and command salaries or compensation running into very large figures. Mr. Carr has told you that we are losing some of our best material—young men who do not feel that they can wait for remedial legislation. We lost one such man about two months ago. I understand that he is making $20,000 a year today and has brilliant financial prospects."

Other testimony in the hearings showed half a dozen cases of men taken over by business at from three to six times what the Government was permitted to pay for their services.

Nevertheless, every sympathy is due the American who wonders what a consul is for and what he does at the ends of the world. Here is a man who climbs on a ship, sails off into the void, and we pay him until he gets back. He goes beyond the range of the public eye, which makes the public purse restless. That is quite natural, but here is a chance for you to stretch your individual vision and behold a consul in action. One such arrived at the capital of a potentially rich colony three or four years before the war. He found only two other Americans in residence, but a reasonable amount of American trade. He set his heart on increasing that trade 300 per cent in three years. He reached that goal, and had it not been for the sudden disruption caused by the war the fifth year would have seen our sales to that portion of the globe increased to ten times what they were at the date of his arrival.

How did he do it?

The Consul's Nose for News

It was simple. In every new country under active development the local government is the preponderant purchaser. The consul specialized on government contracts. Through friendly relations with the authorities he established the principle that he get all bids for tenders one week ahead of his European colleagues, to overcome the handicap of the longer mail transit. Where the business was important enough to justify such action he cabled a synopsis of specifications and the probable date of the arrival in Washington of the full papers, so that whoever was interested could be on the spot and prepared for action.

He applied this policy of prompt information to every other branch of commercial activity. Friendship and a box of expensive cigars enabled him to put his own clerks in the customhouse to add up the trade totals within thirty days of the close of the calendar year. These statistics were published in Washington eight months before they were issued by the home government of the colony. The local English paper printed a commendatory résumé of the report as published in Washington, but expressed satisfaction and surprise that the British consul general had issued his annual report two months previously. The American consul met the editor at the club and drew him aside.

"I'll tell you a joke if you promise not to repeat it. My report covered last year; the British report was on the figures for the year before last."

The editor gasped and turned red. "I'll publish an apology in my next issue."

"No, you won't," said the consul, thereby gaining a lifelong friend. "This is one of those times when an apology would create unpleasantness and gain me nothing. Let it ride."

So much for the general policy which secured a 300 per cent increase in our trade, but what about the 1000 per cent raise stopped by the war? In 1913 the colonial government announced the initiation of no less than seven separate railways, opening up the regions behind various ports, and which would in the course of years be welded into a single system of many hundreds of miles.

In going over the advance specifications the consul discovered an infinitesimal nigger in the woodpile—a nigger measured by millimeters. This small fraction of an inch called for a rail rolled only in Germany.

Do you get what that meant? The initial orders would be too small to interest our manufacturers to the extent of modifying their machinery; but once these seven small spurs of railway were started on the German basis the whole system was bound, almost inevitably, to go the same way. The German steel combine was represented by an exceedingly successful agent; the American manufacturers had no one on the spot.

The consul attacked the director of public works with every conceivable argument. He appealed on the grounds of sound economics, of fair play, and then of minimum justice, for a chance for American rails. From the first the official stood so pat as to arouse suspicion. The consul abandoned courtesy and started nagging. In due course he got a letter in reply to his respectful but incessant protests, so insulting that its mere display to the governor-general would have brought about the functionary's prompt dismissal. Now, one of the strange things about us Americans is that it is just as difficult to get us to sell abroad as it is to get folks abroad to demand our goods. That letter did not go to the governor-general; it was too valuable. It remained on file as Exhibit No. 1, and certified, word-for-word translations of it left by the first mail to certain addresses in the United States.

Within forty-eight hours of their arrival the local representative of the German combine received a cablegram from his home office on the Rhine instructing him to sell only American rails. Let the reader guess what happened over the telephone between the giants of high finance in New York to bring about this rib-splitting reversal on the outskirts of the world. The fact remains that but for the outbreak of the war seven little railways would have started out with American rails, inevitably carrying in their wake a large amount of American equipment and accessories.

That case was exceptional and smells of the bludgeon of sweet revenge, so let me cite another. I knew a consul who went back of Adam and created an industry in order to create a demand for American goods. Government orders did not predominate in his district, and consequently he looked for something else. He perceived that casual circumstances as well as permanent conditions indicated great possibilities for dairy farms. There was not a single dairy farm in the entire region, but there was a market, and loads of just farms, all hard up. He circularized them thoroughly, mounted a catalogue exhibit in his office, and advertised it in the press. He deliberately created a dairy industry which grew with amazing rapidity and which to this day regards the purchase of any but American appliances as a sort of patricide. When the consul left that post, milk-fed babies were being named after him.

Threat for Threat

These two examples happen to center on rails and separators, but they must not be taken to indicate favoritism to certain of our industries. They are merely high lights in a general policy which aims at playing the main chance as an opening wedge. Get in heavily with any one line of goods, and a dozen other distinct lines from the same country will inevitably follow, for trade breeds trade as surely as one dollar will breed another if you give it half a chance. But the path of the consul is never all roses, nor does he always know the fine distinctions in his own business.

A worthy American, many years established in Japan as a manufacturer of certain goods produced in competition with the United States, wrote to an American consul in South America requesting a list of possible customers. The consul refused the information. The American came back with a hot letter, stating that every other officer addressed had complied with his request, and closing with a threat to the effect that he had an uncle in the United States Senate, and if the list he asked for did not come forward by return post the consul's job would soon be worth less than its actual face value of thirty cents.

The consul took the trouble to reply at great length, deprecating the error of his colleagues, and setting forth the principles upon which the consular service is founded. "You will perceive," he concluded, "that the American consular service is an establishment run for the benefit of American trade and not for the American trader. As regards your threat, I can only assure you that if you tell your uncle, I will tell my mother." The correspondence was forwarded through the Department of State, and it is a matter of lasting regret that the final sentence was expurgated.

These snapshots of the American foreign service in action are just snapshots, and

To Mennen Users Only!

If I suggested that you give a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream to those of your friends who are still suffering the pangs of less modern shaving preparations you might accuse me of seeking to exploit the Christmas spirit for mercenary reasons.

But look at it in another light. A gift of Mennen's to non-users represents far more than the 35c or 50c involved.

You would be giving them months of such shaving comfort as they never thought existed. You would save them untold irritation and smarting. You would present them with an aggregate of several hours saved in shaving time over a period of months. You would be furnishing them clearer, healthier complexions.

Think back to the dark ages before you became a Mennen convert. What if some enlightened friend had given you a tube of Mennen's? Wouldn't you have thanked him the rest of your days? Wouldn't you have prized that first eye-opening tube as a gift beyond price?

You can't give an expensive present to everybody, yet there are many men whom you wish to remember in some way. Why not Mennen's?

If you are not a Mennen user and disregarded my head-line, slip a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream to yourself Christmas Eve. If you use it the next morning, the words "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" will be more than a phrase. *You'll have them!*

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM

THE MENNEN COMPANY NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

nothing more. They may clarify your vision as to what happens to your representative after he climbs on a ship and sails off into the void, but they fall far short of giving a complete picture of the thousand-toothed bucksaw tackling the cordwood of daily routine. Suffice it to say that our consular office at London alone keeps fifty-five employes bumping for eight hours a day on visas, invoices and accounting; on notarial, shipping and passport services; on handling and partly inducing from $160,000,000 to $600,000,000 of actual commerce with the United States annually; and that even in peacetime there are occasions when an entire consular staff burns the midnight oil.

The idea which is trying to crawl out of my head into print is not to fasten your attention on the individual, but on the foreign service as a whole, as a weapon for peace, as an invading force more important under actual conditions to our national well-being than army or navy. It is at one and the same time a stabilizer and the advance guard of our national personality; through it we keep our fingers on the pulse of the world, and by the integrity, forcefulness and dignity of its contacts are we judged. From the Secretary of State down one leg to the least secretary of Class IV, and down the other leg to the least consular assistant, there is no division of our public service which demands a higher class of man.

Here is a field which common sense says should be open to the pick of the country, free to every young man who aspires to a broader and more useful life than can be found in the rut of mere money getting. Have you a son in or out of college who is a bit frightened at the dearth of individual happiness in the most prosperous land on earth and who has been looking around for something besides the humdrum occupation of making money? Has he studied his chances in the foreign service of his country, and turned away with a shrug? If so, why? I'll tell you.

What he saw was a bird cage of peculiar construction. There is one vertical compartment without a break and without an outlet. In it are the 597 barnyard sparrows of the consular service, all one color, all busy, all pretty well fed, and all with an eye cocked on the topmost perch, which has room for just two of the flock. Let me repeat, there is no outlet, and let it be added, no ingress except through the floor. The other half of the cage is made up of a zigzag of ascending compartments with many trick doors opening on the outside world. Most of them open out; a few of the higher ones open in. In this division are the diplomatic birds of handsome plumage, shading from the blue black of the wise raven to the pale yellow of a pet canary. There are also a few butterflies with gilded wings. All the perches are set so that their occupants sit with their backs to the sparrows. A large portion of the handsome array is genuinely earnest and useful; but get this: Every incumbent of the diplomatic side, which towers above the consular, be he the best brains of our nation or a mere social tuft hunter, pays rent to the United States for his perch, in sums ranging from four to a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Merit versus Wealth

No wonder your boy turned away from the realization that it is with this fantastic bird cage gripped firmly at the end of his strong right arm that your Uncle Sam goes forth to wage economic battle abroad. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as the democratic progressives of the world, but let the paradox be here recorded that there is no major power among the nations with which we come in contact that has a foreign service so un-American as our own. There is something ludicrous about the way the State Department as the mouthpiece of our President, and to which dignity is as the breath of life, is forced to shout "We want brains," and then to whisper behind its hand, "Show your pocketbook, sonny. Is the social position of this secretaryship worth $10,000 a year to you? Here is a ministry in the most expensive town on earth, bar New York. You can have it for $10,000 a year. Here's an ambassadorship. Yes, we've offered it to fifty others. But, listen." The whisper lowers: "Can't you get your private firm to put up $40,000 a year toward your expenses?" Or again, "You are a great man, a national figure, nationally respected and beloved. We have plastered your pecuniary limitations on the front pages of the press, and your alumni have raised a magnificent subscription. Won't you take the indignity, the charity fund and the ambassadorship? Won't you, please?"

By this time even the gentlest reader should be getting an idea of the condition which set Mr. John Jacob Rogers' bile to boiling ten years ago and has kept it bubbling ever since

He saw something as plain as the nose on another man's face, and he has been plodding along steadily, secure in the faith that sooner or later he would make the country see it too.

"What we need," said Mr. Rogers, "is an open door to diplomacy where any American boy can enter by the right of his brains, his education, his address and his vocational ability, and not on the strength of his wife's or his father's money. We've got to rip the partitions out of that ramshackle bird cage. We can't afford a bird cage anyway, at any price. The thing to do is to turn it into a blacksmith shop where we can scrap la-de-das and forge men. The kind of material we need must come from the whole of the nation, and not from 2 per cent of the idle and variously ambitious rich."

Having set himself this goal Mr. Rogers started out to weld an iron key to the door which heretofore has opened only to one of private gold. His task was not easy; it was like finding the square root of an aviary. Here is the outline: A consular service paid out of all proportion to the diplomatic branch and so thoroughly organized within the limits of its sealed compartment that no one has entered it through a trick door since its reform in 1906; an army of incumbent secretaries, many of whom shuddered at the thought of having their miserable pay raised at the price of being socially reduced to the level of common Americans; the constitutional prerogative of the President in the matter of appointments, which had to be respected; the hoary tradition that what has been, must ever be; indifference on the part of the public; and, finally, a Congress pledged to drastic retrenchment.

The Proposed Amalgamation

There have been a lot of heartburnings aroused by the Rogers Bill, which is the finished iron key; but the more one studies it the more is one struck by its masterly simplicity and singleness of purpose. It is not a raid of the compact flying wedge of the consular body against the tottering fortress of diplomacy and the protocol, as many would have us believe. It is not aimed at any one set of individuals, but at a condition. It advocates no wholesale destruction, but directs its vision beyond the morrow to a sane development of an Americanized foreign service which shall be a genuine national representation of the best men we can breed for its specific purposes. The bill is not perfect; it is not a cure-all; it is too wise to be those things. What it does is to take the longest forward step practicable in the face of the actual conditions which invariably limit all successful reforms.

"The object of this measure," said Mr. Rogers in his report to the House, "is to improve our diplomatic and consular service by strengthening and adapting its machinery to the exigencies of postwar conditions in international affairs. It proposes to accomplish this by laying the foundations for a broader service of trained men and by providing the means of attracting and holding the type of men capable of measuring up to the new demands. The attainment of these objects is sought through four important provisions of the bill."

The first of these cardinal points is the amalgamation of the diplomatic and consular services into a single foreign service with diplomatic and consular branches and complete interchangeability of personnel. This change would break down the vertical bulkhead which now separates two watertight compartments and, by facilitating the placing of any man where experience showed him to be the best for the specific task, would lend unity and flexibility to the entire service. "Furthermore," says the report, "since practically all political questions have now an economic aspect and since essentially economic questions have come so largely to underlie the relations of nations, it has become increasingly important to the public welfare that men of economic training be more often utilized in the diplomatic service and vice versa."

The second of the four divisions decrees the adoption of a single revised salary scale applicable equally to officers in the diplomatic and consular branches, thus making unification and interchangeability possible.

"It is deplorable," says Mr. Rogers in language more dignified than mine, "that, by denial of adequate compensation, the United States, the greatest democracy, now restricts admission to the office of secretary in the diplomatic branch of its foreign service to the members of a small circle of society who are willing to provide from their own private fortunes for the support of their positions abroad. However much ability the men so chosen may possess and without detracting in any degree from the excellent service many of them have rendered, the fact remains that the mode of selection is undemocratic and unworthy of the country."

Do not let your pocketbook be alarmed. This clause does not call for the odd millions it takes to build a single cruiser or for the $8,000,000 it cost to doll up the Leviathan. Owing to post allowances now being paid amounting to $200,000, and which would be abolished under the bill, the total additional cost to the taxpayer for the equalization of the salary basis in the two services, and for all other of its present purposes, would amount to $378,500.

The Striking Testimony of Mr. Davis

That insignificant sum represents the total cost of the Rogers Bill to the public. It leads us up, however, to consideration of the third major clause, which provides for the authorization, when necessary, of representation allowances to our representatives at foreign capitals, thus eliminating the possession of large private means as an essential qualification for appointment. This clause is an enabling act; it specifies no appropriation. It merely provides the basic legislation which will empower Congress to authorize the allowances at its discretion, an eventuality which we may consider as a logical sequel.

The probity of John W. Davis, lately our ambassador in England, is exceptionally well known to the public. His sheer sincerity not only makes him easily believed; it seems to exclude from mind the possibility of an exaggeration. Read this extract from his oral testimony:

"Living as I was, without any ostentation—it was not a time for ostentation, and had I been a multimillionaire I would not at that particular time, under the circumstances, have indulged in the slightest ostentation whatever; the British people were just coming out of the war, were all distressed, still had the wounds on their persons and were bowed down with financial difficulty, and any man who would have made a display at that time would have made himself unpopular; it was eminently a time for conservatism and quietude—but with all that, living as I was, counting the expenses of myself and family, which is small, it cost me, roughly, three times my salary every year I was there, between $50,000 and $60,000. I do not believe that anybody could possibly have done it, done it decently, with any less expenditure than that. Now, of course, that is not fair."

Fifty thousand dollars a year for a single post seems a lot of money. Mr. Davis' salary was $17,500. If he was getting annually $32,500 worth of pink teas, social recognition and prestige, he has no cause for complaint. But we know that such trappings meant nothing to him that under the circumstances any extravagance on his part was unthinkable, and we have his word that even at a time when exchange increased the purchasing power of the dollar by one-fourth, the absolute minimum required was $50,000. It was necessary to spend this money, consequently it is difficult to escape the deduction that Mr. Davis was the conscientious, ruefully acquiescent victim of a national pickpocket. "Now, of course," he concluded his evidence, without rhetoric or expletives, "that is not fair."

As has been stated, the Rogers Bill specifies no representation allowances, it merely paves the road toward them. What it does do, however, under its fourth cardinal caption, is to establish a retirement act. Here is one of the most important provisions of the entire measure. Upon its passage unamended depend to a large extent the caliber and the number of young men who will be attracted to devoting their lives to the service of their country abroad. According to the arrangement, and largely owing to the amount of contributions to be collected from its beneficiaries, it will cost only $50,000 upon enactment, and not another cent for twenty-one years; after that it will require an annual appropriation of $375,000.

Such is the instrument Mr. Rogers has devised with which to open the door to diplomacy. It is a skeleton key in the sense that it is skinned to the bone. It has the elementary simplicity of a sword blade, and, like a sword blade, its effectiveness rests entirely on the strength and the skill of the hand behind it. It does not destroy the President's constitutional appointive power, but gives him a longed-for chance to say, and repeat, "Gentlemen, I cannot do what you ask in the face of public opinion. However, I will be glad to back any man from your state who has come up through the service. My advice to you is to get your men in young, and grow proud of them as they grow older."

Furthermore, it gives many a harassed senator and congressman the chance to say the same thing.

Generally speaking, comments by the press on the appointments made by the late President to posts in the diplomatic service struck a laudatory note, with one notable exception. The designation of Colonel Harvey caused a pyrotechnic display on certain editorial pages, as it was bound to do. But there were twenty appointments ten times as open to criticism as that of our former ambassador in England. Quite aside from any debt his party owed him Colonel Harvey was a national figure, representative of a large block of the American people; he could also talk the language of the country to which he was sent. The editors did us no shining service in that crusade, all the more since they fell down deplorably in their duty to the public in a dozen other instances.

The most fundamental factor in successful editorship is information founded on the substrata which underlie the news of the day—information out of the reach of the average reader. Everybody knows that Latin America remains one of the most neglected of our fields of endeavor, in spite of its position within our sphere of commercial and political influence. Its importance is steadily in the ascendant. Owing to this fact, we have more men of diplomatic caliber who know Spanish than the available material conversant with any other foreign language, not excluding French. It was the business of the editors of this country to know something which the general public did not know, and that is that there was a body of individuals prominent in the executive affairs of the nation who had set their hearts on establishing the principle that no diplomat without a working knowledge of Spanish should be sent to any country in Spanish America.

The Proper Time to Howl

The far-reaching effects of this innovation do not hit you in the eye all at once; you have to think them out. No man can learn Spanish without learning something about the Latin mind. Ignorance of the Latin mind on the part of our official and unofficial envoys lies at the bottom of ninety-nine out of the hundred fiascoes we have persistently staged in our relations with the sister republics which share with us the closed preserve of the Western Hemisphere; more than that, it is responsible for much of the hatred with which we are regarded in almost every country south of the Mexican border, for no amount of soppy, devocalized good will can offset the blunders of nonintelligence.

Now here is the point: If a nonpartisan editorial howl had gone up from the press of the United States at the first appointment of a man to South America who did not know Spanish, the President's arm would have been bolstered. He knew of the principle at stake; he knew that the men who urged it could not attack their own administration; he knew that help against the advancing cohorts of the ward politician could come from but one quarter, the editorial pages of the press. When that somnolent division failed him and the public, the bars were irretrievably down. Only when the reportorial minds of the pseudo editors smelt the news value of the lame-duck slogan did they stir languidly and begin to shout. Too late. Take a list of all the appointments to Latin America, not of two or three; look up the life histories, strike an average on the basis of fitness for the job, and you will understand why we

(Continued on Page 61)

Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

Look over the cars you see on the street. More than 2,000,000 of them are Gabriel equipped.

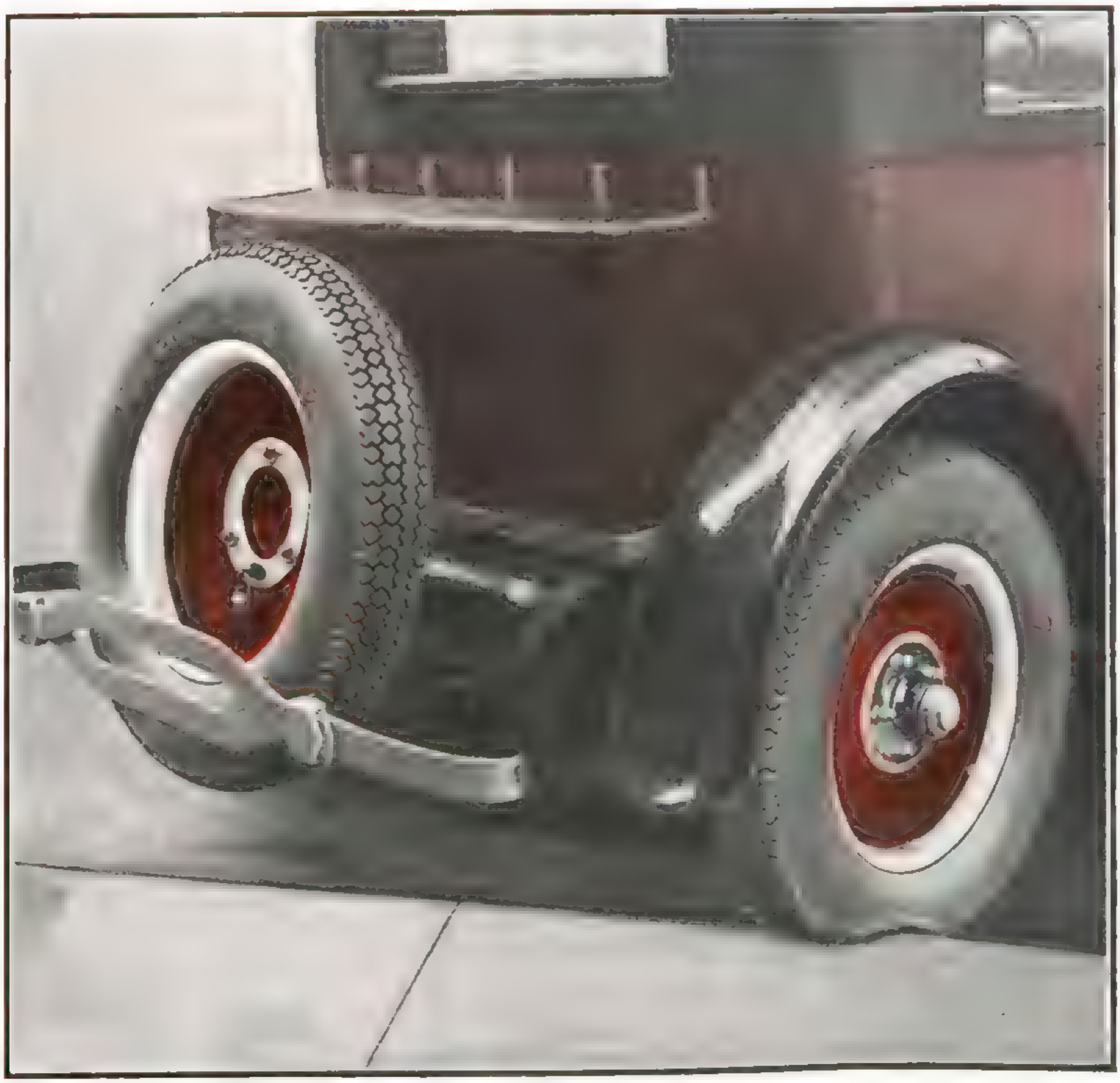
This decided preference for Gabriel Snubbers by both leading car manufacturers and motorists is due to the definite conviction that Gabriel is by all odds the most efficient device for controlling spring action.

Gabriel Snubbers not only make greater riding comfort certain—no matter what the road conditions—but cause a marked saving in car maintenance.

There are Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations in 1700 cities, where Gabriel Snubbers can be installed efficiently and without long delay, on any size car.

Gabriel Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario
Sales & Service Everywhere

GABRIEL SNUBBERS



Fire

The Mark of Quality

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Another Firestone Development in Motoring Progress, Bringing to Motorists Unusual Comfort, Safety and Car Conservation

Greater riding comfort, safety and car protection without sacrificing mileage or increasing fuel consumption is Firestone's latest contribution to motoring progress by the introduction of Balloon Cords.

The special Firestone gum-dipping process—by which each cord is impregnated and insulated thoroughly with rubber, adding great strength and flexibility to the carcass—made it possible to carry out the new principle in tire design and construction so successfully. Soft and pliable, yet sturdy and tough, these new Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords smooth out the bumps and ruts of the road.

Greater safety and control is obtained and skidding is virtually eliminated—for even on "slippery-wet" streets these tires cling tenaciously to the pavement, due to the increased flexibility of the tread and the large traction contact. In mud or sand, these large, powerful tires prevent the car from sinking and hold it to a sure, straight course without slip or slide.

The huge air chambers, with greatly lowered air pressure, absorb all road irregularities, preventing jars and jolts from reaching the chassis. They relieve the car of much of its vibration and preserve it from the shocks that cause squeaks and rattles, which are especially annoying in closed cars that have been in service for some time.

If you want a new sensation in motoring, a superlative degree of riding comfort, together with greater security and a longer life for your car, equip with these new Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords.

See the nearest Firestone Dealer for complete information regarding the advantages, the special construction and the details in connection with the application of Firestone Balloon Cords to your car.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER— H. S. Firestone.

FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Stone

Bird's Rugs

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

HARD SURFACE — A Labor Saving · Easily Cleaned · Dollar Saving · Durable ~ Economical Floor Covering — WATER PROOF

Your Dealer

will tell you how surprisingly little it costs to beautify any floor in your home with a Bird's Rug

RICH colorful designs copied from Persian and Chinese masterpieces for parlor and sitting room—floral patterns in soft natural tones for bedrooms and nursery—cheerful tile effects for kitchen and bathroom—and for halls and verandas, handsome wood-block designs.

And the most you need to pay for a Bird's Rug (size 9 x 12) is $18. Other standard sizes are proportionately less.

Bird's Rugs are absolutely waterproof. They stay flat on the floor—dirt can't get through them. A light "going over" with a damp mop keeps them clean and spotless.

If your dealer doesn't carry Bird's Rugs, Floor Coverings and Rug Border—mail the coupon to us (Canada and Foreign Countries excepted).

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
Pioneers in felt-base floor coverings
East Walpole, Mass.

Chicago: 1429 Lytton Bldg
14 E. Jackson Blvd
New York: 295 Fifth Avenue
Bird & Son, Ltd
Hamilton, Ontario

Write to us on coupon below and receive illustrated folder in colors showing beautiful designs of Bird's Rugs, including Pattern 740 here illustrated, and also [illegible] which will enable you to see the rug itself in your own home without further trouble

Name _____

St No _____

City or Town _____

State _____ R.F.D. No. _____

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
Bird's Art-Craft Roofing
Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
Bird's Asphalt Felt
Bird's Built-up Roof
Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

BIRD Satisfaction Guaranteed

Look for this Mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back

No house should be built or furnished without a Bird Product

(Continued from Page 56

are having the pants beaten off us by competitors in our own back yard.

The Rogers Bill is intended, with the support of public opinion stimulated by the press, to relieve the President from a certain kind of pressure. How do we know it will work that way? Well, think it out. Here we have the State Department, backed by urgent appeals from the President and Secretary Hughes, clamoring for a sword. If it gets it, it has to use it, and use it well. It dare not commit hara-kiri, or even hang the sword on the wall to rust. For one thing, too many people would know about it, and jeer. For another, Presidents and Secretaries of State pass, but the State Department goes on forever. It is a continuity that can be damaged, but never broken, even by the most ardent spoiler.

Fortunately we have a concrete example. In 1906 Elihu Root put through a reform of the consular service based on a ten-line executive order from Theodore Roosevelt, which could be reversed by a stroke of the pen of any successor at the White House. The clamor which went up was to the effect that Mr. Root was building a million-dollar house on a sand bank. He said nothing, and went ahead. He knew what few others at that time could see—that he was building, not on the shifting sand of an executive order, but on the rock of public opinion made articulate by the tongues of every chamber of commerce in the United States. Under Bryan, as Secretary of State, one of our two highest consul generalships, carrying a salary of $12,000 a year, became vacant. Did it go to a deserving Democrat? It went to a man in the service, politics unasked. I leave it to the reader as to whether Secretary Root had built on changing sands or on solid rock.

But here we come to a question far more to the point. Did the reform of 1906 reform? The late W. Bourke Cockran took a surprising interest in the Rogers Bill. One would not have picked him as the man to put life into the hearings, but that is what he did. His attitude was one of wholehearted commendation, subject to intelligent inquiry.

Mr. Carr, builder of the consular service, spoke of the improvement brought about by the reform of 1906.

"In what way is that evidenced?" asked Mr. Cockran. "By what net result to the general public?" He continued to press that question in various forms for two pages of fine print.

Mr. Carr's Experience

Here is Mr. Carr's culminating answer to the committee:

"I can give you my view, and I have been in the service thirty years, twenty-five of which have been devoted more particularly to this branch of the work. I know of my own knowledge what the change has been. I know of my own knowledge how the reports of consuls have been improved over what they were. I know of my own knowledge, for instance, how greatly the professional or technical proficiency of the men has improved over that of the old days. I know how much the average of excellence has increased over that of the old days. I know how much the spirit of service has changed from that of the old days. I know a great many men, for example, who are devoting themselves day and night to the service of the Government, and placing that duty above every other consideration, when in the old days there were dozens of them pursuing their private interests rather than the government interests, who used the office of secretary or of consul merely as a convenience, enabling them to draw a salary and live abroad for their own pleasure. Those are some of the improvements."

From the point of view of the man who has become the core of the consular service no reply could be better; but lovers of the picturesque, the fantastic and the spectacular are tempted to cry out, "Shades of the ports of Pernambuco and of Shanghai, arise and testify!" Members of the reborn consular service, when anyone treads on the tail of its dead past, are apt to squirm as if they had been done a bodily injury. Why? Is there any shame in having arisen? When Home was published anonymously, giving a picture of an old-time consul, his outraged successors clamored for the scalp of the author until they learned that Mr. Adee, veteran of veterans of the State Department, had commended the book in manuscript form.

What happened in far-flung corners of the globe on the outskirts of time is a matter of history. Mighty and righteous were some of the deeds performed by the old school; also there were feats of rascality which have seldom been surpassed. Look up the annals, and you will find that there was the day of the buccaneering consul, when more American ships were wrecked on certain strips of coast in ten years than in all decades which were to follow. What was the idea? A pretty little game tangled with maritime law which netted consul and conniving skipper a few paltry thousands for each ship genuinely lost, and much more on the vessels reported as total losses but later refloated.

To the same epoch of the merchant consul belongs the reminiscence of an old gentleman who died in New York four or five years ago. When he took over an office at a post which shall be nameless, he found a huge skewer of vouchers under the letterheads of various firms, all undated and for every conceivable amount.

"What are these for?" he asked.

"Oh," said the clerk blandly, "we use them in making up our accounts. It saves time."

Under the same head comes a case which I think would have given Mr. Cockran another laugh. A man entered one of our most important outposts six thousand miles away and asked for the consul general. The clerk said he was not in at the moment. The man returned frequently during three days, always with the same result. It was important that he should see the official in person, as he had come to relieve him. At last the clerk could hold out no longer.

The Reign of John Barleycorn

"You see, sir, it's this way: I'm his nephew. He brought me down with him, and after he had taught me to sign his name it didn't seem necessary for him to stay here, so he has been living on his farm in Virginia."

More vivid, but perhaps less intrinsically truthful, is a tale which epitomized a condition that we know actually existed from a case which came to trial and received much attention in the press. It was at a post where we had, at that time, extraterritorial rights. A wild-eyed citizen of our free land is said to have rushed to the American jail, hammered on the door, and thus addressed the startled warden: "Can the consul get in here? If you can keep him out, let me in. I've got thirty dollars left, and I'm looking for a safe place to sleep until my ship pulls out."

Followed the reign of John Barleycorn, when the drunken scions of families with political influence were hurled into the service, to get them out of sight and mind. A young man landed on a famous cobbled quay, now no more, and noticed under one plane tree a sleeping inebriate of Anglo-Saxon mien, and under the next tree another. He ascertained that they were the American consul and his clerk. He hung around until he caught the consul sober and asked him if he would like to employ a clerk who did not drink. He got the job and in 1906 had held it during seventeen years, for he possessed a supreme qualification.

During and after whisky, politics stunted the growth in usefulness of the consular service, and every politician knew it; but it was the order of the day.

Do not run away with the idea that all the old-timers were bad. The majority of them were men of honor and of a peculiar brand of efficiency known the world over as Yankee wit. Even among the buccaneers there was true metal. It was the custom of one such to charge from one and a half to two times the official fee for all services, putting in his pocket the amount of the excess. He did this by the unanimous consent of the merchants of his district. Why did they concede it? Because he was the strangest and most lovable creature they had ever seen. Because he sat with his heels on his desk, ready for business or a story, from six in the morning until six at night. Because he could hit a spittoon at fifteen feet with unerring aim and unfailing ring, an art now perished from the earth. Because he saved three lives from a burning tinderbox of a hotel, and then went back to get his other shirt—the dirty one. Because he was as white a man as God ever made.

One could go on for columns with these tales of a bygone day, but already a picture has been painted broader than necessary to give point to the assertion that the reform of 1906 accomplished a change for the better which has amounted to a transformation. No longer does the consul general at London pocket annually, and lawfully, $40,000 in fees, and look down on an ambassador getting a salary of $17,500. No longer do favored inebriates take the killer-cure in our consulates at the expense of the taxpayer. You do not have to go abroad to learn what those consulates are doing today. All you need do is to step into your chamber of commerce and inquire, or ask any business man who reads the commerce reports, or any merchant who handles foreign trade. Our consular body is not perfect, but as between the old order and the new there is the difference of night and day.

If the State Department found an executive order a good enough sword with which to fight and win so comprehensive a victory, what limits need we place on our expectations of it, once it is armed with such a basic instrument as the Rogers Bill? How near this measure came to enactment during the last session of Congress shows its extraordinary power of winning friends as it goes along. Barring a few whose minds are fixed on the personal equation, everyone who studies it seems to be for it. It was reported to the House by a unanimous committee and passed by a vote of 203 to 27. It went to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and again was reported out unanimously, without a single amendment. It then played the rôle of the innocent injured bystander to somebody else's fight. In other words, only the latest of filibusters kept it from coming to the vote which meant almost certain victory.

Technical Objectors

It rolled around to its turn on the calendar three times. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the mechanism of our law mill it should be explained that if on any one of these three occasions no senator had voiced an objection, the measure would have been recorded as passed. The first objection came from a senator who is probably favorable to the bill, and who acted presumably for strictly parliamentary reasons. The second came from the sturdy watchdog of the Lehlback Act which provides a maximum civil-service-retirement allotment of $720. The question at issue is as to whether a member of our foreign service shall be retired on a basis approximating that of a corresponding officer in the Army or Navy, or on the basis of a $2000-a-year clerk. The third protest came from one who adheres to objections as a principle. There is no reason to believe that he would oppose the bill after due consideration.

There is a tendency on the part of some of Mr. Rogers' sparring partners to think that, since only the gong kept them from scoring a knockout, the battle which is now being restaged in the Sixty-eighth Congress is practically won. Fortunately their champion does not share this dangerous overconfidence; he has had too long a ring experience to consider any bout won until after the full count.

The sword is probably the simplest of all the effective implements invented by man; take away any part of it, and the whole is useless. So with this bill. Any amendment which defeats the purpose of one of the four component parts will defeat the far greater purpose for which the measure as a whole has been forged, and Mr. Rogers is fully aware of the danger.

Such attacks may come from two directions from the supporters of the contention that our foreign representatives are on a parity with clerks in the civil service, and from the forces of invisible influence boring from within. The first of these dangers can be met by pointing out the absurdity of ranking the man who has within him the making of a lawyer, banker, merchant, engineer, judge and candlestick maker, and yet is willing to devote his life to the service of his country abroad, as a humdrum clerk. The second is not so easily defined or met.

The Fattest Plum in the Pie

A cynical voice from the inner circles declared the other day that if the diplomatic branch could see any way of securing the features of increased salaries and of retirement pay to the exclusion of amalgamation with the consular services, it would welcome the destruction of the far-reaching purposes of the entire measure with pæans of joy. Speaking purely from the standpoint of the personal equation, this is only natural. Diplomatic immunities combined with an artificial prestige have been the fattest plum in the international pie for generations on end. But, speaking from the point of view of the best interests of the whole of the American people, it is deplorable.

One can hear outraged cries from those diplomatic officers who are heart and soul for the Rogers Bill. They probably consider not only the above paragraph but this entire article as unfair. They do not realize the difficulty of doing justice to the sound parts of a wormy apple. Mere affirmation establishes no man in their division as a supporter of this bill; it may make him only a more dangerous enemy, for the Invisible Empire has nothing on invisible influence. With amazingly few exceptions, it is impossible for those who have the forwarding of the measure at heart to agree as to who among the present-day diplomats are for it, and who against it, and that assertion excludes neither ministers nor ambassadors.

The story of a chief consular officer who was invited to dinner at one of our embassies, and deliberately misplaced at table, is to the point. He knew exactly what was happening to him, as did all others present, for the regulations laid down by the State Department in such matters are specific. He was being slapped in the face. He had the choice of three lines of deportment: He could turn from the table and leave the room, thus precipitating a quarrel with a man with whom the closest daily contact was essential. He could appeal to the State Department, and thus add one more to the huge heap of just such picayune quarrels already cluttering its files. He could swallow the affront in the spirit in which it was offered, and never again dine at the embassy. Owing to the demands of the war, overwhelmingly more important than matters of individual dignity, he chose the last of the three alternatives. "Now, of course," to repeat the words of a genuinely democratic ambassador, "that is not fair." It is unfair that we, of all people, should longer be put in the position of supporting a forcing house for that particular brand of snobbery which sets childish matters of prestige above service.

This article has fallen short of its purpose if it has failed to show that the Rogers Bill is not an attack, but a building act which deliberately overleaps the personal equation and pins its hope on the nurturing of a new growth. Its economic benefits are out of all proportion to the cost it will entail, and can be depended upon to defend it against every charge of extravagance. It is a surprisingly nonpartisan measure; the men who have fought for it, stood up for it and voted for it are not Democrats or Republicans—they are just Americans. If it goes down to defeat, or is maimed by amendment to the point of total disability, look for the lily hand of invisible influence.

It took every cent he had

"He'll starve out his whole family yet," opined the little Swiss village of Vevey. "He's doing nothing but puttering in his kitchen day and night." And certainly Daniel Peter did test and experiment in his kitchen until he was almost bankrupt. But he triumphed in the end.

Daniel Peter not only originated milk chocolate—even more important, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has remained the standard of quality for 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk for *Peter's*. Fresh, pure, rich milk every day—blended within a few hours after it is produced with selected cocoa beans into delicious *Peter's* milk chocolate.

Peter's has a rare flavor that is different—distinctive. Only in *Peter's* do you get this satisfying flavor. If you've never tasted it, try *Peter's* today. You'll like it. It's *good*.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

"No," agreed Sam, still speaking slowly, his eyes on his busy toe, "we mustn't forget that! Corry—is Corry here yet?"

"Yes. She came over in my stage for the funeral. Goin' back to Ellenville tomorrow. She's stoppin' up to Mrs. Pixley's."

Rountree turned away. He did not go up to greet the porch loungers, but proceeded along the hard clay sidewalk toward the old Pixley cottage.

"This is goin' to be mighty hard on poor little Corry!" he muttered. His mind went back to Cornelia's childhood and visualized a tiny girl with yellow hair tied with a bright ribbon. She had climbed upon his knee and called him Uncle Sam. It had scared him deliciously, and even now the recollection thrilled.

"Something's got to be done for Corry!" he thought. "Yes, sir, I'm the only daddy Corry's got now, and I reckon it's up to me plenty. I got to do a heap of thinkin'. I see that plain!"

Corry was twenty years old, but to Sam Rountree she was still the little girl that used to climb upon his knee and call him Uncle Sam. It is hard for old people to realize that youth does not abide. Early next morning he brought the girl downtown to meet the stage. It had been a sad visit, and his heart was very sore, though he strove to cover up with clumsy conversation.

"Well, Corry," he said, "you own a mine now. I'm terrible glad that Bill deeded you his half before he left."

Cornelia raised her blue eyes to his. They were tear-swollen and full of grief, but they were old Bill's eyes, and again a sharp pang wrung Sam Rountree's tender heart.

"It isn't a mine, Uncle Sam," said the girl. "You see, I know. Daddy—he told me all about it. And about the way Stacey ——"

"I know!" muttered Sam. "I heard about it."

Cornelia sensed her old friend's distress, and when she looked at him again she was smiling bravely through her tears. "But don't you worry, you old lamb!" she said. "I'm game!"

Bill's smile! Something caught the prospector by the throat and threatened to choke him. They stopped near the hotel porch to wait for the stage. It was too early for loafers and the street was deserted. Back at the rear of the hotel sounded the clatter of dishes. Beyond the town the early sun was slanting across the mountainside above the Hammerhead mine. Old Sam was silent, digging awkwardly in the dust with his hobnailed toe.

"Well," he said finally, "you never can tell. Bill, he set a heap of store by that Elephant claim. And Bill was a good prospector. He always thought the old Hammerhead ledge ran through it. Might be a blind ledge there, at that. You never can tell, Corry."

Again Cornelia smiled at him through the tears. "You're trying to comfort me!" she said. "I can see through you, Uncle Sam! But don't you worry! I'm all right. I'll work hard and pretty soon I'll have that eight hundred back. What's money—when one has good friends—like you?"

Sam's worn shoe had excavated a remarkable pit in the dust, but he went on to more ambitious accomplishment, meanwhile watching his busy old toe with intense absorption.

"I got to hole up pretty soon, Corry," he said irrelevantly. He cocked a wise old eye and squinted at the sky. "Goin' to storm inside of a week, sure," he predicted. "I I wonder if you'd mind if I spent the winter up there on your claim."

"Why, of course not!"

"I'd like to dig a little too," he said wistfully. "Sort of occupy my mind. You won't care, Corry?"

"Dig all you want to, Uncle Sam. But don't let that Elephant claim kill you like—like ——"

"Might be a ledge there, after all!" he said.

Cornelia smiled once more, and to Rountree it seemed that his partner smiled. He choked again. Pack Judd came rattling round the corner and stopped the wheezy old engine.

"All aboard the Lightnin' Express!" he called above the uproar of the flivver.

"Good-by, Uncle Sam!"

Impulsively the girl flung her arms about the old man's neck and clung to him. A moment later the stage went bouncing up the rutted mountain roadway and Sam stumbled away, hardly able to see for the mist that dimmed his own eyes.

"Well, pardner," he said, apostrophizing his companion of thirty years along the trail, "it's my play now. Ain't never been long on brains, Bill; and I ain't used what brains I've got for so long that they forgot how to work! Don't know a thing about business, either, but maybe I can learn—I got to learn!"

He worried over this fact as he went along. It was a giant's task and it appalled him. "Mighty slow in the head," he sighed at last; "and that's a fact! Still, a jackass ain't no streak of lightnin', but he gets to where he's goin', give him time!"

He established himself in the old tumbledown Stillson cabin that same day, and went out to look at the prospect. The tunnel was in but a few feet, and as he contemplated the marks of his old partner's last pick blows that queer tightness came into his throat once more. Nor did he have much appetite when later he sat down to the evening meal, for through the cabin window he could look almost straight into the tunnel, barely twenty yards away. After his supper he sat on the doorsill, smoking and looking down upon the village of Purple Ridge, its roofs showing here and there above the trees. Herded together! Even up here in the edge of the tumbled wilderness of almighty hills and awful cañons men had come and herded together! What for? Business! His wistful soul, homesick already for the cleanness of lonely trails, cried out within him, yearning for his dead partner. Out there in the solitudes men had followed the law of helping one another. What was the motif of places like this wherever men herded? Business is business!

And hiding behind the thin fabric of this sophistry men killed other men who trusted them! Broke their hearts and then smugly justified themselves by uttering the familiar phrase!

Half a mile farther up the ridge loomed the mills of the old Hammerhead. Unable longer to endure the loneliness of that first evening, and being curious to see what they were doing at the scene of his great strike, he trudged up there. The first man he met was Jeff Crowder. The meeting was a joyous surprise to both men, for in the early days they had been great friends.

"Whatever you doin' up here, Jeff?" asked Rountree.

"Me? I'm superintendent!" said Jeff proudly. "Say, we broke into a rich streak yesterday. Been takin' out high-grade ever since! Like to see it?"

"Sure! Say, that's fine. The ole Hammerhead's still doin' noble, ain't she?"

"She's one great old mine! It's a pity you and Bill didn't hang on. Say, that was too bad about poor ole Bill!"

"Yes," agreed Sam sadly. "Bill was too trustin'. Always was."

"Jim Stacey oughtn' to've treated Bill like that! It was plumb criminal! Why, Sam, in the old days a man would have been shot for it!"

"Yes," agreed Rountree hopelessly. "But the old days is gone, Jeff. They overlook a heap now. Business is business. Pack Judd told me so."

"I know!" Jeff Crowder's wrinkled neck reddened with wrath and contempt. "Pack Judd, he's Stacey's houn' dog. He finds the trail and Stacey does the killin'."

For an hour the old friends talked, sitting in the gathering darkness. Mainly their conversation had been of the man Stacey and his satellite, the stage driver.

"Well, Sam," grinned Crowder as his friend rose to go, "maybe the old days is gone, like you said, but I bet you that one of these fine mornin's something's goin' to sink its teeth in Jim Stacey's tail and make him squeal thin like a grasshopper!"

Rountree considered this as he stood turning the piece of high-grade ore in his hand. The rich gold smiled at him from every seam of the quartz. He answered with a broad grin of his own.

"Now, Jeff," he remonstrated gently, "you're forgettin' yourself again! Pack Judd's got it right, and we ain't got any call to murmur. Business is business!"

III

SPRING was imminent. The warm sun had brought the loafers upon the hotel porch again, and the new leaves were breaking out lush and green upon the sycamores along the street. The world was clean after the winter rains.

A heavy muffled detonation rumbled down from the ridge above the village, banged against the hills across the cañon and echoed back. Three other blasts followed, and old man Hinton cocked an ear, listening with malicious amusement.

"Sam Rountree's takin' some more pops at the White Elephant!" he said. "He don't even stop for Sunday, does he?"

Pack Judd was sprawled in a neighboring chair, his feet resting upon the railing. He drew his lips back from his tobacco-stained teeth, chewing rapidly as he replied.

"Say," he said, "that old buzzard has been at it for six months now! What do you think about that?"

"Crazy, just like his pardner," affirmed old man Hinton, and spat far out in the street. "They all get that way, Pack. Give 'em years enough follerin' the tail of a jackass over the hills and they get so they'll dig in an ash barrel, plumb sure they'll find gold at the bottom! In the end they all go crazy. But I didn't think ole Sam Rountree was quite ripe yet."

Judd's curiosity was beginning to stir. "Wonder what he's doin' up there, anyway," he said.

Old man Hinton spat again and was gratified to note that he had exceeded his previous shot by at least six inches. "I was up there last Sunday," he said. "Sam was runnin' a tunnel to cut through the ridge. Must be in quite a ways, too, judgin' by the size of his waste dump. He was sharpenin' drills when I come up to him.

"'Hello, Sam,' I says, 'I thought I'd come up and take a look at your White Elephant!'

"Well, sir, he acted plumb queer when I said that. Sort of a crafty look come into his eyes and he edged over in front of the tunnel mouth.

"'The Elephant ain't on exhibition today!' he says. He grinned, but somehow or another it wasn't Sam Rountree's regular grin. He'd always been a sociable feller, glad to visit with an old friend. I couldn't understand it none at all and I got a little mad.

"'All right!' I says. 'I can tell what she amounts to by lookin' at the outside!'

"'I ain't sure about that!' he says with a crafty grin.

"'What d'ye mean by that?' I asked him, and he shut up like a clam. Acted like he was sorry he spoke. Pretty soon he got me away from the tunnel mouth and into the cabin. But all the time we was settin' there I could see them crafty eyes of his sneakin' through the window, watchin' that tunnel mouth! Funny!"

"Sure is funny!" said Judd. "Sounds like he was goin' crazy, sure. Still ——"

"Both bit by the same bug—him and his pardner!"

Old man Hinton rambled on, but Judd was not listening. The stage man was turning over this bit of gossip in his mind and finding it more significant and perplexing the longer he thought about it. By and by he left the hotel veranda and went across the street to Stacey's office.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "I wonder if we maybe overlooked something when we sawed off that fool White Elephant claim on that Parker simp!" He then went on to relate the gossip passed to him by old man Hinton.

"Not a chance!" said Stacey positively. "There isn't the sign of pay rock on that ground. It's been prospected by experts time and again."

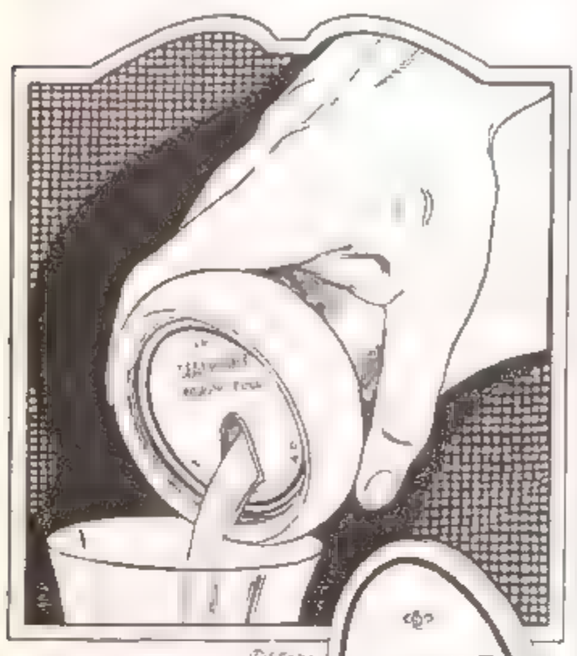
Judd was not satisfied. "Experts have gone wrong lots of times," he pointed out. "You know that, Jim. The main thing is: What's this old Sam Rountree plugging along so steady for in that fool tunnel of his, if he ain't on the track of something good? We got to admit he's a good prospector. Him and Parker located the old Hammerhead twenty-five years ago. They located three-four other mines too—good payin' mines—though like most prospectors they parted with 'em for a song, same as they did with the Hammerhead. Ole man Hinton says he's crazy. But he ain't. Not by a mile, that old feller ain't! He's all there! And he ain't wastin' powder for nothin', nor he ain't workin' six months steady just for exercise! I got a hunch, Jim!"

"Well, we got eighteen hundred dollars for that White Elephant."

(Continued on Page 64)

-always
delightful-
Thirst knows
no season
Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing
5¢
The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

Sealright
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps



3 Times More Useful

1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling.

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking.

A Christmas Present from your Milkman?

Your milkman can give you a most *useful, healthful* Christmas present! Ask him for it. He'll even thank you for suggesting it.

Just ask him to deliver milk in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps—3 *times more useful* and *more healthful* because they assure a *safe, clean* way of removing the cap; a *safe, clean* way of pouring milk over the tab without spilling, and a more healthful way of drinking milk through a straw direct from the *original, sterilized bottle.*

School Officials, Restaurant Proprietors and Housewives send for complete information and samples to show your dealer.

Sealright Co., Inc.
Dept. 203 Fulton, N. Y.

Operating the largest plant in the world making Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps, Ordinary Common Caps, and Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.

3 Times more useful

(Continued from Page 62)

"But if it turns out that it carries the extension of the old Hammerhead ledge it'll be worth a million! The Hammerhead's already yielded around four or five million and still turnin' out the stuff! They're workin' in high grade right now! And if this ole Sam Rountree really has got a line on the extension to that ledge, why, it's goin' to make your eighteen hundred dollars look like two green pennies on a tin dish!"

Stacey's cigar came down from its insolent slant in the corner of his mouth—a sure sign that he, too, was beginning to worry.

"It can't be denied that it lies right in line with the Hammerhead!" he conceded thoughtfully.

"Right in line! And you know as well as anybody that this here ole Sam Rountree's got the reputation for bein' a wizard! Yes, sir, all over these mountains everybody says that for smellin' quartz Sam Rountree can give cards and spades to a split-nose bird dog!"

The two were silent for some moments. "Tell you," said Stacey presently, "you go up there and poke round a little, Pack. See what you can find out."

This was, as usual, right in Judd's line. He was that type. But when he returned he was crestfallen, though more than ever convinced that his hunch was a good one.

"Well," he reported, "I saw him. But I didn't get into the tunnel. He's got the mouth of it boarded up with two-inch planks and a padlock on the door! Nothing showing outside, either. He's even covered his waste dump with dirt! Couldn't glimpse a single thing that'd give me a clew!"

"Wouldn't he talk?"

"Sure! Said he saw a butterfly yesterday and that it was goin' to be an early spring! Cheerful as hell, not a bit discouraged-lookin'. Jim, I—I got a hunch. I got a hunch we've sold out for a mess of tripe!"

Stacey bit the end of his cigar nervously and ran his pudgy hands through his thinning hair. For once the smooth worker was unable to gather up the threads.

"Let her ride for a few days, Pack," he said at length. "I've got to think this thing out."

But he was not allowed a few days in which to think. On the contrary, when the stage came in next evening Judd entered the office more than ever excited.

"He's found something, sure!" he said. "As I passed the little trail that leads up to Stillson Ridge this mornin' ole Sam Rountree was there, waitin' by the side of the road.

"'I wish you'd take this package over and mail it for me, Judd,' he says; 'I didn't have time to get down to the post office with it.'

"It was a bag of powdered quartz. I could tell by the feel of it. And it was addressed to Smith & Morgan, at San Francisco." This was indeed significant. Smith & Morgan were well-known assayers.

"He wouldn't send bull quartz or any kind of hungry-lookin' rock to an assayer," said Judd positively. "He's had too much experience. And he was excited. He tried to hide it, but I could see!"

"I'd give a hundred dollars to see the returns on that assay," said Stacey, pulling the end of his mustache out of its habitual sneer. "You suppose the thing could be managed?"

"Not a chance!" worried the stage driver. "It'll come through the post office. And if the angel Gabriel was to beg on his knees, why, that bullheaded postmaster wouldn't show him a picture post card unless his name was on it!"

"You've got to get inside that tunnel!" said Stacey. "I want to know what's there—before another day!"

Once more defeat rewarded their earnest endeavor. Next morning Pack Judd limped in on his way to the post office for the mail bags.

"Honest, Jim," he lamented, "if we ever do cut this here melon, you got to have a heart and give me a bigger slice than usual! That ole son of a gun plastered me with both barrels last night; and if I hadn't been wearin' my leather pants Doc Chamberlain would be workin' steady for a week, pickin' out birdshot!"

Pack limped wearily out and drove away toward Moccasin Bar. About ten o'clock old man Hinton ran out of an audience and teetered over to Stacey's office. He was a sociable soul. Presently Sam Rountree came by, carrying another crudely wrapped parcel in his hand. The old prospector was not moving with his accustomed sturdy gait, but dragged along painfully. He stooped somewhat, and now and then he coughed.

"Sam's lookin' porely today," observed old man Hinton. "That fool White Elephant's goin' to get him, same as it got his pardner, I bet you!"

Stacey did not reply. He was watching the old prospector. It must be important business that drew Rountree away from his jealously guarded tunnel, merely to mail a package! Sam reappeared a moment later and came back, striving to walk fast, but coughing with the effort. As he passed the window Stacey hailed him.

"Hello, Rountree!" called the promoter. "How's the Elephant showing now?"

"'Bout the same!" replied Sam shortly and started edging away. But Stacey persisted.

"Wait!" he said. "Say, do you suppose your principal would sell the Elephant for what she put into it?"

This was a feeler, and it did not entirely fail of its purpose. Rountree shot a furtive look at his interlocutor and started definitely away.

"I ain't heard her say," he answered over his shoulder, "but I don't reckon the Elephant's for sale. Not at present."

Stacey looked after the stocky figure trudging heavily up the street. "Pack's right!" he thought. "That old cuss really has got something and he's trying to cover up! But he doesn't know how! I can see through him like a pane of glass!"

"Crazy!" Old man Hinton was giggling at his elbow. "Just like ole Bill Parker—crazy as a teeter snipe!"

IV

IT WAS raining heavily. Jeff Crowder came stamping into the big lounging room of the hotel and looked about over the crowd of regulars loafing there. "Where's Pete Bowman?" he asked.

"I see him go into the dinin' room ten minutes ago," piped old man Hinton. "Eating his dinner, I reckon. Anybody sick?"

"Sam Rountree," said Crowder, starting toward the dining room.

Pack Judd straightened in his chair, all attention. "Bad sick, Jeff?" he asked.

Crowder paused with his hand on the door knob. "I can't tell," he said. "I was comin' down from the mine and as I passed Rountree's cabin I heard him groanin'. I went in and found the old man in bed. Looked like he was goin' to be pretty sick."

Ten minutes later, when Crowder came out of Bowman's drug store and started up the street, Pack Judd joined him, the worn raincoat flapping about his lanky legs. "Say," said the stage driver, "too bad about Sam. Always liked Sam. I reckon I'll go up with you and see if there's anything I can do."

Rountree seemed indeed to be a very sick man. He did not move as the two entered the cabin, though his eyes unclosed partly. "That you, Jeff?" he asked. It was the weak, uncertain voice of one in a half stupor.

"It's me, Sam," said Crowder cheerfully. "Wantin' anything?"

Rountree fumbled vaguely beneath his pillow and finally brought out a letter. "I—wish you'd mail it, Jeff," he muttered, half incoherently. "Ought to've mailed it—two days ago."

"Sure! I'll mail it, Sam. Right away!"

Crowder spoke cheerily, but his square granitelike face was grave as he watched his sick friend.

Rountree's eyes had closed again, and the fingers of one calloused old hand picked aimlessly at the bedclothes. The afflicted prospector began to mumble to himself. Crowder looked across at the stage driver and shook his head seriously. Presently he came over to where Judd sat.

"I'm goin' down after Doc Chamberlain," he whispered. "Ole Sam's in a bad way! Mighty bad!"

Judd's heart leaped, but his stubbly face betrayed nothing. "I'll stick round awhile," he said. "He'll maybe need something."

Crowder went out and as soon as the sound of his going had died away the stage man's pale eyes went to the little table and his heart began to pound. Crowder had forgotten Rountree's letter! Judd regarded the bed steadily for some moments. Apparently the sick man had drifted from delirium into unconsciousness. Now was the time!

He secured the letter and examined it with his heart beating still more tumultuously. It was addressed to Cornelia Parker, at Ellenville. He turned it over. The flap had been but partly sealed and came open at a touch. Another glance at the bed and Judd read:

Dear Corry: I wish you'd come up right away. You remember your daddy always thought the old Hammerhead ledge ran through the ridge? It does! I've found it! A bigger thing than the old Hammerhead itself! I've run into it four feet already, but today the roof caved in. I got sick, and haven't been able to dig it free again. But it's worth millions—sure! Don't you sell! Not till you come up and see me. I'm sending the report from the assay office. The assay was an average—good and bad. You can sell any day—so take your time. I'll expect you right away.

Feverishly Judd glanced at the report form from Smith & Morgan. It read: "Gold, $2750 per ton."

One backward glance at the bed as the stage man tiptoed out of the door. Old Sam lay with eyes closed and mouth half open. Might be dead even now! Pack ran round the cabin to the tunnel and found the door open. Confused by his approaching sickness, the old man had forgotten to lock it. Judd went in and struck a match. A miner's candle was stuck in the wall of the tunnel and he lighted it with trembling fingers. Almost immediately something gleamed from the floor and he picked it up. A broken piece of quartz, plastered with gold! Other pieces lay scattered about, but he dared not take them all.

He hurried back along the tunnel and came to the cave-in referred to in the letter. It extended quite to the roof, and at the base of it was the old man's partly filled wheelbarrow and beside it the shovel which Sam had used in beginning the work of clearing out the fallen rock. But the cave-in made it impossible for the spy to get at the face of the tunnel, where the rich find lay. However, he had seen enough!

"Jim's got to see this!" he muttered, his voice breaking in a half sob. "It means a fortune to Jim—and me!"

He slipped out of the tunnel and started running down the hill toward Purple Ridge. He did not return by the trail, fearing he might meet Crowder coming back. Twenty minutes later, breathless, his raincoat torn to shreds by the brush, he entered Stacey's office and put the broken lump of quartz upon the table.

"I been there!" he panted brokenly. "In the tunnel! I picked that rock up! Look—read this!"

Stacey ran through the letter and took up the report from the assayers. He got to his feet and reached for his own raincoat. Remembering, he took the letter and the assayers' report and put them carefully in the stove. "Where you goin', Jim?" asked Judd.

"Down to Ellenville!" said Stacey. His confidence was back, but he was quite as excited as his satellite.

Pack was in an agony of apprehension. "Use your head, Jim!" he begged, almost tearfully. "For the love of Mike, use your head like you never used it before! If she gets the idea that there's something doing on the White Elephant ——"

"Leave it to me!" The black mustache curved upward in its accustomed sneer. "I'll just drop in casually, and tell her I've had a change of heart! Conscience giving me hell, see?" The mustache sneered most remarkably. "And believe me, Pack, eighteen hundred dollars will look big to a struggling school-teacher; especially when she had thought it lost forever! Don't you worry, Pack! We're both going to be so rich it'll hurt! At last! And the old White Elephant—of all things! You leave it to me!"

It was nearing nightfall of the second day when steps sounded, coming rapidly up the trail. The door opened and Sam Rountree turned drowsily toward it. One glance at Jeff Crowder's square, craggy face, however, and the eyes of the sick man snapped wide open. There was an excited grin on the Hammerhead superintendent's face and a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Open her up, Sam!" he begged. "Quick!"

Rountree tore open the yellow envelope and read the terse message: "Just sold Elephant to Stacey. Thirty thousand dollars. Business is business. Cornelia Parker."

These two old-timers were not demonstrative. The early days had bred in them the instinct of repression. They grinned at each other and old Sam hopped spryly out of bed.

(Continued on Page 66)

The New ESSEX
A SIX
Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents

Essex closed car comforts now cost $170 less than ever before. Also with this lower price is an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

Ideal Transportation

You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

A Thirty Minute Ride Will Win You

The Coach $975

Touring Model - $850

Freight and Tax Extra

ESSEX MOTORS
Detroit, Michigan

The Night Before Christmas

STUFF their stockings with Dromedary Dates. Let Christmas mean sweets a-plenty—but Dromedary sweets that are good and do good.

For Dromedary Dates are rich in fruit sugar, iron and lime. Sugar creates energy. Iron makes red blood corpuscles. Lime builds bones.

Roll the plump, golden Dromedaries in sugar, after stuffing with peanut butter, nut meats, or any fondant; delicious, too, with pimento cheese.

A time-honored Christmas sweetmeat

Sold everywhere in two sizes: the family package for the home; the personal package that fits the pocket or lunch box.

Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
BEACH AND WASHINGTON STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK - LONDON - BASRAH - TRINIDAD - SMYRNA - PARA

Continued from Page 64

"You look in the bottom of my saddlebags, Jeff," he directed. "They's a bottle hid there that I been savin' for the Fourth of July. You go get her while I pull on my pants."

"It was that letter you wrote!" chuckled Crowder, rummaging in the lean-to shed and scaring certain venerable spiders into fits. "That fake letter to Corry and the assay report that you gave me to mail—and I forgot and left lying on the table! For bait! And they swallowed it whole! I knew they would!"

"No, sir," disclaimed Rountree, struggling with a frayed suspender; "it was that bunch of high-grade Hammerhead quartz you loaned me to scatter along the tunnel floor. I knew that'd knock 'em cockeyed! A man ain't got no judgment nor reason left when he finds a piece of rock that's jammed plumb full of gold."

"But it was you that thought of the cave-in, Sam, to keep 'em from seein' what was really at the face of the tunnel! That was a heap crafty! Honest, Sam, it looked so much like a cave-in that I couldn't hardly believe you'd shot the roof down with a stick of powder!"

"But ain't it a whale of a joke!" chuckled old Sam. "They baited poor Bill with Hammerhead rock and sold him and Corry the worthless White Elephant for eighteen hundred dollars! And we baited them with the same rock and sold it back to them for thirty thousand!"

The old prospector considered this, still working with the collapsed suspender. "But how you reckon she ever got the nerve to ask thirty thousand?" he wondered. "It was understood between her and me that if she got the chance to get two-three thousand she was to grab it. Shore beats me! And her just a gentle, innocent little girl."

Old Sam began to chuckle again. "Stacey and Judd'll be here early," he said, "with their ears stickin' straight up in the air! I reckon I better kick up the dust for the high brush before they get that tunnel cleared out or there'll be a little fuss! Say, you old doodlebug, ain't you found that bottle yet?"

No, they were not demonstrative—normally. But man may not tarry indefinitely beside a bottle of high-power peach brandy without at last voicing his enthusiasm. About midnight the lone cabin on Stillson Ridge rocked with a triumphant song, popular in the far days when Sam and Jeff were young men and the trails were new and red blood was coming West to its own. Old Sam always led off:

"I met a poor man on the Laramie Trail:
His teeth was all gone and his face it was pale,
And he had but one ear and his nose was caved in,
And the way that he limped was a shame and a sin!
'Oh stranger!' says he, 'I came to this pass
A-ticklin' the heel of a sleepin' jackass!'"

And old Jeff Crowder's bull bellow crashed into the refrain:

"'Look well and take warnin' from me as you pass—
Don't tickle the heel of no sleepin' jackass.'"

Peach brandy is a potent water, and old Sam Rountree overslept. He awoke to a frenzied pounding upon the door and a loud, strident voice summoning him forth with language that would have driven the censor crazy. The room whizzed round and round and round as the old prospector got out of his bunk and stood up, but presently this phenomenon passed and he began climbing into his worn overalls. As sleep began to clear from his brain, a delighted and expectant grin spread across his hairy face. He opened the door and stepped out, blinking in the sunlight of a perfect spring day, his bushy hair standing up awry and at all angles, and his overalls hanging precariously by one suspender. His bare feet splayed upon the doorstone and he had forgotten to tuck in his shirt. Stacey came close, stuttering words that appalled him by their inadequacy.

"Where' that big strike?" he demanded wildly. His flabby face was a blotched purple and his eyes were staring and congested. "Where's that rich ledge?"

Sam was bewildered. Pathetically so. "Why," he said mildly, "I ain't seen any rich ledges! What you talkin' about, anyway?"

"I've bought back the Elephant!" Stacey's voice sounded queer and thin. "I—I heard on good authority that you'd discovered a ledge of Hammerhead quartz."

"I never told a soul I'd found a rich ledge of Hammerhead quartz!" said Rountree positively. "Matter of fact, there ain't no rich ledge on the Elephant nor any other kind! White Elephant is a bully name for this here barren piece of ground! Say, who told you I'd made a strike?"

The tone was still mild and the grin remained, parting the wilderness of tangled whiskers. The horny splayed toes wriggled on the doorstone and the gnarled fingers of the hands wriggled also; but Stacey did not notice them. He opened his mouth, but closed it again. He could not state that he had learned the news from a letter written by a supposedly sick man! In that same moment he knew that he was beaten and that somehow or other he had been tricked by this seemingly witless old prospector.

"You get to hell off my property!" he ordered hoarsely. "You've swindled me somehow—you and that batty old partner of yours and his smooth innocent daughter. If you wasn't an old man I'd ——"

Sam did not look dangerous, smiling and blinking in the sun. Nor did he appear particularly ruffled. The awkward old arm, thick as a horse's hind leg, did not seem to move swiftly, either; but it reached for Stacey—and got him.

When it was over, J. Stacey, Real Estate and Development, lay unconscious, battered almost beyond recognition. His nose never would be the same again; it would always be looking inquiringly into his left ear. The sneer had left his mustache forever.

Old Sam arose from the ground and sighed happily. The lone suspender had striven nobly, but it had parted at last and the old prospector's trousers were all about his feet. He gathered them up, tied them around his waist with a piece of baling wire and went into the cabin for his shoes, and then proceeded to pack his donkey for the long trail.

When he drove the animal past the cabin Stacey was gone. From the mouth of the tunnel, where he had been hiding, Pack Judd appeared. His face was pasty white and his weak jaw quivered nervously.

"Mr. Rountree," he quavered, "I been done! What you reckon Jim Stacey did to me? He took two thousand dollars of my money and blowed it in on this here worthless White Elephant! All the money I had in the world, the thievin' crook!"

Sam filled his criminal-looking pipe with tobacco, tamping it down with a stubby forefinger. "Say," he observed sympathetically, "that's tough! Yes, sir, ain't no two ways about it—that's mighty tough!"

The stage man brightened. "He's busted now," he said. "Jim is. And serves him right for bein' a crook and leadin' honest men into it! He ain't got a dollar in the world! Miss Parker wanted more for the White Elephant, but when she found that was all we—Stacey had, why, she took the thirty thousand! If I'd only known! Mr. Rountree, do you suppose if you asked her she'd give me back my two thousand dollars—me bein' brought into it innocent?"

Sam applied a match to his pipe. It drew beautifully. The day was warm and without a flaw. A butterfly went by and its wings fluttered happily, like old Sam's contented soul.

"Sure!" he said. "I bet you she would—if I asked her to." He beamed through the smoke. "But I couldn't do that, Pack. You can see it yourself, plain—if you look close. Business is business!"

He hit the jackass with an old slat, and the phlegmatic brute awoke and started down the trail, bound for the clean wild places where men do not herd together and business is unknown.

"Well, Bill," muttered old Sam as he went, "maybe I left some little things undone, but you'll forgive me; I done my damnedest, me and Jeff. And Corry too. So did Pack Judd. Especially Pack Judd."

He cast a glance back. By the little cabin at the top of the ridge stood a lanky drooping figure looking after him hopelessly. Pack Judd, broke and disappointed beyond all understanding, lone guardian of the White Elephant. As the stage driver looked, the short stocky figure of the late invalid lost itself in a vast cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared away old Sam Rountree was gone. But faintly came back the sound of a bellowed song. It was mostly lost in the distance, but the listener gathered vaguely that it in some obscure way admonished its hearers against the somewhat dubious enterprise of tickling the heel of a sleeping jackass.

Walter P. Chrysler
Motor Car Manufacturer

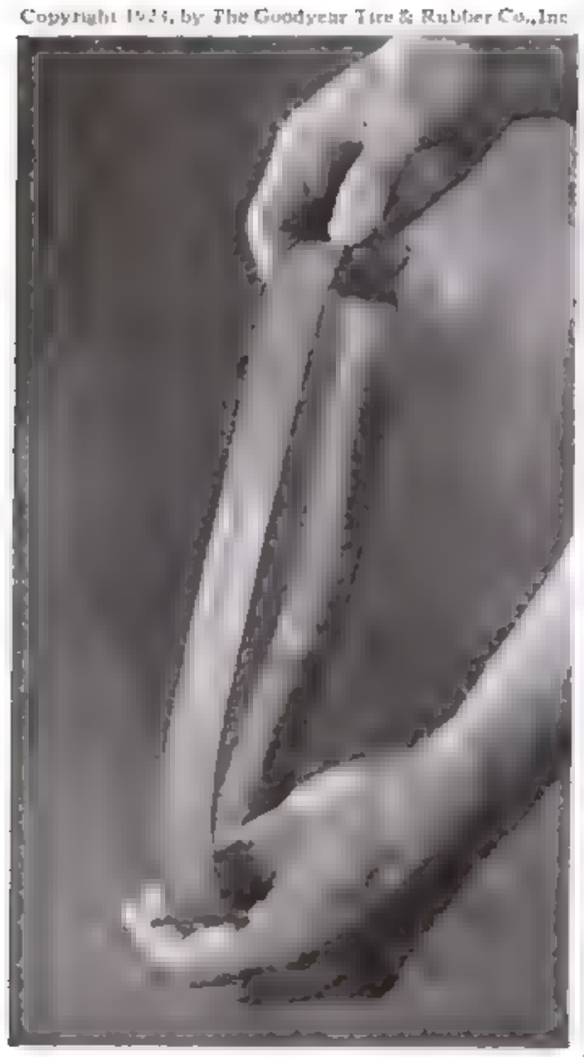
A remarkable motor car will shortly be shown to the motoring public. It will be presented by an associate company of the Maxwell Motor Corporation and the Chalmers Motor Car Company.

Mr. Chrysler, his associates and engineers have brought to bear upon the specific development of this car, three and a half years of continuous study—cars, in progressive stages of betterment, having been in actual road service for more than two years of this time.

It represents the culmination of Mr. Chrysler's vast experience, and embodies qualities of design and performance so striking that they will constitute a *profound sensation.*

A complete and detailed description of this new car will be published in The Saturday Evening Post one week hence.

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.



Get a Goodyear Fan Belt

You already know, or have heard, of the splendid service that Goodyear Belts perform in industry and on the farm. They are distinguished for long, economical and trouble-free wear.

The same dependable qualities are built into Goodyear Fan Belts for motor cars. These belts are scientifically designed to meet the demands of engine service. They are made of the highest grade materials. They are not affected by atmospheric conditions; they do not shrink; they are subject to a minimum of stretch.

Over 4,000,000 Goodyear Fan Belts have been used on Ford cars. They are now available for nine other standard light cars.

You can get these belts at your authorized Goodyear Dealer Service Station. They are a part of the extensive line of Goodyear automobile equipment, every item of which you may rely on for the better, more economical service that comes from correct design and proper manufacture.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

BELTS • HOSE • VALVES • PACKING

MARY 'LIZABETH'S FOLKS

Continued from Page 12

"Don't forget to curtsy and to say 'Yes, grandfather,' and 'No, grandfather.' Show him what nice manners you have."

She wheeled and went out abruptly as Miss Haddon opened the door.

Mary 'Lizabeth curtsied to Miss Haddon, and then stood stock-still, blinking very hard and looking her earnestest and puzzledest. In a big armchair by the window sat an old man. He was short and bulgy and bristly. His hair, even—what there was of it—stood straight up from his huge head as if he were too angry inside to let it lie down. But what fascinated her till she simply couldn't take her eyes off them was his ears. They were the most enormous ears she had ever beheld, and lay close back to his head as if they'd been glued on.

Miss Haddon put one hand on her shoulder and led her toward him.

"And this is Mary Elizabeth," she said. "We think she's a very nice and a very attractive little girl."

Mary 'Lizabeth made her best curtsy, but the old man only glared at her.

"Good looks won't help her any," he snorted. "They had good looks—too much good looks—and see what they've come to! No, I wish she was as ugly as a Chinese image."

"Oh, sir, surely ——"

The old man seemed not to hear Miss Haddon. His head was bent, and one great bristly fist opened and shut round the knob of the chair arm.

"A bad lot," he said, just as if Miss Haddon and Mary 'Lizabeth hadn't been there at all and he was talking to himself; "a rotten bad lot. And I guess she is too."

Mary 'Lizabeth flamed. Her brown fists clenched. Her small body quivered with a fury that matched his.

"I'm not a rotten bad lot, neither!" she declared fiercely. "I get my lessons and I do what I'm told and I never tell a lie to anybody!"

"Humph! You don't, eh?" He peered out at her sharply from under bulgy, bristly gray eyebrows. "Well, that's more than could be said for your precious parents."

"We think Mary Elizabeth takes after you," Miss Haddon said, with another of those radiant, infolding smiles.

People couldn't scare Miss Haddon because they owned railroads and steamship lines and because they snorted and glared.

"Humph!" he snorted again. "Well, young lady," he addressed himself suddenly to Mary 'Lizabeth, "your father's dead, driving like a crazy fool over mountain roads ——"

Mary 'Lizabeth had forgotten her anger.

"How did he do it?" she asked eagerly.

"My dear ——" This from Miss Haddon.

Once more he seemed to have forgotten they were there. His great fists opened and closed round the chair knob.

"There's one crazy fool of a rich man's son less," he said harshly.

"Oh, sir ——" Miss Haddon protested.

One guessed somehow that in spite of the glaring and the snorting she felt terribly sorry for him.

"Did he have the Christmas one on already—why he couldn't see the edge?" Mary 'Lizabeth pursued breathlessly.

"Mary Elizabeth!"

But the old man nodded grimly.

"Yes."

Miss Haddon laid a warning finger on Mary 'Lizabeth's lips. She might as well have put a broom straw in front of an express train. All her life Mary 'Lizabeth had been a living question mark, bottled up and seething inside with things that simply shrieked and screamed to be asked. And always everybody had said "My dear," or "Little girls mustn't ask such questions." Now she was going to get at what it was all about. Her thirst for knowledge left her fairly panting the questions out.

"And are you the old man?"

"Eh? How's that?" Again he snorted and peered out at her with that sharp, distrustful glance.

"I say, are you the old man the one he said was so damn tight?"

Miss Haddon's palm closed gently but firmly over her mouth.

"Mary Elizabeth, your grandfather has come to take you with him," she said, rather loudly for her. "I think you'd better run up now and get your things on."

From Miss Haddon's to Santa Barbara was one hundred miles. During the whole of the journey Mary 'Lizabeth either sat with meekly folded hands in the farthest corner of the big seat or else over rough spots in the road bounced about like a very small grain of pop corn in a very big popper. She was still bursting with questions that ached to be asked, and she had to keep repeating Miss Haddon's last words of warning and pressing her fingers tight over her lips to stop them from jumping out.

In the other farthest corner sat her newly declared relation, alternately frowning and glaring; not at her, but at something else he saw which she didn't see. Now and then his face twitched and jerked in the curiousest way, and then the great bristly fists would open and shut on his bulgy knees.

When they turned in at last through the great iron gates, she saw another car that had gone in ahead of them. It was a funny gray car, all closed in on the sides without any glass. He must have seen it, too, for his face twitched and jerked harder than ever, and his hands shut on his knees till great knots stood out all over them.

When they drew up before the red brick house, which was about twice as big as Miss Haddon's school, the gray car had stopped just in front of them. On the steps huddled a group of servants, buzzing with strange, subdued excitement. Presently, while Mary 'Lizabeth stood on the porch, clutching tightly the merest shred of his scratchy greatcoat, they lifted something long and still out of the gray car and carried it into the house.

"First time in twelve years you've been through that door, my boy," she heard the old man mutter to himself.

"Well, I never have been through it at all," she reminded him.

He had forgotten she was there. His face was twitching again, and he was frowning and glaring harder than ever.

"True enough—true enough," he muttered, and they, too, went inside.

On a great bed in a gloomy great chamber lay the long, still whatever-it-was, covered with a white sheet. The old man sat beside the bed—close, oh, so close—and Mary 'Lizabeth clutched even more tightly at the scratchy greatcoat, which he had forgotten to take off. He couldn't have been afraid, and she wondered admiringly at that. He leaned forward and drew back the sheet. The beautiful dark face which Mary 'Lizabeth had seen just once in her life to remember was crisscrossed and zigzagged with a patchwork of bandages. The beautiful dark hair, too, was half covered up and clotted and cut away in places.

"Handsome Polly Dupree!" the old man said bitterly to himself. "Handsome Polly Dupree! You're not handsome any more, my boy. Better if you'd never been. Good looks don't help any. Good looks and money—they've been the ruin of you, my boy. Good looks and money—all they're fit for is to draw bad women like flies, and one bad woman can start more men down the speedway to hell than a dozen good ones can save. . . . See to it you're not a bad woman when you grow up, do you hear?"

He wheeled suddenly on Mary 'Lizabeth, who thought he didn't know she was there, and hurled the last words at her like a blast from a trumpet.

"Yes, grandfather," she said meekly, and he promptly forgot about her again.

"When he was a little shaver—so high" he measured to the bed and went rumbling on to himself—"it was always like that. The women just melted to him, his mother, servants, nurses, everybody. They spoiled him and petted him. I determined I'd save him at any price—even the price of his love for me. They didn't understand, he didn't understand. I loved him more than they did, but—I took the wrong way somehow.

"When he drew back and looked at me with hate in his eyes, I lost my nerve. I didn't quit disciplining him, but I tried to bribe him with money. I remember the first silver dollar I ever gave him. That was the beginning. This is the end."

His head sank on his chest. Mary 'Lizabeth clutched tensely at the greatcoat. She thought he was going to slip out of the chair. But he straightened up presently and turned on her again with that terrifying abruptness.

"There's one thing you want to remember, young lady," he said harshly, "you can't buy love. I tried to buy his love—all these years since I've been trying to buy it when I might have had it for the asking. He tried to buy her love. She's trying to buy love from every Tom, Dick and Harry. Some day, unless I've got the brains to give it all away first, you'll be cursed with a lot more money than any human being's got a right to. See to it you don't try to buy love, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth gulped contritely.

"Not but what it takes real brains to make money, no matter what the whining, envious fools that can't make it say. It takes real brains to make it, but—it takes a damned sight more to keep it. Remember that, too, while you're about it!"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth gulped again.

"He's been a damned poor excuse for a father, but I've been a damneder one. I put the weapon in his hands and then stood by and steeled my will and hardened my heart and wouldn't lift a finger to keep him from blowing his brains out with it. It was all my fault—all my fault—and I was too big a coward to tell him so. And now it's too late. . . . See to it"—he wheeled round fiercely at Mary 'Lizabeth, his face twitching more horribly than ever and his eyes blinking very fast and very angrily under the bristly brows—"see to it that when you've been a stubborn old fool and you're sorry and you want to tell somebody, you don't wait till it's too late. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth said, and crept fearfully closer. "But maybe so—it's not too late. Maybe so he can still hear if you tell him—somewhere."

He blew his nose angrily, like another trumpet blast.

"When a man's dead, he's dead—that's all there is about it."

"But he's got to be somewhere," Mary 'Lizabeth insisted timorously.

"Hah!" he snorted impatiently. "He's gone!" His head pitched forward again. He sat silent for such a long time that Mary 'Lizabeth crept round a little closer in front to make sure he hadn't gone to sleep. Finally he said, "But if I thought he could hear, I'd tell him. If I thought he could hear "

"'Twouldn't do no harm to tell him, anyhow," Mary 'Lizabeth suggested practically.

But he didn't. Instead, he slid from the chair with a fierceness and suddenness that left her clutching thin air. He went down on his knees beside the bed. He put his bristly great head down close to that still beautiful bandaged dark head—close as if he were not afraid—and his shoulders heaved as if they were worked with pumps.

But all he said was just "My son—my son," over and over like that. "My son—my son." And Mary 'Lizabeth didn't know that that was the age-old cry of erring and sinful and prodigal fathers.

After a while he got up and sat on the chair again. His face was twitching and jerking so it looked as if something must surely burst loose if it didn't stop.

"He was the only thing in the world I loved, and I drove him away from me—drove him straight to hell. And now I haven't got anybody left—I haven't got anything left ——"

"You've got me," Mary 'Lizabeth hinted in a very small and fearful voice.

"H'm?"

He looked up and glared at her. Mary 'Lizabeth gulped and swallowed. She came round in front of him, where he could see her and decide fairly whether she was worth having or not.

"I say you've got me," she repeated, summoning all the courage she owned. "I never is had any folks, and now you haven't got any. Why don't we take each other for folks?"

"Eh? How's that?" He stared fiercely at her for a long time, then his head went down on his chest again. "Yes, and you'd break my heart, too—unless I had brains enough to die first."

Mary 'Lizabeth edged suggestively toward his knee

"No, I won't break your heart," she promised earnestly. "You don't know how terribly awful I want some folks—some real, honest-to-goodness ——"

A little later, sitting on his knee, with something like fiery rain splashing on her hands, her face, her brown frock, she put her head down against the scratchy greatcoat with a deep sigh of contentment. If Dorothea Plunkett could only see her now!

The Vogue of Floors Painted with Valspar Enamel

What delightful effects are created with Valspar-enameled Floors! What richness and color they give an interior!

Think of the beauty of gray floors softly contrasting with mahogany furniture—dark brown blending with oak—and the endless combinations which can be worked out between the solid color of the floor and the colors in your cretonnes, upholstery and rugs.

Anyone can apply Valspar Enamels. But, if you prefer to have the job done by a professional painter, remember this is the season of the year when you can get his best attention and service because he is less apt to be over-rushed with work.

Valspar Enamels are made of the finest pigments carefully ground in waterproof Valspar Varnish, giving you Valspar waterproofness and durability plus rich, lasting colors.

Valspar Enamels make the ideal finish for all woodwork, furniture, automobiles and other articles indoors and out on which enamels may be used. Colors: Red—*light and deep*, Vermilion, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown; also Black, White, Bronze, Aluminum, Gold and Flat Black.

With the coupon below you can get a sample can for less than cost. Give Valspar Enamels a trial.

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

Dealer's Name

Dealer's Address

Your Name

Your Address

Valspar Enamel . ☐
State color . . . . . .
Clear Valspar . . .
Valspar Stain . . .
State color

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

GOOD CHEER

The busiest man in the world on Christmas Eve is good old Saint Nicholas. But even he cannot resist the charm of Radiantfire's ruby glow. Like nearly 600,000 other people he finds it the truest and happiest expression of fireplace magic.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is made in a wide variety of period models and portables. It burns natural or artificial gas without a suggestion of odor. It will save you several tons of coal each year and provide clean, wholesome heat at a minute's notice.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your Gas Company or Dealer. Ask for it by name. If you insist upon our trade mark, we will gladly share the responsibility of your investment

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

(Continued from Page 19)

"All right, Tom," agreed the judge. "But if the boy walked most of the night, he's already pulled out of Bordentown. What with a little money, lifts, and one thing and another, you ought to meet him somewhere around Glassboro—always providing Alexander doesn't run away."

Tom paid no heed to the taunt. He went to his chaise, lowered the calash top, uncurled the whip lash, took his seat, picked up the reins, held out the whip awkwardly at arm's length, and without further preliminaries whispered hoarsely "Aleck!"

Aleck cast one amazed glance backward from the corner of his eye and plunged forward so violently that his master's head snapped back and his hat flew off. The judge rushed down the steps, picked it up and started at a run after the carriage; but from the first it was a hopeless chase. He stopped, leaned against a tree, and in his astonishment forgot to laugh. All he could hear was a thunderous, elephantine trot; all he could see was the glint of a shining black hide shot across with streamers of Tom's flying gray hair and beard. Then a cloud of dust blotted out the astounding vision.

XXIV

IT WAS too late for the judge to make a connection at Camden on that day; but early the next morning he was off, and by noon was saying to Eunice, "Don't worry about Drake: we haven't found him yet, but I feel sure he will reach Rattling Run Fields just about the time we get there."

"Rattling Run Fields?" repeated Eunice vaguely, and then threw up her head to stare unseeingly into the garden. "So," she added, "you think that's where he's gone?"

"I Love You," Whispered Eunice, So Low That He Scarcely Heard the Words

The judge looked at her and realized that he had not yet seen her. For an instant Drake, Rattling Run Fields and the whole Sherborne family as he had known it were wiped from mind. It was as though he had stepped back into a day before he had met Warner, before Drake and Io were born, a day of his own youth, when beneath a high arch of buttonwood, maple and elm he had seen a swift figure, vivid as a shaft of sunlight, dart out hatless in a swirling organdie frock to run to the little post office of Greenwich Street. He stared at Eunice. Alive she was, from the feet up. Not only her brain—all of her!

"Don't worry," he stammered, at a loss for anything else to say.

"I won't," said Eunice. "Not at present—not about Drake, I mean. But come in. Please come with me."

She led him through the tiny hall to a corner bedroom, opened the door and stood aside to let him pass. "Like that, every so often," she whispered; "all day yesterday; all last night, even in her sleep. For hours she kept calling out, 'No, Drake, no!' as she always does when she wishes him to wait for her. But today she hasn't spoken."

The judge crossed the room and discovered Io, stretched face downward, feet close together, arms outthrown, and weeping faintly, with a whimpering flutter of the breath. She lay on top of the bed and was clothed only in a nightgown of sheer muslin whose folds molded her figure into a bas-relief in marble, all except her bare arms and legs, which shone with a subdued, alabastrine glow. Once again the judge was struck by the astonishing slimness of her limbs. She reminded him of something. Always she had suggested elusively an impression, never before quite seized. Now he had it. She was like an arrow—slender, fleet, direct. Today—a fallen arrow.

He leaned over, touched her, spoke to her and, when she did not move or answer, gathered her up in his arms. She turned to him without lifting her wilted head. Her slim hands crept blindly around his neck. With her face fallen against his breast, she continued to weep softly, steadily, each sob sending a tremor through her elflike frame. He started to walk up and down, comforting her, nursing her as if she were a baby. Suddenly he stopped, and a look of dismay dawned in his eyes. Her body, so still without, was riotous within. It was hot, like fire. Through the soft cambric muslin, it burned his hands and drove daggers into his heart. Oh, quivering weeping flesh of childhood, stupendous reservoir of love and pain, fleet vessel of hope along the treacherous coasts of disillusion! Oh, maiden voyage and the rock of first betrayal!

Judge Alder trembled and his hands tightened. At that moment the morsel of human woe in his arms leaped the bounds of conception and became tremendous, immeasurable, infinitely more important than the breath of his own life. For Io he would have done anything, renounced salvation itself with a laugh. Love swirled through his veins with the purity of a leaping flame, consumed him, destroyed him, leaving behind only love—love in its most limpid manifestation, shorn of all seeking desire.

Oh, Io, hidden child, creeping out from that vast penumbra of persons seen but unknown, breathlessly announcing her advent with an unforgettable sparkle of dark eyes, wide open, challenging, yet ready to run! "Some folks say that Io was a heifer, a milk-white heifer; and some she was the baby moon." And Io, wilted, quivering, burning; strangling his heart with her enlacing arms! Never more reverent in all his life, he swore:

"By the Almighty," he muttered, "I can't stand it! Here, take her! Put clothes on her! Hurry!"

Strange, silent journey—Eunice sitting very still, with her hands folded in her lap and eyes far away; the judge, frowning, pondering; and Io at his side, sunk into the curve of his arm, quiet as death itself, weeping no longer, unless tears can fall within, showing no sign and giving forth no sound. They went first to the judge's house. He carried Io up to his own room and laid her on the great old-fashioned bed, four-posted, but testerless. From the door he turned back, took up her limp hand and pressed it until she opened her eyes.

"Listen," he promised, "if you'll go to sleep—sound asleep—we'll take you to Drake when you wake up. Will you try?"

She nodded listlessly and turned her face away. Eunice went to the windows, lowered the shades and drew the curtains.

Ten minutes later the judge was sending Gypsy along the highway at a terrific pace. When he reached Rattling Run Fields he felt its abandonment even before he threw open the door, which had been left unlocked. Old Ben got up, came snuffling at his heels, whining with distress. Realizing that he was half starved, the judge went into the cellar, fetched a great bowl of soured milk and put it down before the dog; then he hurried out to the barn.

Fortunately the two horses and the one cow, which, with the chickens, now comprised the entire livestock of the farm, had been turned out to pasture. Taking a pail, he went to look for the cow, found her waiting with neck stretched across the bars and stripped her leaking udder. How many years since he had last milked? Well, a great many; more than he wished to count. He was surprised and pleased that his hands had not lost their cunning. He drove home slowly, his eyes straining in vain at every turn and every crossroads for a sight of the unique Alexander and Tom's no less unmistakable barouchet.

Late that same afternoon he stood with Eunice, admiring the new brick steps which had replaced the ancient warped ones of wood, while Io climbed to the room she had shared with Drake since long before she could remember. They had warned her that he had not yet come, but she paid no heed. Eunice went into the kitchen, started to go through the house, changed her mind, and approached the window—the

Always Accurate

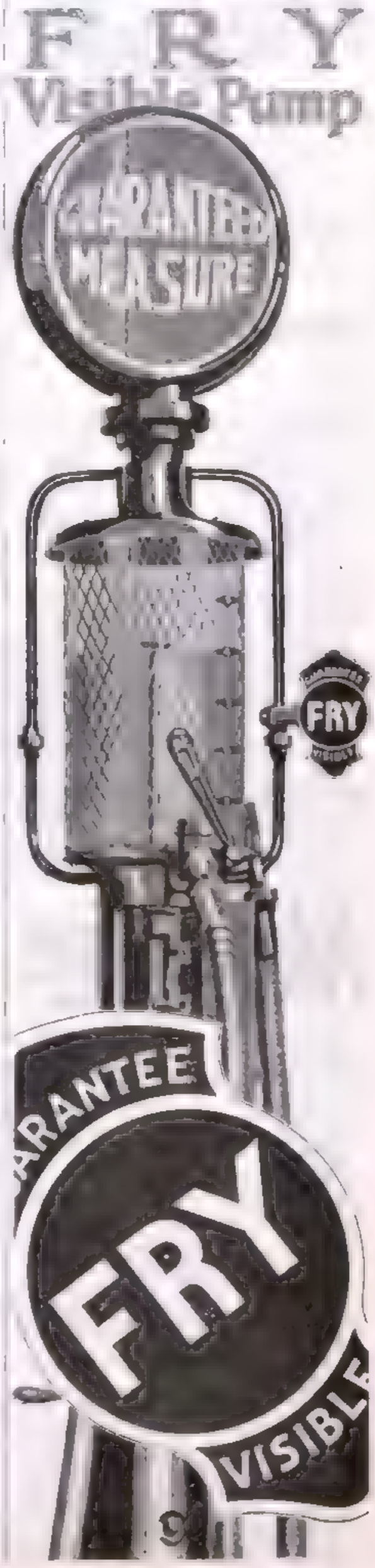
Whether on the highway, byway, or boulevard, you will find motorists prefer to buy their gasoline from the Fry Visible Pump.

Its accurate measuring mechanism insures full measure under all conditions.

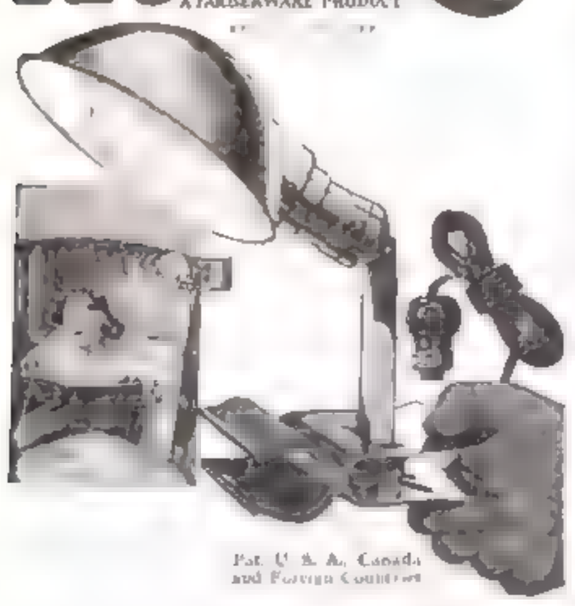
Buy from a Fry. Millions do.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
ROCHESTER, PA.

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER ONTARIO



Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT



Pat. U. S. A., Canada and Foreign Countries

The LAMP with the CLAMP

Clamps—Stands—Hangs

READ by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it on your bed or chair. Makes your reading a luxurious delight.

WRITE by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp or stand it on desk or typewriter table—lights your work, shades your eyes.

SEW by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it anywhere on sewing machine or on table or chair.

STUDY by Adjusto-Lite

Save the young folks' sight. Clamp it anywhere—instantly adjustable.

SHAVE by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it on the mirror or any place convenient and adjust the light to any angle you want.

WORK by Adjusto-Lite

On your drawing board or desk or bench or in your garage—clamp it wherever convenient.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The lamp of a thousand uses. Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact; a quality product throughout. Appropriate for any room of any home. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and 2-piece standard plug. Price $5.

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. The name is on the carton and on the clamp. Sold by live dealers everywhere.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A. and Canada—brass, $5; bronze, nickel or white enamel finish $5.50. West of the Mississippi River and Canadian Rockies, and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional.

same window through which she had watched and watched, against her will, for the spaced comings of Warner, hauling marl. Presently she exclaimed "There!"

The judge looked out. Alexander's head was just thrusting into view from the dip of Rattling Run; then followed his great fat body, no longer sleek, alas, but sadly ruffled and streaked with sweat. In the shadow of the top of the chaise, now raised, could be descried Tom's vast hatless bulk, eased forward to the edge of the seat, with Drake beside him, sound asleep; altogether a weary and bedraggled cortège. Tom alighted heavily and prodded Drake. He awoke, stumbled from the low carriage and stood dazed, rubbing his eyes, while Alexander plodded stolidly toward the barn.

Drake had grown in the year and a half since the judge had seen him; but, unlike most boys of fifteen, he was compact and lithe, though slender. His features were finely cut and he had his mother's light-brown hair; but for all his delicacy, he gave no impression of effeminacy. His eyes saved him from that. They were widely placed, steady, and both by their color and expression suggested the quality of steel. He used them now as he studied the old house; the familiar, tumble-down outbuildings, the gnarled shrubs and cedars and a single lovely flowering bush, a japonica, drenched in vivid coral bloom. At the sight of it he stood spellbound, as if for this, and for this alone, he had dared rebellion and ventured on so long a journey. Answering a hail from the judge, he went to the kitchen door and entered. He seemed narcotized, for the presence of his mother appeared not to startle him. She was sitting at the old deal table and made no move to greet him as he dragged off his cap, crossed the room and stood before her.

"Did Tom tell you we would be here?" asked the judge curiously.

"No," said Drake, never taking his eyes from his mother's face.

"Go up to your room," said Eunice quietly. "Don't come down until you have made Io laugh."

The boy started to say something, and stopped. His eyes fell before Eunice's inscrutable gaze. He turned, opened the door behind the judge and climbed the steep stairs, down which, almost two years ago, Io had tumbled at the break of a memorable dawn. Moments passed, lengthening into a quarter of an hour. The judge became alarmed, but Eunice never wavered.

"Today is Saturday," she said, breaking a long silence. "I wish you would talk to him—persuade him that we must go back tomorrow, on his account. You realize that, don't you? He must go back."

The judge nodded, turned in his chair, and as on that morning of long ago, suddenly reached back and opened the door to the stairs. Drake was standing there, alone. His face was flushed and there were tears in his eyes; but whether they were tears of contrition or rage it was difficult to say.

"Did you make her laugh?" asked Eunice evenly.

"No," said Drake; then he burst out, stammering, "Mother, I—I couldn't help it. I had to——"

"Go back upstairs," interrupted Eunice.

"No," said Drake, throwing up his head in the gesture so characteristic of Eunice.

A rebellious look lighted a tiny flame in his slate-gray eyes. He crossed the kitchen, pushed open the screen door and passed out. His mother did not call to him; she gripped the edges of the table until her knuckles turned white—almost as white as her face. The judge arose to follow Drake.

"There's more in this than shows on the surface," he said to Eunice. "You were right not to try to stop him. Go up to Io while I find Drake and talk to him."

Eunice did as he suggested. When she reached the top of the stairs she started to speak, but arrested her words at the sight of Io. Drake had done more wisely than to make her laugh: he had got her to lie down and put her soundly to sleep, with a happy smile curving her lips. Eunice drew up a chair and sat down close to the bed. She felt contrite at having ordered Drake to do an unreasonable thing. It did not occur to her that he should have told her frankly that Io was not laughing, but asleep. He had had something else to say—something to him far more vital—and she had stopped him.

"Mother, I—I couldn't help it. I had to come." Yes, that is what he had been going to say. "I had to come—here—to Rattling Run Fields." That was the thing that had been holding his thoughts above Io's grief and above his mother's command. Never before had he disobeyed a major command. She thought of Warner and a tremor ran through her body. Why had she ordered Drake to go back upstairs? Why had she not guessed that he would not—and held her tongue? Had she lost him, or was there yet time —— The specter of Warner Sherborne rose before her. Her eyes widened. Never again! No! Never would she fight her son! He could do and be what he would. Only one thing mattered—only one thing in the whole world—that she should love and be loved.

At that thought her head flew up as if she were listening. Tryer's voice came to her in recollection, "I tell you it's love—real love," and her own, in echo, "Love! How dare you say that—to me?" She remembered the terrible emptiness, and then the fury, the unreasoning fury, which had seized her. Had she found, now, the answer to those days of blind emotion and futile questioning? Was love something above and beyond the tragic power of man over woman and sex over man? Fresh from the morning of that very day, a vision came to her of the judge holding Io's warm, sobbing body in his arms. She heard again his fervent words—"By the Almighty, I can't stand it!"

Her eyes turned to the bed and filled with tears. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks; but her eyes remained wide open, fastened on Io—Io with her blot of dark, tangled hair, cupping the white pool of her face, curling caressingly against her pale cheeks with their dusky stain of color glowing deep beneath the petal surface of the skin. Eunice saw things she had never consciously seen before—the infinitesimal vibrations of her girl's nostrils; the tiny twitchings of her lips, curved to a happy smile; the thumping beat of the pulse at the side of her slender throat, and the shuddering rise and fall of her breast, too slight to hold so great a heart.

Evening was falling. In the kitchen Tom was anxiously preparing supper, a love feast of many eggs, a few rashers of bacon and a huge batch of hot biscuit. Out amid the shining apple trees the judge was pacing up and down with Drake, and Drake was repeating doggedly, "I can't tell you, sir. All I know is I had to come. It's no use saying I'm sorry, because I'm not. You see, I had to. I'm glad I did it; I'm glad I'm here. Anybody else can come or not, just as they like, but I had to. I guess mother doesn't understand how it is."

They left the faint scent of the budding orchard and passed on into the redolent woods. High above was the sheen of the new leaves; beneath their feet, the brown earth. Midway of tree tops and ground was spread the milky way of the last of the dogwood, floating like a billowing sheet of fallen stars. Far down the slope glimmered the black mirror of the swimming hole. All was silence, save for the deep reverberating voice of a lone bullfrog, coming from far out in the swamp, proclaiming with incredible hoarseness, "Water, here's water! Water, here's water!"

Drake drew near to a towering tree and laid his hand against it.

"Judge," he asked, "did you ever get the feel of a hickory?"

"Many's the time, Drake," answered Judge Alder.

He, too, laid his hand against the bole. He passed his fingers lightly up and down the bark.

How smooth, hard, upright; how tight with life—fixed, yet aspiring.

"If I wasn't me," said Drake in defiance of his schooling, "I think I'd like to be a hickory."

"Drake," said the judge, "let's find a log. I want to talk to you and I want you to talk to me. Don't be afraid. I was your father's friend, and I'm a friend to your mother and to Io and to you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Drake, and led the way through the gathering gloom to a fallen tree.

"You may not think it," continued the judge when they were seated, "but I can give you something today which perhaps no one else could give you, something that may never be offered to you again. I'll put it this way: If someone had told Tryer Mattis when he was fifteen what I am going to tell you, and made him listen, he would be a great man today. I mean he would have grown up into a hickory, and a big one. As it is he's a buttonwood bigger than any hickory, but spotted. There are places so soft in him that you could shove your thumbs in up to the knuckles. You see, I'm trusting you, I'm talking just to you. I pick out Tryer because he's somebody that you know, and are going to know a lot better. The closer you get to him the greater—and smaller—you'll find him to be. Tryer was handed all the tools of life, without the knowledge to use them; all the locks in the world without the master key. I'll tell you its name presently, but not just yet. I want to ask you a question or two first. What's the matter with your school?"

"Nothing," said Drake. "I guess the school's all right."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Why?"

For a moment Drake was silent; then he spoke slowly.

"For one thing, it's too far away from here. That's the worst. Then I'm a day boy, something from the village. Somehow, I'm—well, I'm outside. The last thing is, I don't mind fighting; but I can't stop them from calling me Mary."

"Mary!" cried the judge, laying a hand on the boy's knee. "Why, Drake, where did they get that? What does it come from?"

"You won't tell?"

"Never!"

"From Io following me around. They call her Mary's lamb."

The judge's fingers tightened.

"We'll fix that," he muttered. "You and I will clean that up between us. Tryer Mattis hit on a truer name for you when he called you a bobcat, and before we get through ——" He stopped, loosed his hold on Drake's knee and controlled his voice. "Do you think you could listen now if I were to tell you the name of the master key?"

"Yes, sir," answered Drake more warmly than he yet had spoken.

"It's just one word—'schooling.' I don't mean merely learning your book lessons. I mean so much more than that that I haven't enough schooling of my own to say it all. Your dad, Drake, was a hickory, blown to pieces by the lightning of circumstances, so that all that was left was a straight stump and roots to the very bottom of Rattling Run Fields. He never had a chance at the kind of schooling I mean; but because he held on like a bulldog to the one thing he knew, you have all the chance that fortune can give one boy. You don't have to learn to earn money; what you've got to learn is how to live. Listen, Drake; listen to this! We all want you to do exactly what you want to do. Have you got that?"

"Yes—no, sir," stammered Drake.

"There you are! You see, you can't believe it; but it's true. Here's the rest of it: Take a thousand grown men, hand-pick them. Listen! Out of that thousand you'll find only one who wasn't too lazy as a boy, or too blind, to learn how to do what he wanted to do. Now do you get it?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Drake," said the judge, after a pause, "I'm going to tell you what you're going to do, beginning with tomorrow. Don't answer me now; just think it over, tuck it under your pillow and sleep on it. You're going back with your mother and Io to school as a day scholar for the rest of this term. But you're going all alone as a boarder next year, with permission to come to Rattling Run Fields for a week-end once every month, besides your holidays. Now, here's the last thing you're going to do, and you'll only have to do it once: The first time a boy bigger than you calls you Mary, you're going to light into him with feet, finger nails and teeth—wildcat rules. If necessary, you're going to get a joint off one of his thumbs, or perhaps his ear, and eat it. By the living Harry, you're going to mark him for life with the brand of the bobcat!"

"I don't have to think it over," blubbered Drake, quivering with excitement and surrendering with a passionate allegiance to the understandingness of his friend the judge. "I've thought it over already. I'll do it all—especially that last."

XXV

AFTER supper Tom suffered a moment of embarrassment. He had long since moved, with the judge's permission, from temporary quarters in the old harness shed to what had been Warner's and Eunice's bedroom. He had had no time to prepare the room for Eunice; and although he was in many ways as neat as an old maid, he

was remembering one thing after another that he would have liked to attend to or put away before admitting her. The children went to bed; Eunice, the judge and Tom sat in the kitchen, talking only at long intervals, and then of insignificant matters. Tom had a guilty feeling that he should be upstairs, but sat on, as a man is apt to do when at a loss just how to tackle a task—above all, just where to begin. Suddenly he grunted. Sheets! There were no fresh sheets! His face turned pink beneath his beard as he turned to Eunice.

"I been living in your room. There ain't any clean sheets."

Eunice said nothing; the judge moved slowly in his chair.

"That's easily arranged," he said to her. "You can come with me and share the nurse's room. There are two beds in it, and she seldom uses either."

Eunice did not reply directly; she spoke to Tom of the new steps, congratulating him on their appearance.

"Everything about the place," she added, "is in beautiful order, Tom. It's high time you had a raise in wages."

"If I had my way," replied Tom after a pause, "you'd pay me for every week the children is away from Rattling Run, and I'd pay you back for every day they are here—one week's pay for each day."

Eunice smiled.

"You like them, don't you? They'll be here all summer, Tom, so we won't make your kind of arrangement until the fall."

She arose and started to put on her hat. The judge hurried out to fetch his rig. Five minutes later, with Eunice at his side, he was driving through the warm spring night, drenched with the odors of leaping sap in young grass, new leaves, in swelling bud and flaring bloom. His heart was beating fast, faster than the rattling catabibazon of Gypsy's hoofs. He pulled her down to a walk and kept her there. Neither he nor Eunice had spoken since leaving Rattling Run Fields, nor did they speak. The judge's eyes were fascinated by her hand, lying white against the dark material of her traveling dress. Since she dared to share so long a silence, he was emboldened to lay his free hand over hers. He felt it tremble violently and then suddenly grow still, controlled, self-mastered. Her fingers turned and folded around his with a touch that was light and cool, indescribably friendly and yet unyielding. At his house she waited in the library while he put up the mare. She heard him enter, go up the stairs and speak to the nurse. Presently he came into the room.

"I want to tell you that it's all right with Drake," he began; "only I've made him certain promises. We—well, we exchanged promises. He will go back tomorrow with you and Io, and stick out the term. He will return in the fall, but on condition that he is to go alone and to be a full-fledged boarder, with one week-end every month at Rattling Run Fields if he asks for it, and all his holidays. Is that right with you?"

"Yes," said Eunice, "quite all right. I thank you."

"He's a fine upstanding boy," continued the judge. "He said he didn't think you understood what had happened to him, that he had ——"

"Don't," interrupted Eunice, and arose. "Will you show me where I am to sleep?"

"No: not yet," said the judge, moving toward her. He waited, forcing her to meet his eyes. "You know well enough what I want to say to you," he continued in a low voice. "I want to tell you that I love you, and to persuade you that you love me. It will take hours to tell all that has come over me. When I touch Io, I touch you; when I talk to Drake, I talk to you. When I'm alone, you are with me most. In a way, you have created me. I am yours, whether you take me or not. I love you."

She looked at him steadily; her lips opened, but she did not speak. He strode forward and put his arms around her firmly, and yet not as Tryer would have done. Even so, all her body began to tremble, her hands crept up over his shoulders and she dropped her face against his breast. Like Io, thought the judge. It was as though he held again the warm, quivering form of Io.

"Eunice," he whispered, trying to make her look up. "Please."

She shook her head in denial, without lifting her face, but clung more closely to him. Presently she spoke.

"I will not tell you tonight, because I'm too tired to think. Let me go to bed, Will. Tomorrow I'll know. Tomorrow I'll tell you."

He stood quite still until she stirred restlessly in his arms; then he released her and led her into the hallway.

"The second door on the right from the top of the stairs," he directed her. "You will find your bag there."

For all her exhaustion, Eunice did not immediately fall asleep. She lay awake thinking, wondering whether she loved Judge Alder. How may a woman know whether she loves? She remembered her own girlhood, swept from the pedestal of an immemorial tradition by Tryer Mattis and saved from shame only by the alarming violence of her surrender. Then there was Warner, with whom she had lived for fifteen years. She did not think of the fifteen years, but of a single moment in all their course, the moment when she had moaned, "The snow! Oh, Warner, my dear, its flakes are like great white tears, heaped in a bank against the window." Now the judge—less, and more, than both the other men put together. How direct had been his declaration; how upright; how like himself; how his words had hewed to the line, and left it clean! Oh, why had he not taken her? Why had he consented to wait—left it to her to decide?

In the morning, while they waited for Tom to bring in the children, the judge did not trouble her with words; but his eyes followed her around and besought her answer. "Not now," she stammered finally. "I mean—in the fall, when Drake goes back to school."

"You will marry me then," he asked, "and come here with Io to live? Is that what you meant?"

She flushed. It annoyed her that he should not have taken full advantage of her ambiguity.

"I mean," she said quickly, "that I shall tell you then."

He caught the swift flicker of resentment in her eyes, and for a single instant the shrewd magistrate within him gained the ascendancy over the unseeing lover.

"No," he said, stepping forward and seizing her by the elbows; "you will tell me now."

"What do you wish?" whispered Eunice, the blood rushing from her face, and even from her lips, leaving them cold and colorless

"Say that you love me and will marry me in the fall."

"You will tell no one until then?"

"No one."

"I will marry you."

"The rest—say the rest," he ordered, tightening his hold on her arms.

His eyes met hers, held them, burned them. Her hands fluttered toward him as though they were blinded and lost, but still he gripped her firmly, constraining her to face him.

"Say it!"

"I love you," whispered Eunice, so low that he scarcely heard the words; then her head fell slowly to one side and the weight of her whole body dragged down his hands. She sank in a wilted heap upon the floor.

XXVI

THE summer of 1903 was momentous in both the lives and material activities which centered around Rattling Run Fields. With cement selling at a high figure, Mattis and the judge had decided to plunge. With all their profits of the previous season they first met their carrying charges, and then went out to borrow to the full extent of their resources. Their object was the doubling of the capacity of the plant. In furtherance of their plans, equipment had been pouring in all through the winter; and as soon as the frost was out of the ground, work had been started on the new foundations. By the middle of June, Portland cement of the Rattler Brand was being turned out at the rate of eight hundred barrels for every twenty-four hours, which meant that each weekly blast had to show over fifteen hundred tons of raw rock torn from the low cliff.

Tryer was more productively active, and consequently happier, than ever before in his life. He was constantly on the scene in person; in fact, it might be said without exaggeration that he lived only while within hearing of the rumble, crash and grind of the monstrous machinery which first pulverized the virgin rock, then burned it to a clinker, only to powder it once again into the softest yet most valiant dust of commerce.

Gradually he was collecting about him certain of those personalities who form the backbone of any long-lived industry; men

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

This KEY
opens 4,000 locks—all different

IT'S a Corbin **Great Grand Master** Key—for the one man who has the right, in an emergency, to enter every room in a university, in a great hotel, hospital or office building.

Then comes the **Grand Master** Key—for the man who has the right to unlock all the doors in one building or in one wing of a building.

Next in authority comes the **Master** Key—for those who have the right of entry on a single floor or in a single suite or group of rooms or offices.

Lastly, a whole army of individual service keys—each key operating one particular lock only.

This roughly describes the Corbin Master Key System—made possible by a Corbin invention which provides a separate locking point inside the lock—in effect, *several locks in one, with a single keyway.*

Corbin experience is at the service of those desiring to install a master key system. Each Corbin installation can be expanded indefinitely.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

Watch This Column

Priscilla Dean Coming in "White Tiger"

The real PRISCILLA DEAN—the fiery, impetuous PRISCILLA DEAN is again evident in ***"White Tiger,"*** a tense melodrama and love-story of the underworld, produced by Universal under the direction of Tod Browning, and backed with an excellent support which includes MATT MOORE, WALLACE BEERY and RAY GRIFFITH.

PRISCILLA DEAN

There is some remarkable acting in ***"White Tiger"***—situations that call for the best there is in this galaxy of stars, and I will leave it to you to judge how they acquit themselves. After all you are the judges that count, and I don't want to anticipate your verdict. But I do want you to see the picture.

* * *

Here are some other pointers which I think worth while: See HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Thrill Chaser,"*** BABY PEGGY in ***"The Darling of New York,"*** the new series of ***"The Leather Pushers,"*** JACK HOXIE in ***"The Red Warning"*** and PETE MORRISON in ***"The Ghost City."*** Even more important is VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** and ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** now playing in the principal cities.

* * *

I think it will be wise if you will keep in telephone touch with your favorite theatre and induce the manager to let you know when these pictures are coming. I promise you that Universal will never disappoint you. Just remember that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

who baby their work, who acquire the maternal instinct toward dynamite, crusher or kiln, and often end by adopting an entire enterprise as though it were an orphan. Such was Jake Werten, who had abandoned a long-neglected second-rate drug shop to become chemist to the Rattler plant; such another was Mazaro, the long-nosed Neapolitan, who had risen in a year from ditch digger to quarry master. To these and many more like them, a strike was only another name for treachery. They held their jobs the year around and lorded it over the floating labor that was rushed in each spring to carry the peak load of production and rushed out each fall to lower the overhead.

Tryer's attitude toward Eunice during these crowded months is most difficult to define, because, even could one have picked his brain, no indication of his plans or intention would have been discovered. He had no plans and was only nebulously aware of any intention. Somewhere amid the complexity of detail of his individual cosmos lingered the conviction that she was ultimately to be his. Had he not served notice on her, staked his claim? In that vague thought was set forth both his greatness and his naïve immaturity, his tremendous power of acquisition through faith against his limitations of habit and the oft-trodden rut. He was scarcely conscious of the frequency of Judge Alder's visits to Rattling Run Fields, in spite of the fact that his new car often passed Gypsy, going or coming on the roads to town; and even had he surmised that his partner was his rival, it is doubtful whether he would have stolen an hour from his labors to strengthen the fences which he deemed secure.

In the meantime life at the homestead had assumed an idyllic temper, troubled faintly by the distant rumble of the mills only when the wind blew strongly from the west. Never before had Eunice considered Rattling Run Fields as emblematic of peace or of fruition. During the fifteen years of her life with Warner it had stood for struggle, disaster and an unbending sterility. Now its atmosphere had changed to that of a nest set securely within a crotch of the living earth, with fledglings pruning untried wings for flight. She remembered almost with dismay the bitter words she had spoken to the judge:

"If I were offered happiness in this place, I would choose to be unhappy elsewhere."

How had she come so near to blasphemy? She went over in her mind once more those poignant events which had scarred her very soul, and in a moment her face grew hard, old. Thinking of Drake leaping from the hoist to rush toward the wound in the land from which he had sprung no less than from her womb, and of his mutinous flight from school, she held in the end to her aversion. No creeping beauty should win her; she was glad that she was going to marry the judge and move away at last.

The children were wholly unconscious of this feeling and given over to a quiet yet greedy orgy of enjoyment. The item which had first seized on Drake's attention was the effect of the new steps Tom had built to the three doors of the old house. He had been clever in not following the lines of the old ones of wood. The wide flare of the new steps, narrowing as they ascended, had made of the awkward tower of the ancient homestead almost a thing of grace. Drake sat on the warm bricks, patted them with his feet and hands, and felt foolish when Io asked him what he was doing. But Tom, coming from the harness shed, where he had once more taken up his abode, did not have to ask.

"Say, Drake, get your mother's permission to tear down the old corncrib and the lean-to at the back of the house. There's plenty room in the barn now for all them things. Let's build a new chicken run with the best of the lumber and make the place look a bit shipshape."

Drake flew in search of Eunice, and in the days of feverish demolition and construction that ensued Io grew more and more disillusioned, waiting to see Rattling Run Fields assume the form of a vessel, high poop and bow, masts, bowsprit and perhaps a pennant flying at the taffrail. When she learned that Tom's romantic word "shipshape" implied nothing more than spring house cleaning, applied to out of doors, she made her initial approach to boredom in following all of her brother's leads. This first defection was fostered intentionally by Eunice and the judge. Looking backward to the paroxysm of weeping brought on by Drake's abandonment of her on the occasion of his escape from school, and forward to an inevitable separation, they made plans and joined forces in keeping the children apart for as many hours as possible in each day.

This could be done only by giving them separate interests, and the project was greatly aided by two factors—the frequent presence of Jimmy Mattis, too lazy to work; and the aversion of Drake to approaching the cement plant, much less the quarry. Io, on the other hand, was fascinated by the activities beyond the brow of the far-away ridge, and Jimmy was ever ready to lead her to where she could watch them. He was a strange mixture of a boy, much like his father, except that he was less promiscuous in his affections. Ordinarily he never looked at any but the bigger of the girls among his schoolmates, and then only to tease them; but from the day Io came back to the farm he seemed to drop his usual habits and followed her around sheepishly as if she were the bell mare of a herd of ponies.

On days when there was no blasting the two would watch Drake and Tom hammer and nail as long as idle flesh could stand the strain, and then go off to lie for hours on the very edge of the quarry beneath the blot of shade of some cedar, doomed to imminent destruction. From such a point of vantage they would watch the men immediately beneath them, some breaking up the larger blocks of rock, others with ten-pronged forks loading the broken stone into the skips, and still others standing by to couple up the laden cars with the snakelike cable running from the hoist. As each load went up the incline they would hold their breath, waiting for the sounds of tipple, roar and crunch. Like a background was the ponderous low drone of the battery of mills.

There came a day when Jimmy gained permission from his father to bring Io to the plant. Men stopped their work as she drew near, so slight was she, and withal so great a presence. Rightly had the judge named her the arrow. Incredibly slender, moved by some unseen power, she seemed to be here and there at one and the same time, without fuss or effort. Her dark curly hair was clustered about her head like a crown, and from beneath its disordered thatch her brown eyes, with their buried flashes of smoky fire, challenged the world, giving warning that she stood ready to take all dares. When she smiled—ah, when she smiled, that which was hardest in the breast of any man turned to water, and that which was tenderest choked and almost strangled on itself.

Jimmy led her to the floor of the quarry and Tony Mazaro himself took them in an empty skip to the top of the hoist. Unheard of sacrifice of time, complete and unsurpassable homage! He even remained to hold Io up so that she could lean over the guard rail and watch the next car hit the tipple and rumble its load of rock into the insatiable maws of the crusher. So fascinated was she by this sight and the amazing hunger and capacity of the grinding jaws of iron, that she refused point-blank to go farther. In vain did Jimmy recount the wonders of the ball and tube mills, and even of the blinding blaze of the fiery kilns; in vain did Mazaro assert with naïve, tender-sounding profanity that he had to go back to his work. Io clung to the rail, and, restrained by the feudal traditions of the Old World, he dared not cross her, much less pull her away. In desperation he sent for Mattis.

Tryer came swearing and stayed to laugh long and loud at the swarthy quarry master's predicament. Gradually he sobered as his eyes made swift estimate of his boy Jimmy, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, large for his age and moderately well formed, and of Io's delicate figure, stirruped in Mazaro's hands and doubled as clean as a jackknife at the hips to permit her to lean far out over the crusher.

"Here, I'll take her," he said, stepping forward and encircling Io's waist with his powerful fingers.

Instantly she threw herself backward, writhed, twisted, slipped from his hands like an eel and darted away along the rickety platform. Tryer, Mazaro and Jimmy all dived for her flying skirts, and missed. Tryer was the first to recover his presence of mind: he bellowed to the man at the skip head, who was just in time to hold out his arms and deflect her flight down the narrow stairway which led to the ground. Jimmy followed, and presently caught up with her.

"What's the matter, Io?" he asked. "Why did you run away from dad?"

"He caught hold of me," stated Io, apparently unperturbed. "He—he touched me."

Jimmy looked at her, saw that she was not at all angry, and wondered. She started to run up the ascent to the pasture, and though he was her elder and a boy, he was far more blown than she by the time they reached the top of the low hill.

"Io," he panted presently, "it's a real hot day. Let's you and me and Drake go swimming."

She stopped and stared at him.

"No," she said, in the same untroubled tone in which she had stated her reason for running away from Tryer Mattis.

XXVII

SO IMPORTANT had grown the affairs of the Rattling Run Company that the judge had resigned from the bench and returned to a desultory law practice which made him the master of his own time. Owing to the heavy carrying charges, the income he received from the plant was not large, but he was content to leave all his eggs in the one basket. He was shrewd enough to perceive that whether Tryer's fantastic dream of concrete roads ever came true or not, the future of the enterprise in which they were jointly and almost equally interested was assured. He gave legal consultations in the morning and in the afternoon could be seen invariably taking the road to Rattling Run Fields.

His connection with the plant was so well known, and the house of the Sherbornes was so hidden, that his daily visits to the homestead passed almost unremarked. Indeed, even if the most avid gossips had followed him and watched his meetings with Eunice they would have got little reward for their pains; because the judge had learned his lesson. Never would he forget Eunice's head, drooping slowly to one side, and the full weight of her body dragging his hands to the floor. That had been no ordinary collapse, but the sheer victory of a suppressed emotion over flesh too sorely tried. When, yet again, he remembered that this was the woman whom he had once likened in his mind to a bit of useful harness he felt small in his own eyes, and frightened. He was different from Mattis in that it was not in him to play with fire for the mere sake of the game.

He spent hours with Eunice and her children; but even after Io, and then Drake, had gone to bed, he never risked more than a quick contact of hands as he said good night to Eunice. That restraint, however, did not apply to his eyes or to his tongue. He would follow every movement she made, and when they were alone he would make love to her with words that kept her from ever doubting his ardor and which sometimes swept over her almost with the effect of a lingering caress. Only when the summer was drawing to a close did he remind her of her promise and ask to know her wishes. Where would she like to be married, and when, and did she want the children to attend?

"No," said Eunice, answering his last question first. Then, after a pause, "The day before Drake goes back to school; quietly—very quietly."

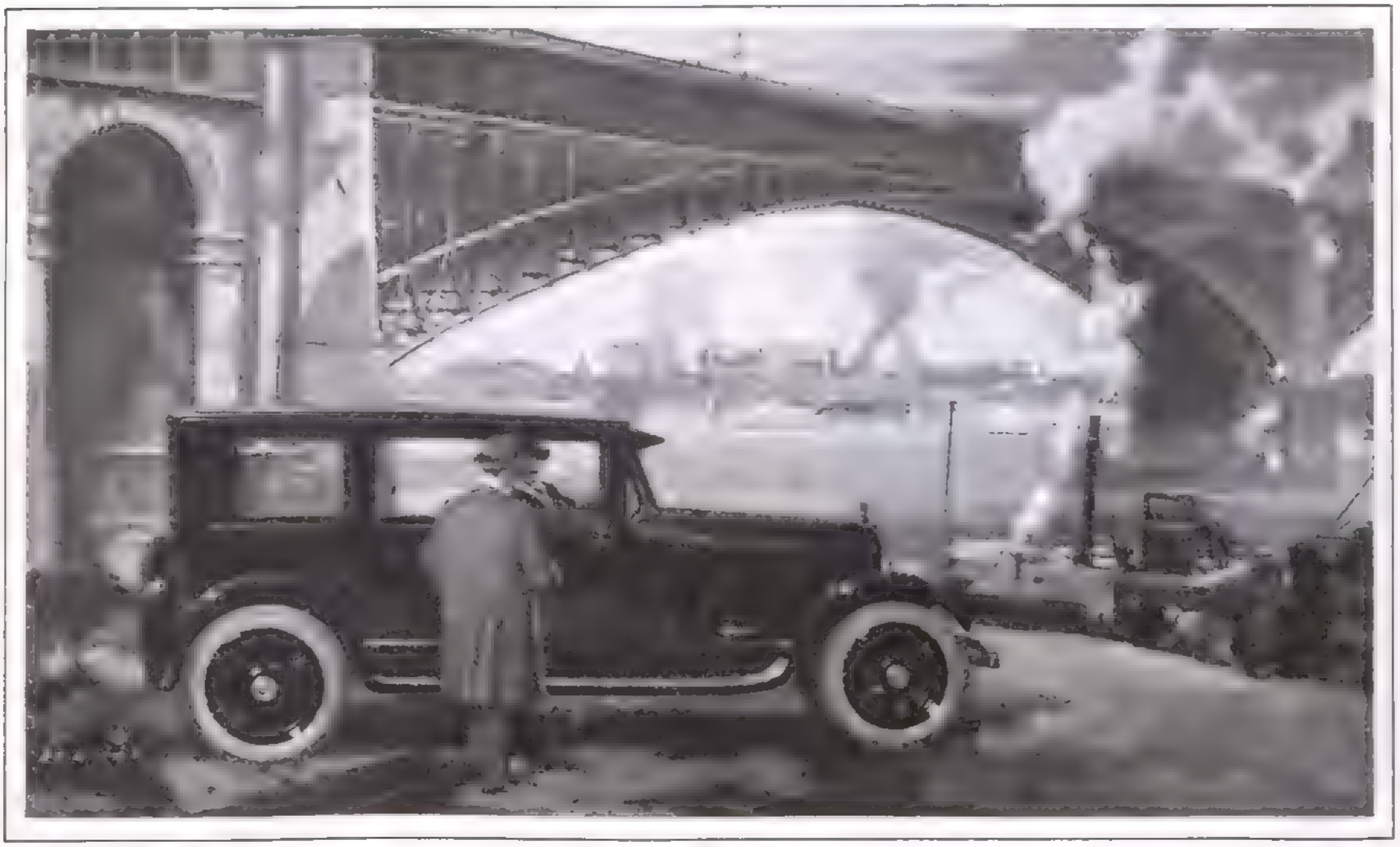
"Do you wish to go away afterward?"

"Yes; a long journey," she answered. Her eyes remained grave, but a mischievous smile played with the corners of her full lips as she added, "A journey in your library. Nowhere else."

On the appointed day she changed her decision in part. Drake, with Tom's aid, was so absorbed in putting the finishing touches to some last embellishment that it seemed cruel to leave Io behind. Besides, how better could the blow of separation from her brother be softened than by giving her a new and divided sense of importance, a privilege in which he had no share? Drawn by Gypsy, the three set out on the long drive to a neighboring county seat, not the one of the judge's residence. There, before a justice of the peace and Io's wide-open, wondering eyes, William Alder and Eunice Sherborne were married.

One would have thought that the parallel of this procedure with that of her former marriage would have reminded her of Warner, but it did not. She had lived too profoundly to attach much importance to a similarity in mere externals. The mood in which she faced union with the judge had nothing whatever in common with her flight from Mattis into Warner's arms.

Continued on Page 76



The Eads Bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis was begun in 1867 and completed in 1874. It is a mammoth steel arch structure of three spans and is one of the outstanding achievements of engineering genius

"I have had 10 Marmons

—*They have given me hundreds of thousands of miles of real enjoyment*"

By P. DE C. BALL
Capitalist and Manufacturer, St. Louis

"WHEN I bought my first Marmon, back in 1910, I wanted a car that was powerful, easy to handle, comfortable and good looking.

"I got all this, and a great deal more. Today with four Marmons in constant use, I may say that I am spoiled for any other car. I have known the superlative in transportation. My tenth Marmon is my pride; it's ready whenever I am, and I cannot ask it a service it cannot render.

"We have driven in our Marmons from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Canadian line to Mexico. We have driven through rain and snow, mud and sand. Good roads, rocky roads, impossible roads. But the Marmon smilingly takes them all.

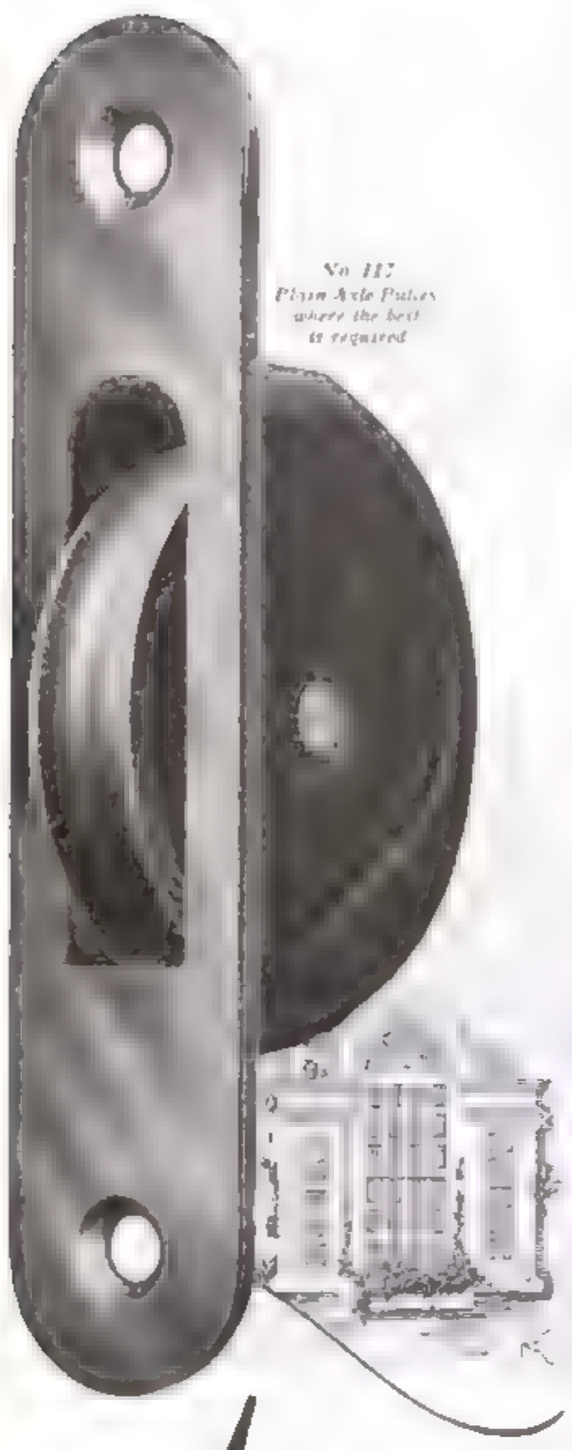
"The roadster which I have just discarded was still running quietly and going strong, after 100,000 miles of trying use.

"I haven't seen any other car that could lure me away from the Marmon!"

NORDYKE & MARMON CO., *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

M A R M O N

Marmon prices reduced: 7-passenger Phaeton now $2785 (formerly $3185) f. o. b. Indianapolis, without Government tax. Corresponding reductions on all other models



A small item of great importance

ANYONE who has planned a house or other building knows the important part played by a few of the little details.

The sash pulley is one of those things that the experienced builder has learned to take seriously.

He knows that windows are operated more frequently and continuously than almost any other part of the building. He knows this hourly opening and closing depends mostly on the pulley used in the sash.

The American Pulley Company has taken this item seriously and designed an improved line of sash pulleys. Made of steel, electrically welded, rust proofed. A little thing worth remembering if or when you are building.

Ask for descriptive printed matter, "Importance of Windows in Building."

See our catalogue in Sweet's

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, Steel Sash Pulleys, and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia

AMERICAN SASH PULLEYS

Continued from Page 74

Then she had plunged into a material penance; now she moved sensitively and in a subdued exaltation toward a spiritual fulfillment. If she was afraid, it was the fear of humility before her own limitations, real or imagined.

The judge's long restraint had made its marked impression. During the four months which had passed since she admitted her love for him this man had seen her constantly, known that she was his by right of conquest, and yet had stood steadfastly by some law which to him ranked higher than the achievement of a merely intrinsic possession. Little did he know how much he had gained by this exhibition of a strength to which she had been a stranger. Day by day she had felt growing within her the power to love above and beyond the implications of physical surrender—that power whose first stirrings had made her turn on Mattis with unreasoning fury and ask him how he dared to speak to her of love.

As they were driving homeward the judge chanced to glance at Eunice just as she threw up her head, shaking it free from fear and doubts. Io, tired by the long drive, was sitting in her lap, with head fallen against her shoulder, and though Eunice was not looking at the child, there had stolen into her face the selfsame effulgence which he had seen once before at the end of the night-long vigil beside Warner's body, an effulgence which had seemed to dim the paling lamp and dissolve the very walls of the room in which she stood. Holding her children hand in hand, she had taken a single step, and it had been as though she strode, attended, through open fields. So now did her face appear.

When they reached Rattling Run Fields Tom was in the kitchen preparing supper, with Drake following him around, talking purposefully of what they two would do when another summer should have at long last come around.

"Drake!" cried Io excitedly, and cast a pleading look at her mother.

"No, Io," said Eunice. "Wait a moment, dear." The judge came in from hitching the mare. "Drake," called Eunice, "come here. I have something to tell you." Drake turned and met her smiling eyes. "The judge and I were married today. Drake, are you glad or sorry?"

Drake drew erect and studied his mother's illumined face. Her smiles, so rare in the first days of their childhood, had an extraordinary ascendancy over the moods of her children. Now it was as though she took an unfair advantage in smiling at her son. He felt like flinging himself into her arms, and yet drew back, struggling with a new-found sense of individuality. He and his mother, who had once been one, were suddenly no longer one, even though love remained. It was puzzling; it made him awkward, but he held his ground.

"I don't know," he answered. "Will I have to call him father?"

"No, Drake," interposed Judge Alder. "Why should you? Yesterday I was the judge to you; today I am the same man, only happier—a lot happier. And you are still Drake Sherborne, the son of your father, Warner Sherborne, and of Rattling Run Fields. Nothing can change those two things."

Drake's troubled face broke into a whimsical smile.

"I know now, judge," he said. "I'm glad—almost as glad as mother."

No one had noticed the red flush which had glowed for a moment on Tom's cheek bones, or the water that had risen to his eyes, making him for an instant a pitiable object. He recovered himself, came forward and wished Eunice happiness with a finished courtliness that made the children stare and the judge wonder; but there was little time for speculation as to where Tom had learned his manners. There was supper to eat and packing to do, for Drake was to spend this last night of his holiday in the judge's house, where Eunice and Io were to take up their abode, leaving Tom, as before, in possession of Rattling Run Fields.

The judge, with Eunice, drove ahead, and the children in Tom's old chaise followed at a far more leisurely pace behind Alexander, once more astonishingly fat and incredibly sleek. During the ride, with Io standing at the dash and Drake sitting at his side, Tom grew gloomier and gloomier, finally giving vent to the following aspiration: "I wish I was a bear."

"Why, Tom?"

"Because," replied Tom, "the bear is a hibernating animal."

"Is he?" asked Io vaguely. "And is that something nice, Tom?"

"Very nice. It means he is an animal that will have no truck with winters, not on any account whatsoever. As soon as ever it gets cold and lonely he fills his belly, makes himself comfortable in a deep hole, and goes to sleep until the spring."

"Gee!" exclaimed Drake fervently. "I wish I was a bear too."

"But you won't be lonely, Tom," said Io after a moment's thought, "because I am going to have a pony and I'll come to see you every day."

"Who told you you were going to have a pony?" asked Drake.

"Nobody," replied Io calmly. "I told myself. I just thought of it."

At the moment when they were thus chatting, the judge was leading Eunice into the bedroom of his mother. She was very old and an invalid, but there was something in the frame of her face, made evident under the tightly drawn and almost transparent skin, which proclaimed her the source of the strength in her son.

"Mother," said the judge, "this is Eunice, of whom I have told you so much. We were married today."

"Let me look at you," said Mrs. Alder, reaching out. Eunice took the extended hand and knelt beside the bed. The old lady peered into her face. "Don't be frightened," she said presently. "I give you a good son."

XXVIII

ON THE following morning the judge accompanied Drake to the station while Eunice went to enroll Io in a local school. Io kissed her brother good-by with a set face, but without a tear. Thanks to the preparation of the summer, or to some far deeper influence within herself, she did not look upon this separation as she had regarded Drake's treacherous flight. The impulse to follow him in all things was not necessarily dead, but it was under control, to remain henceforth a possession, not a master.

Just as the judge returned, he heard a low call from across the street. It was Eunice. He waited, and together they entered and went to the library. With the children gone the house was strangely still, and yet not empty or deadened, for each room in it seemed to have a subtle power of self-assertion, of animate life. Too little attention has been paid to the individuality of houses and rooms. Who ever thinks of a room as a mold to body and mind? And yet all men reflect in their souls the rooms in which they have lived; all men bend here and bulge there, little or much, according to the material horizons that have hemmed them in or hurled them to the peaks which transcend all walls.

Sitting in the library, with the judge before her, Eunice stared at the spot where she had sunk to the floor, overcome by that within her which had been permitted to find expression through no other channel save collapse.

Who was that passionate woman? How had she strayed into this untroubled air? Was she here now, no longer all-important, but contained within a firmament—one star, glowing red amid the crystalline planets of a serene heaven?

The drone of summer called her eyes through the open windows to the inner garden, filled with such a wealth of trellised verdure that it seemed to drip with shade, sifting the brazen light of day, toning it to a green effulgence before it entered to the company of the somber yet friendly books. She turned and looked within. She perceived presently that the room knew no divisions. Here were not serried volumes on shelves, cool shadows, worn chairs and the judge's glowing eyes against a background of right-angled walls, each set apart from the other. No; all were one, an expression of a single whole. Gradually she possessed the truth that peace can be an element in which we may live by intention. She leaned back in her chair with a sense of immersion in a slow-moving flood of content, a suppliant for inclusion within its unity. How still everything was, and yet alive. How very still.

There came the jangling of a bell, a furious knocking, the front door flung open to crash and jar against the wall, the heavy steps of a man blundering into the parlor, returning to the hall, entering at the far end of the library. Mattis stood there for a moment, hatless, glaring, his hands hanging low at his sides. He came toward them, and as the light from the windows struck his face his bloodshot eyes showed red as garnets. A rumbling was issuing from his throat which became distinguishable as hoarse words when he drew nearer. He was speaking to Eunice.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded. "Just tell me that! Why?"

The judge had arisen and sprung forward, but at Tryer's words, the exact repetition of those he himself had cried out to Elizabeth Banning years ago, he stopped suddenly, threw back his head and laughed. Eunice stared at him, wondering. Even Mattis was startled for an instant into a puzzled, vacuous expression.

"Oh, that!" he roared at the judge with abrupt understanding. "I ain't asking you why you done it. I know well enough. You done it to get even; but you've taken that which bears my mark, the mark you never put on a woman in all your born days."

The judge sobered, his face turned white and his eyes blazed.

"Stop! Another word of that and I'll hit you with anything I can reach!"

Tryer threw up his hands and waved them about in his gesture of a man fighting off bees. He did not wish to hear the judge, nor to fight him; his momentous business was with Eunice alone. She had not left her chair, and his great head sank between his shoulders as he thrust his face toward her. Sweat was trickling across his forehead and down his bronzed neck; his chest heaved like a bellows, and his words came out in gasps.

"Vic, you're my woman. Didn't you sign and seal it with your arms around my neck? 'Go away!' you says. 'Go away!' and like a fool I went, but I said I'd come back, and I did come back, as soon as ever Warner was under the ground. Didn't I tell you then you was my woman? Couldn't you wait? What I been doing all these months but standing by, working my head off for you and your kids, feeding you and them, making you into a lady and giving them their school? I was there, and you knew it. You're my woman. I put my mark on you afore you was growed, and it's a mark that never comes out. Get up, come out of that chair and away. To the devil with your marriage lines and the Judas judge."

"Eunice," said the judge rapidly, "when I go for him leave the room—lock yourself in somewhere—stay there."

"Stop, Will," said Eunice, without rising. "Stand back!"

So quietly did she speak that he obeyed, confused by her calm into thinking he had been alarmed without reason. The two men yielded subconsciously to an arresting pause, but a pause of expectancy. They waited, their eyes fastened on Eunice.

"Stand where you are, Tryer."

She arose and placed herself directly before him. Her gaze met his bloodshot eyes squarely. He knew a wild instant of hope, and then a swift sinking of the heart. Her eyes, her face, all her erect body, were like a fixed wall of denial. Seconds passed, lengthening into moments. She did not move or speak. She could have been cruel had she permitted her eyes to wander over his person, but she was content to remain completely impassive; and Tryer, ever as sensitive to atmosphere as a chameleon to color, needed no dagger to tell him where he stood.

His eyes broke away from her steady gaze and flickered up and down her figure, so securely poised, so fresh in its reacquired youth, so convincingly unattainable. From her they leaped to pass swiftly about the room, discovering it for the first time. Presently they dropped. As on that day when he had watched her from behind the elm, he stared down at his hands, at his heavy muddied boots, at his soiled shirt cuffs and hairy wrists. His shoulders slouched and the expression of bold audacity so habitual to his face suddenly broke and began to disintegrate. It was a terrible thing to see. Eunice's eyes became suffused. She turned quickly, picked up a book from the table beside her and left the room. To avoid looking at Mattis, the judge watched her go, and even after she had passed out he kept his gaze fixed on the door.

"Bill, I take back the Judas."

The judge looked around to find Tryer standing beside him with extended hand—a changed Tryer. Wisps of his shock of hair, usually standing at every rebellious angle, were fallen and plastered to his brow with drying sweat. In his eyes, his lips, in his whole face, was a peculiar unnamable suggestion of nakedness, a shameless yet innocent revealment of the stripped body

of the soul. It was as though the vessel of his strength had been shattered by a blow and quickly emptied. He was like a giant tree with the heart riven out of it by lightning, and when the judge saw that this crumbling wreckage of a tower of self-esteem was trying to smile, a lump rose in his throat and he felt such a surge of compassion as he had never before known. He seized the extended hand and held to it, though it remained limp in his grip.

"Tryer," he said, "brace your shoulders."

"My shoulders," repeated Mattis apathetically, but made no effort to comply. What strength he had he was pouring into the endeavor to make his lips smile. "I can't," he added presently.

"You can try, can't you?" demanded the judge.

"I can try," said Mattis, giving utterance to the fighting phrase which had nicknamed him, but in such a tone that the words seemed a denial of themselves, as if they, too, had become suddenly emptied. They accomplished one thing, however.

"I-Can-Try Mattis—Tryer Mattis," he said, and smiled.

He freed his hand and turned to go, but the judge followed, praying for an inspiration; and it came before they reached the front door.

"Got your automobile here, Tryer?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd drive me out to the works. Have you thought out a way to run in the new conveyor without a shutdown?"

For a moment Tryer's face remained vacant, then he frowned and the muscles of his jaws began to tighten.

"We can do it in three sections," he began, and went on, while they stood on the sidewalk beside the car, slowly gathering his thoughts, outlining his plans, making his points with increasing emphasis.

"Take me out to the plant," repeated the judge. "I want to go over that and some other things with you on the spot—all the things you've been growling to me about."

He entered an automobile for the first time in his life. For a swift mile he kept silence, absorbed with trying to measure the new sensation; then, finding himself at ease, he turned his head, looked at Tryer's gathered brows and took comfort.

"Tryer," he said presently, "I'm beginning to see things. I'm just learning to know that when you are right I am dead wrong. There's no halfway about it. We ought to put up a plant at Rattling Run that will make all the bricks in the world water at the mouth for our cement."

Tryer drew a long, quivering breath and his shoulders slowly straightened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

Continued from Page 4

constructively, to extend democracy. It is upon the latter fond, though perhaps delusive hope that the following analysis is based.

Looking carefully at the picture of representative government as we see it operating in America today, its most obvious outstanding feature is the two-party plan. The Government functions through political parties. In the United States these parties are called Democratic and Republican; in England and Canada, where the same two-party principle prevails, they are called, loosely, Liberals and Conservatives, the ins being dubbed the Government and the outs the Opposition. This conception of government, Anglo-Saxon in origin, is deeply embedded in our traditions and associations. Through the machinery of these two parties the country has been, is and probably will continue to be governed for some time.

The alternative to this two-party principle which is the backbone of our present representative system is government by multiple parties—that is, by numerous small, violent coteries, combinations, groups, which war against each other to gain control and head up inevitably in dictatorships, one stout rascal leaping upon the shoulders of his fellows, seizing the reins of government, dealing death or castor oil to other stout fellows down below who are straining to do likewise to him, until eventually one of them leaps a little higher, succeeds, and is in turn blackjacked from behind, so that the process resembles a series of waves, a succession of disorganizing crises, with thugs, fanatics or irresponsible freaks in the saddle, and safety, business, education and a stable government policy sliding to the dogs in the turmoil.

These small antagonistic coteries, groups and gangs split up and dissipate the energy necessary to concerted action and are impotent in themselves. In America they are foozling and futile so long as they remain outside the party organizations, for these are the duly authorized channels, the vehicles for political energy, influence, power, and outside of them there is no machinery for getting ideas transmuted into actual legislation. The ideas, so long as they remain disconnected from the political vehicles, remain simply—ideas.

These are the conditions which govern political activity in the United States today, and they cannot be evaded, ignored or Coué away. Applied to women citizens, the broad principle may be stated thus: Groups striving to influence politics and refusing to work inside the duly constituted channels dissipate their energies; their labors do not count. There are numerous and unimportant little pseudo-political coteries, hole-in-the-wall bunches of special pleaders, alleged political salons, not to mention certain brilliant but pathologic cranks, who, scorning to extinguish their bright individualities inside the drab alignment of political parties, seek to mold government policy and legislation by influence from the outside. Their effectiveness is about that of a lad with a sling shot trying to arrest the progress of Betelgeuze.

It may be more colorful, dramatic and appealing to kick against the pricks of the existing parties than to join them and labor constructively for their improvement on the inside. It is always easier to attack than to create; and the present organizations, by their very imperfections, a kind of high, solemn swagger, an I-am-God-and-don't-you-forget-it air, lay themselves peculiarly open to ridicule by lively female minds. But that is beside the point. The point is that all these hole-and-corner coteries, salons, alleged national parties and what nots get nowhere; they do not arrive; their train, despite its siren screams of publicity, never leaves the station. And why? Because it's not switched onto the right rails; it's disconnected from power.

These several groups are up against a condition and not a theory. For, kick as they may, ridicule, carp and criticize as they may, the stubborn fact remains unchanged that this country is governed by the two-party principle and is, by all signs, going to continue on indefinitely in the same fashion, however drab and undramatic such a method may be. That being the case, those who refuse to tie themselves up with power are already beaten at the post. They're out of it, so far as influence and political activity go. They may, indeed, achieve a certain transitory notoriety, an occasional headline in the paper on dull days when the editors are hard up for real news; but actually, constructively, they are impotent: they have cut themselves off from the living current of power as effectually as when one hangs up the receiver of the telephone.

So much for the first and basic proposition of government by the two-party system. It's a law which women will have to put up with whether they like it or lump it, like the law of gravity or original sin. But if it is agreed that government as it exists in America and England by two great parties is preferable on the whole to government by dictation, by morally irresponsible little coteries and fanatical freaks eager to smash the entire structure for the sake of enthroning some untried theory, then the two organizations already in existence, thinking of them for the moment simply as vehicles, pieces of machinery, are fairly good mechanisms for permitting the individual citizen to express his will and get his opinions across into representative government. Not direct government—that's something else again. The more one sees of direct government, the common or garden name of which is dictatorship, with mad interludes of mob rule, the more wisdom is seen in putting checks on that by electing responsible representatives who act as brakes on mob passion, mob revolt, mob will.

These two parties, moreover, possess the profound practical advantage of being deep-rooted in popular tradition and popular

Paying for waste that *cannot be burned*

"12% ash" reads one item in the analysis of what purports to be good coal.

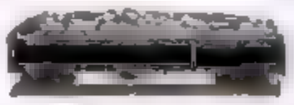
Translate this into dollars and cents.

It means that every ton of coal delivered contains 240 pounds of something that cannot be burned on the grate, something on which freight must be paid from the mine, something that must ultimately be shoveled into a cart and hauled away.

Ash, dirt, impurities that cannot be burned must be paid for heavily in freight charges and labor costs.

Industrial executives who buy Consolidation Coal reduce this sheer loss to a minimum. For Consolidation Coal is clean. It is so mined that layers of clay and slate do not necessarily fall with the coal. It is carefully prepared so as to remove extraneous and visible impurities.

As a result, Consolidation Coal is transported and burned with the minimum waste.



THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Bankers Trust Bldg*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Kirby Bldg*
MILWAUKEE, WIS. *843 South Canal Street*

Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND *Bidlner Sq Bldg*; GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg*; MONTREAL, QUEBEC *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Shaughnessy Bldg.*; GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*; WAUKEGAN, ILL. *Waukegan Coal Company*

Harvey
RACINE
Ride Rite
(PATENTED)
Shock
Absorbing
Springs
Stop
"Drumming"

Whether your drive takes you over stony or frozen country roads, pitted city pavements or street car tracks—if your car is Harvey Ride Rite equipped you will never experience that supreme annoyance, "drumming" wheels.

Harvey patented Ride Rite shock absorbing springs carry your car smoothly over every bump without throw, snap or jar. You are not distracted by unevennessinthe roadway, Ride Rite built-in shock absorbing construction takes care of that.

"The Joy of Easy Riding" contains the key. Write for your copy

This sign identifies Harvey dealers. They are men of integrity and experience. You can safely trust them with your spring troubles.

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Dept. 13 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

sympathies and drawing their lifeblood from popular consent. If they were scrapped we should straightway have to invent others on the same model; and the new ones, even granted they were theoretically perfect machines with plenty of spare parts, would still labor under the handicap of being new, untried and liable to blow up while the testing process was under way.

And even could this handicap be overcome, still by their very strangeness they would lack the confidence of the people, those imponderable, invisible assets which a business firm names good will; and lacking them, they would have to be rebuilt, slowly and laboriously, into the traditions and associations of the people.

"It was good enough for father and it's good enough for me," is a banality which contains a profound psychological truth. So, on the whole, the imperfect institutions known as the Republican and the Democratic parties are here in our midst to stay; first, because the inherent nature of our two-party system of government demands them; second, because they are embedded so deep in the hearts of the people that to dislodge them would be dangerous; and third, because as human institutions they are psychologically sound and answer fairly well their purpose, which is to permit the individual citizen to express his will in shaping government.

If a political bookkeeper were to draw up a ledger account of the virtues and defects of this system he would find an emphatic balance on the credit side. And the proof of this is that after almost a century and a half during which this system has been in active operation, despite the strains of a devastating civil war and various foreign encounters, despite the vast influx of millions of ignorant and politically untrained immigrants to whom self-government is an empty phrase, the country is still neither in the hands of a dictator nor a receiver, but is a distinctly going concern; it has not yet fallen into the yellow leaf of moral or social decay, but, despite the calamity howlers, has managed to rub along somehow with its burden of imperfections, and is marching at the head of the world procession, and other great and puissant nations are turning to it for guidance in their tangled affairs. As a system it has stood the acid tests of those three great ravagers, war and peace and time. Evidently then it cannot be the creaking archaic failure its critics would fain believe.

The Dictator Germ

As we are embarked on a kind of rubberneck expedition to view some of the main points of interest in the governmental scene, it may be well to halt the rubberneck wagon at this point and megaphone certain salient bits of information: Ladies and gentlemen, the two enormous animals you see basking somnolently before you are the largest specimens of American fauna now in captivity; they are respectively known as the tiger and the elephant, otherwise the G. O. P. Alive? Very much so, especially around elections, though they have a way of sinking into profound lethargy at other seasons of the year.

I see, ladies and gentlemen, that some among you have already discovered certain black spots or discolorations which mar the bodies of these great beasts. Yes, they are disease spots, caused by a germ which bores its way in, intrenches itself and begins to feed on the healthy living tissues. It is called the dictator germ and is particularly active and virulent throughout the world today. The spot upon which the dictator germ fastens and feeds is called, somewhat erroneously, a machine.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, look closely at this particular plague spot in which the dictator germ has deeply embedded itself and is stolidly eating its way toward the White House, upon which its sightless vision is fixed. Cannot you faintly distinguish certain tall skyscrapers, magical soaring towers and fairy-like minarets cutting the upper blue? Yes, Manhattan! And in order not to play favorites, now cast your eyes upon this plague spot which disfigures the powerful flank of the G. O. P. Here also the dictator germ has bored its way in and is pursuing its tainted trail. If you look sharply you can distinguish the sturdy outlines of Independence Hall glimpsed through the leafless trees. You have guessed it! Philadelphia, the original home of brotherly love, now the domicile of the dictator germ.

There are two interesting things to remember in connection with this disease germ, ladies and gentlemen. The first is that it attacks with equal enthusiasm the body of either party. The second is that, once embedded, the microbe strives to conceal its identity within the identity of the body it battens upon, so that in one city it calls itself the Republican Party and in another the Democratic Party, when it is neither the one nor the other, but the destroyer of both—a foul disease germ. And is it curable? Certainly; but not merely by providing spittoons for the polling booths; not by denials of its sinful existence or whispering Coué's mystic formula. The first step is to recognize the situation for what it is—a disease fastened upon the body and not the body itself. The second step is to fight it as you would fight any disease. Get the patient out into the air. Expose him to sunlight and the ultra-violet rays of publicity. Don't heed his howls, his ravings, his passionate adjurations to loyalty, his savage threats to kill you. That's not the patient speaking; it's the voice of the disease.

Bait for the Suckers

Dropping the megaphone and the metaphor and returning to the scrutiny of the parties, it is necessary for women, if they are to work effectively, to know something of their framework. What is a party anyway? What is a party organization? Which is which? If a citizen holds certain ideas, opinions, policies, and he desires to have them embodied in active government form, he joins this or that party. Thus the party concerns itself with ideas, policies; and the party organization is the business plant, the machinery, the practical apparatus for getting those ideas, opinions and policies across. The organization is the body, so to speak, of which the broad principles and policies are the soul. And like all mortal bodies, the organizations are subject to disease, corruption, sin.

To change the figure, the party organization might be called the business office of the idea which it must sell to the public or shut up shop. And just as no man is a hero to his valet, or an opera star an object of romantic adoration to her bedeviled impresario, whose main task is to make her a box-office success, so, inside the party organizations, particularly down on the ground floor of the same, one often finds these ideas and broad policies treated with a kind of genial contempt.

That's overhead stuff, say the little leaders—bait for the suckers to bite. Good selling stuff for women's clubs. It listens well in church and gives the editors something to chew the rag about. Hokum. But take it from me, boy, it cuts no ice with the crowd or in getting out the vote. It's not the kind of persuader that makes Oscar climb down from his truck or Tony come up from his ice cellar and step around to register for election day. You got to have a more immediate self-interest to get out those guys. And this dictum, as things are, contains about 50 per cent of truth.

Summing up the argument thus far, we have established several fundamental principles: First, that in America government functions through the two-party system and not by outside coteries and groups; second, that the machinery of these parties affords the citizen an opportunity to take a hand in shaping, through representatives, the government of his city, state and nation; and finally, that in the main, save in the case of corrupt machines, which are diseased conditions, the organizations are satisfactory and respond to the popular helm.

The inevitable conclusion from this chain of reasoning is that if women want power in government, if they desire to get across their ideas, influence and indubitable moral force, they must join the parties instead of wasting their energies on the outside. This does not mean that they are to lay aside convictions, conscience or common sense and servilely follow organization superiors no matter whither they lead, but only that when they strike they shall hit the nail on the head instead of merely smashing their thumbs. No ward heeler or district boss can be moved one inch from his path by all the vials of wrath which indignant ladies, without political affiliations, pour upon his head so long as he can deliver his vote. But when the women voters inside his own district begin to combine and ride herd on him—hah, that's a different movie plot! Just watch him respond to the prod!

"But we can't work inside the parties. The men won't give us any power. Once we've joined, they pay no more heed to us; all they want is our vote. They go on their way and they put up candidates—bad men we'd be ashamed to vote for. The only way we can save our souls is to refuse to work inside the parties which permit such things and exert our influence from the outside."

This general complaint, diversely expressed, represents a very considerable body of opinion. The women voicing it are usually earnest, intelligent, high-minded, though likely to be somewhat deficient in broad humanity and common sense. On the surface their accusations appear to have some weight; they wear a lofty, noble air. Too proud to vote! Fine! A trifle egotistic. A trifle self-righteous. A trifle overconcerned, perhaps, for the health of their own souls. Still, superficially at least, the argument seems to hold water.

But let's examine it near to and psychoanalyze a bit. It will be interesting to discover how much of it is plain backboned virtue and how much is—well, something else again. Admitting at the outset that the complaints set forth are true, and even, in some communities, an understatement of facts, yet they are insufficient grounds for refusal to fulfill obligations—if the goal is sufficiently dear. If! There's the rub! The unadorned truth is the goal is not sufficiently dear. These women care—a little. But not enough. Not enough to work with the limitations, the exasperations, the hard conditions they must face.

"Exactly as it is generally the case," wrote Roosevelt, "that when a man bewails the decadence of our civilization, he is himself physically, mentally and morally a first-class type of the decadent, so it is usually the case that when a man is perpetually sneering at American politics, whether worthy or unworthy, he himself is a poor citizen and a friend of the very forces of evil against which he professes to contend."

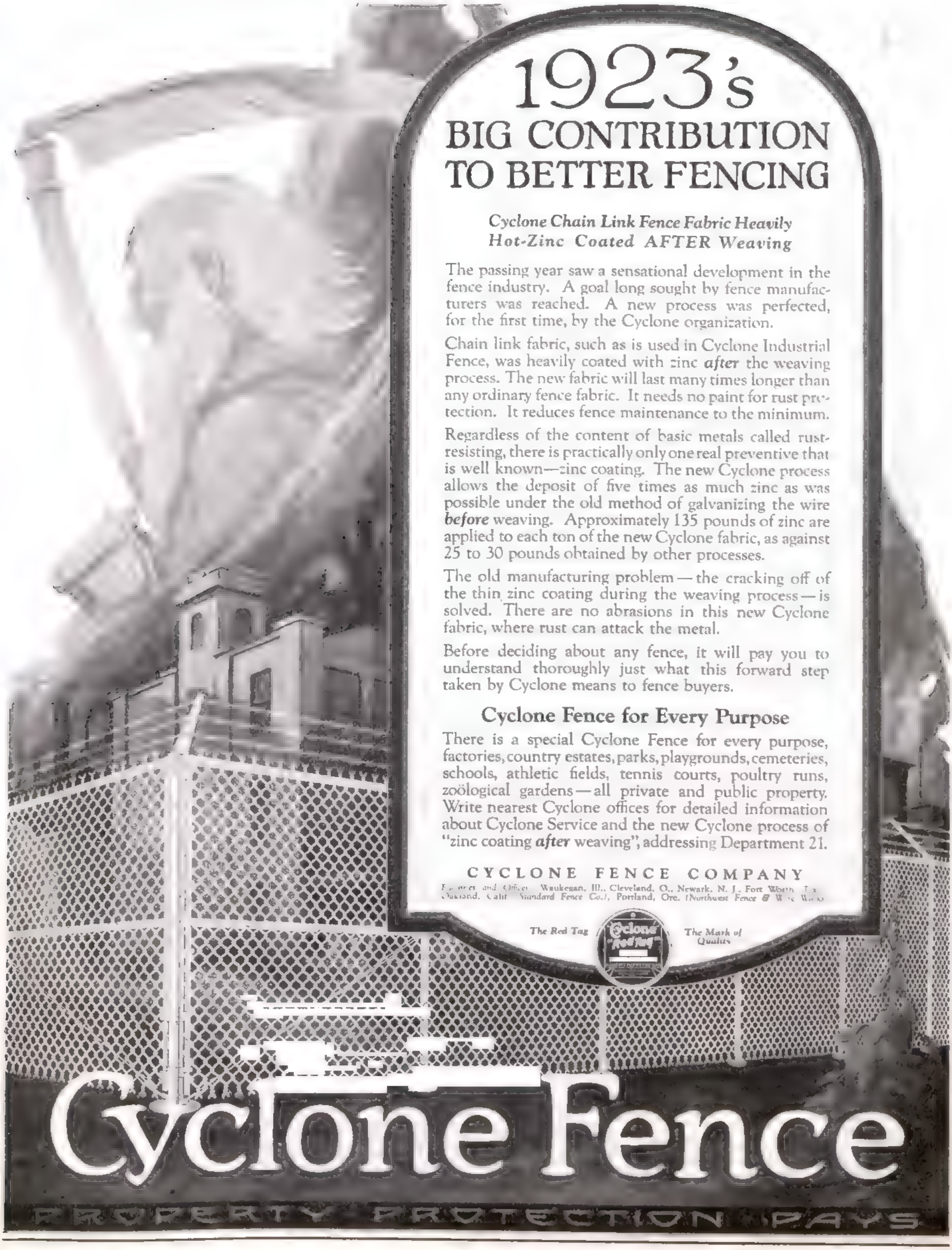
An American's First Duty

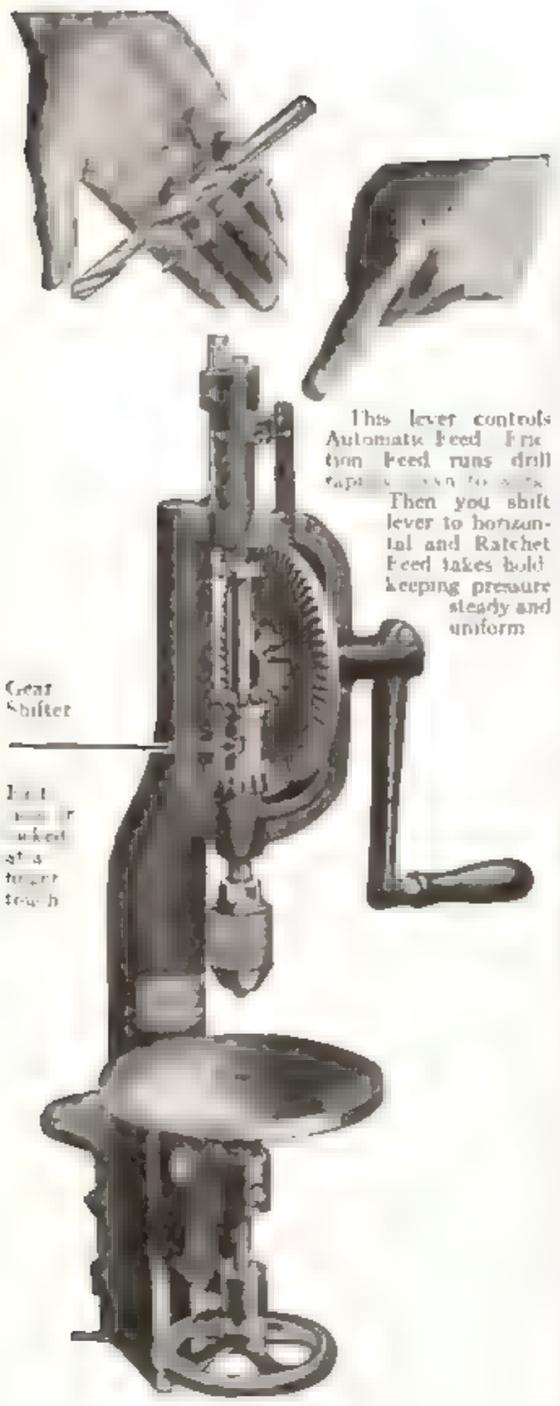
Just how cheap, flimsy and unreal these excuses are can be seen by analogy with other fields of human endeavor. Suppose a man refused to engage in business on the ground that he did not like the morals of the business men of his community; or an architect retired on the plea that bricks and stone and mortar were too harsh to bend to his will; or a poet refused to write sonnets because he wouldn't cramp his darling Pegasus down to fourteen lines; or women refused to marry husbands on the ground that they were nothing but men; or the whole human race, exasperated by the infirmities of its mortal shell, its sensitiveness to weather, to disease, to divers forms of hurt and harm, and above all its infernal proneness to sin, should refuse to put up with these manifestly hard conditions. Limitations, imperfections, hardships—these are the conditions of life itself, and none but quitters throw up the sponge and retire from the fight because the rules are hard.

"If freedom," to quote Roosevelt once more, "is worth having, if the right of self-government is a valuable right, then the one and the other must be retained exactly as our forefathers acquired them, by labor, and especially by labor in organizations—that is, in combination with our fellows who have the same interests and the same principles. The first duty of an American citizen is that he shall work in politics; his second duty is that he shall do that work in a practical manner, and his third is that it shall be done in accord with the highest principles of honor and justice. To a certain extent his work must be done in accordance with his individual beliefs and theories of right and wrong. To a yet greater extent it must be done in combination with others, he yielding or modifying some of his own theories and beliefs so as to enable him to stand on a common ground with his fellows who have likewise yielded or modified certain of their theories and beliefs."

Such certainly is a loftier attitude than that of the noble theorist whose ideals are too rare and fine to be contaminated by contact with the vulgar herd. These moral aristocrats are too proud to vote, but not too proud to criticize. Political criticism, like any other kind of criticism, when it is fearless and sound and backed by constructive vision, is a fine thing—in moderation; but very often it is nothing but a bad habit, the turgid outpouring of a lazy or egotistic or jealous nature.

(Continued on Page 80)


1923's
BIG CONTRIBUTION
TO BETTER FENCING
Cyclone Chain Link Fence Fabric Heavily
Hot-Zinc Coated AFTER Weaving
The passing year saw a sensational development in the fence industry. A goal long sought by fence manufacturers was reached. A new process was perfected, for the first time, by the Cyclone organization.
Chain link fabric, such as is used in Cyclone Industrial Fence, was heavily coated with zinc after the weaving process. The new fabric will last many times longer than any ordinary fence fabric. It needs no paint for rust protection. It reduces fence maintenance to the minimum.
Regardless of the content of basic metals called rust-resisting, there is practically only one real preventive that is well known—zinc coating. The new Cyclone process allows the deposit of five times as much zinc as was possible under the old method of galvanizing the wire before weaving. Approximately 135 pounds of zinc are applied to each ton of the new Cyclone fabric, as against 25 to 30 pounds obtained by other processes.
The old manufacturing problem — the cracking off of the thin zinc coating during the weaving process — is solved. There are no abrasions in this new Cyclone fabric, where rust can attack the metal.
Before deciding about any fence, it will pay you to understand thoroughly just what this forward step taken by Cyclone means to fence buyers.
Cyclone Fence for Every Purpose
There is a special Cyclone Fence for every purpose, factories, country estates, parks, playgrounds, cemeteries, schools, athletic fields, tennis courts, poultry runs, zoölogical gardens — all private and public property. Write nearest Cyclone offices for detailed information about Cyclone Service and the new Cyclone process of "zinc coating after weaving", addressing Department 21.
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
Factories and Offices: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, O., Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Tex.
Oakland, Calif., Standard Fence Co., Portland, Ore., Northwest Fence & Wire Works
The Red Tag
Cyclone Fence
The Mark of Quality
Cyclone Fence
PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS



"YANKEE"
AUTOMATIC
Bench Drill
nurses small drills

Small size drills can be safely used in tough material with the "Yankee" Bench Drill. Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed takes the place of human skill. You can't overfeed.

Just turn the crank. Friction Feed runs drill rapidly down to contact. Time saved. Then Ratchet Feed takes hold and gives absolutely even pressure. Drills saved.

No. 1005 (illustrated) Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck holds drills up to ½ in. Entire length, 28 in.

No. 1003 Single speed; 3-jaw chuck holds drills up to ¼ in. Entire length, 18¾ in.

"YANKEE"
VISE No. 990

For use on bench drills and other machines. Machined true on all sides. Swivel jaw. Jaws 2¾ in. wide, 1⅝ in. deep.

Dealers everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools

Write for Free Book

Tells all about "Yankee"

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE"
TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 78)

It seems self-evident that if women are ever going to get anywhere in politics it will not be by a few prominent ones holding high positions up at the apex of the parties, but by the great solid mass of them starting, where every beginner should start, down at the bottom of the pyramid, on the ground floor, and learning the practical A B C's of their jobs like any apprentice in a business office or factory.

Speaking upon this phase of the subject, a politician very logically reduced the whole business to a human basis rather than a sex basis.

"I don't want to talk of women as women in politics," he said. "We must treat them as individuals, as humans, as soldiers. Sex has no place. Some women are good workers and some are bad workers, just as men are. Some have a flair for it, some are indifferent and some are in it for mercenary reasons, just like humans in other fields. And speaking of them as workers, it is plain they must have training. A great mass of new voters entered the parties when women received the franchise. But they had practically no training, not in working inside political organizations. For the fight for suffrage was essentially a different proposition and required different qualities, different training.

"They had then, we may say, as a whole no practical training in working constructively inside of political organizations. They were just a bunch of raw, untrained recruits. Good timber, maybe, but unseasoned, undisciplined. Some of these women complained because men didn't immediately stick them into power as leaders. They'd have been stark crazy if they had. And why on earth should they? Think a minute. Use common sense. First of all, as I said, they weren't trained. They didn't know the game. To be a success the inner working of a party organization requires knowledge, training, judgment, experience, just like any other business organization. For at bottom it is a business, and a highly technical one at that. And women didn't have the background, they didn't know the concrete situations, or what was involved; they couldn't, for they were strangers, untrained. But some of them thought they knew it all, thought there was nothing more to learn, thought they could come in at the apex of the pyramid without knowing beans about the base or how the thing was built up, and take over the command."

A Matter of Strategy

"But leaving sex out of the question, and thinking of them all together as workers, as soldiers, why should the leaders pass these new green untried soldiers over the heads of tried and disciplined men who have passed their apprenticeship down in the ranks, done good service and climbed up? Well, the leaders didn't do that, though in both parties they stuck in some women here and there just as a matter of courtesy, of strategy, and to make the new recruits feel good. And even after that some of the women complained. But the men who occupied the places had in the main proved themselves, and the women were still unproved.

"It's bad business to put a woman in any position just simply because she is a woman unless she also has all-round qualifications for holding down the job. I'll give you a case in point. As you know, I'm the leader of my district. Recently we were running Mr. B for assemblyman. Now B's a fine fellow, a lawyer, secretary for several years to a noted United States senator, trained in parliamentary usage, and he was born and brought up in this district and knows its needs like a book. Moreover, he's honest, conscientious, a fighter, and has the confidence of the voters. I thought we were darned lucky to have such an all-round capable man to represent us at Albany.

"But some of the women rebelled. They wanted to put him out and put a woman in. They said B had had the job long enough and now it was a woman's turn. 'But what woman candidate could you put up that'll run away ahead of the ticket like B?' I inquired. Well, they named several. One was a good magnetic speaker and could hold the crowds. Another had a nice personality. Another said she'd like to try the job. But none had the all-round capacity of this man. For in reckoning up your candidate you've got to figure on more than one element of strength or you stand to get badly licked. It's like bridge. Before you bet you've got to study your hand. Women are just beginning to build up a corps of workers who are capable and fit, but it will be some time before they are on an equal footing with men."

I have mentioned rather vaguely the ground floor of politics as the real, effective place where women must begin to learn the A B C's of practical politics. But what and where is this same ground floor? It's right around you your own street—your own neighborhood. Technically speaking, it is the smallest subdivision of party organization, the smallest unit of political representation the election district. It is the political acorn from which springs the mighty oak. Women must have practical concrete experience in their own election districts or wards before they really know much about politics and how things get done. Before then it's more or less a theory, a dream that hasn't come alive.

These election districts are like families. Each one is different. Each has its own idiosyncrasies, its humor, its sentiment, its neighborhood jokes. Some are known as the stuffed-shirt districts and are composed of the gilded great, millionaires and plutes, some over in the Jewish and Italian quarters—I am now describing New York, which may stand as the symbol of any large industrial center with a strong foreign blend—are almost 100 per cent foreign blood; some districts are Catholic, some Protestant; down on the water front are longshoremen from a score of lands, roughnecks all; and then there are the negro districts and the white native-born Americans.

The Shifting Sands of Politics

The character of these districts is constantly shifting, changing - Democratic one year, Republican the next, Socialist or red the next. Here is the raw material of politics, of government. Each citizen in these districts has a hand in weaving the great pattern; he has an inalienable right to weave it and to weave it as he sees fit, and to be consulted in the designation of candidates who will represent his views. How can a man or a woman, without knowing the needs of the district, go ahead and shape up a program or make out a list of candidates, with no knowledge of the political timber inside the district from which the candidates must come?

Of course, if a woman goes to a primary or to a club meeting in her district just once or twice, without ever trying to get acquainted or to make political affiliation with the other voters in the district, and discovers that nobody is tumbling over himself to ascertain her political views, she is more than likely to come home disgruntled and exclaim to her friends: "Oh, those candidates, my dear! Just too perfectly awful for words! And one was a boss, a terrible creature! I could tell it by his eyes! To think of such creatures running this government!"

Of course, she may be right, but the odds are fifty to one she's not. Such snapshot judgments, even on the part of the intuitional sex, are rarely accurate, and she is not sufficiently educated either in the character or the needs of her district to have her judgments worth a sou. The party leaders are quite justified in side-stepping her proffers of aid, not because she is a woman but because she is a political illiterate. So the first lesson for this first kindergarten stage of development is:

Get knowledge. Go slow. Don't try to reform everybody and everything at once from the President down. Get acquainted with your alderman and assemblyman; learn the character and needs of your district from them and check up this information by talks with your grocer and butcher. Attend the club meetings; circulate around in a friendly and human fashion with the voters, forgetting your own point of view for the moment and honestly seeking to discover theirs. Enlist for the house-to-house canvass before and during the campaigns. Climb up the stairs and talk with the women and see what all this political stuff means to them. They may be smarter than you think. You may discover that Mrs. Jones, fourth floor back, is chanting the praises of that same boss you detest—that terrible creature. She speaks of him as if he were an angel of light. Her son Bill got into trouble and the terrible creature is fixing it up.

"Sure, I'm going to vote for him! He's hired a lawyer that's already tried over three hundred rent cases where the landlord tried to dispossess the poor tenants, and he never charged a cent!"

Be on tap at the clubhouse. If it's a good one you'll discover all kinds of human problems coming up for settlement -domestic, legal, educational, religious, criminal -and you begin presently to get a line on the terrible creature and discover the source of his power. You perceive he's a natural leader and that there's a sound reason why he delivers his district solid at elections and doesn't have to stick around the polling booths on election Tuesday or liquor up with the boys.

For political institutions are human, and as long as that obtains they are going to act in a human fashion and not according to abstract and theoretic designs. Thus it may very well occur that, after a few months of active coöperation inside your big political family, the election district, you discover that your sentiments toward the alleged monster of vice have undergone one of those subtle sea changes common to politics. You see that he is not an autocrat, but a democrat; not a demagogue, but a man who on the whole figures out the concrete situations fairly straight and has more plain common sense and honesty secreted in his system than you gave him credit for. At bottom, he is just as able, fearless and disinterested as yourself, and that is a momentous discovery.

But suppose he is not. Suppose your few months of service down in the ranks have shown him up for what he really is—a vicious, hard-boiled crook who gyps the voters, jobs the public, double-crosses his party and carries a well-sharpened meat ax for all who stand in his way. Withal crafty, cunning, resourceful—a figure of power. What's to be done? Here your first-hand knowledge of the district comes into play. You have learned what timber there is available to displace him, what honest voters can be counted on to combine, and, above all, you have his crooked political record down cold and can quote chapter and verse. In short, you have actual ammunition with which to fight instead of windy phrase. You know that the real tug of war comes before the primaries when the political pattern is still fluid, unfixed. The leaders are discussing among themselves the relative merits of A, B, C and D, and figuring who can deliver the most votes. Now is the time to line up your friends and trot out your dark horse. He may be received with jeers by the party leaders who, for private reasons of their own, are solid with your friend the enemy, Mister Boss.

Blooming Amateur

No matter. You still have another ace in your hand. For by the election laws you can circulate a petition for your man and if it is signed by 3 per cent of the voters in the district he is bound to be entered on the primary lists as a valid candidate. Maybe there are other petitions circulating also. That's where democracy comes in. After which comes the real show-down. For you now have on your hands that sweet little proposition known in political jargon as a two or three cornered faction fight inside the party itself. That will lesson you! And chasten you! And illuminate you! And after the primary election, when the tumult and shouting dies and the returns are in, you may discover that, after all, the boss has given you a whale of a beating.

But now your dander is up; this is only the first game; the rubber is still to come. And though your enemy is victorious, nevertheless that fight—and its disclosures, oh boy!—have put the fear of God and of woman into him; he will walk delicately for a while. And until a woman has fought and bled and died in one of these fierce faction fights inside her own organization she doesn't know anything about politics; she's a fledgling, a novice, a prep, a blooming amateur.

Adventures in realism like these reveal the fact that under the noble segis of both parties are lined up liberals, conservatives, mossbacks, honest men, crooks and bums—the entire human society in miniature—and no one can be ignored; each has his right in the pattern—and a vote that's as good as yours. It reveals also that neither party is static or stagnant, either in principles or personnel. Inside each organization is going on a constant struggle between these hostile elements, with the tide of battle swaying this way and that, with righteousness to use a plain old-fashioned term now victorious, now trailing its banners in the mire. In addition to this ever-shifting fight inside each organization for principles, there is also another cutthroat

fight going on—a continuous petty bickering and strife for party place and power.

It is when women have learned these first lessons and sensed their power that the second chapter of their political history will begin. Discussing this, a district leader said to me:

"The fact is women don't yet know their own strength. The men do. The men know women's strength well—and they're afraid of it. They have a right to be. For when the women do learn their strength and know how to play the game, then the bad leaders had better be picking soft spots at the bottom of the toboggan slide. There are bad leaders? My stars! Plenty of them—in both parties—right in this town men who haven't any business to be where they are—cheap bums, egotists, grafters who don't want women butting in on their game. They don't want men either, for that matter.

"When a live, peppy, conscientious man or woman comes to work in the district these leaders bat them over the head. Why? Because such live, conscientious persons are a direct menace to their power. So they insult them, drive them out. Sometimes these leaders are not such grafters, but they just love to hang on to power. You couldn't pry them loose from their places with a red-hot poker. They have that disease known as the will to power. Fairly common malady.

"Sometimes, I'm told, you see it even in women. You can notice it in kids not a week old, bawling their heads off, wanting to be bosses in the matter of nourishment, trying to get a half Nelson on their mothers' sympathies.

"Well, a man down with that disease is not going to abandon his job to any woman just because she wants it. So women will have to prove themselves in politics just as they have in business, and when they succeed it will not be because they are women but because they are human beings with enough grit, gumption and gray matter to get around their jobs. Personally I believe that women have a great future in politics. But it's not the kind of future that some of them envisage right now."

Is It All a Mirage?

And finally, beloved sisters, who deep in your hearts, beneath that outer film of apathy, are not willing that the precious legacy of self-government handed down by our forefathers shall perish off the earth, as you go to and fro in the small confines of your district, working with the actual living stuff of government, its raw material, so vastly different from your theoretic dreams, no longer a spectator or mere idle, caustic-tongued critic but a responsible workman behind the scenes, something within you begins to move, to stir, to sprout, to send up thin green leaves. You are sprouting a political mind! And with the mind come also misgivings, doubts. You have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil in politics; you have experience and experience brings doubts.

Here are some of those seedling thoughts, queries, doubts. What is this thing called democracy, self-government, anyhow? Is it all a mirage?

You recall that at the birth of this nation, when the pioneer experiment in self-government was launched, enthusiasts of the type of Thomas Jefferson believed that "it would prove an anodyne that would cure or ameliorate the unsatisfactory conditions of the poorer and less fortunate classes of the human race."

But realists like Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton were not quite so optimistic. They had doubts. And now, almost a century and a half later, those self-same doubts pop up their heads and begin to pester you.

You take your troubles to a friend, a worker in a neighboring district, but of opposite political faith, and you say, "Look here, how do you get out the votes in your district?"

And the friend triumphantly replies: "How? Why, we get them out by getting them out, that's how we get them out. We go after them. We keep a list down at the club headquarters of every voter in the district we've helped in the year with getting a son out of trouble, sending the family a ton of coal, trying rent cases free, finding father a job, getting a bootlegger off with a light fine and I don't know what all—but we've got them all down in our list. And around registering time we send for those men and we put it up to them straight: 'See here, my friend, we did so and so for you; now we're in need of your help. Turn about's fair play. Hustle out and collar these votes for us, see?'"

And you reply, "Yes, our party does that too. I've seen those service lists with my own eyes."

"Oh," she retorts, "the matter with you people is, you only work around election time; but we keep our service factory open day and night the year around, even when we're out of power. We give our people solid protection and they give us the vote. That's why, in the long run, we can always wipe you off the map."

"That's just the point," you reply. "We both do it, I admit. We do badly what you've got down to a fine art. And, moreover, it works; you corner the vote. But—well, after all, is that self-government? It sounds feudal to me, like those old robber barons who used to make the serfs fight for them in feuds the people didn't know or care anything about, and then, for reward, lease them a little patch of land."

Quadruped Voting

"Well, what are you going to do? That's the only way to get results. Appeal to their self-interest. These cuckoos don't care a whoop for the larger aspects of self-government."

"Maybe they don't know enough to care. Maybe they haven't enough education along those lines to care."

You uncork your doubts to a sympathetic friend.

"Sure, it's self-interest that drives them!" he replies. "They sell or trade off the thing whose value they can't see for the tangible thing the immediate value of which they can appraise with the naked eye. We all do that. That's self-interest; and self-interest's a thing you can't dislodge; you mustn't, for it's what moves the world. The problem is, not to wipe it out, but to remove it to a higher plane—to exchange the blind, crude, narrow, greedy self-interest which defeats itself for the broader visioned self-interest. And that takes time. It means education."

Just so. Political education—for the masses and the classes too. The fact is that most of us are still quadrupeds in politics. With the exception of the few, we have not yet reared up from all fours and stood on our hind legs like human beings—to think:

For thinking is laborious, painful, slow. It is easier to stay down on all fours, unthinking, herdlike, accept protection from a leader and charge en masse when he gives the word. Yes, that's easy; but it's not self-government, not by several centuries. And it was this same quadruped voting that Franklin and Hamilton feared.

Thus emerge from the welter of actual experience two methods of performing that interesting operation called getting out the vote. The one is quadruped voting—practiced by both parties, my dear! The other method is by education, by slow, laborious efforts to raise the level of political literacy among the people, high and low, by lifting them up on their hind legs, out of quadrupedism and the narrow, blind forms of immediate self-interest and self-survival to wider horizons, broader views. That means education, nonpartisan education supervised by the Government and totally disconnected from the fierce partisanship of political parties. And that in turn means just one thing—instruction in the public schools, definite, practical instruction in politics, in the fundamental principles of government, the two-party system, as it functions in municipal, state and national affairs.

This nonpartisan instruction should be continuous, extending throughout all the grades, occupying as important a place on the program as reading, writing or arithmetic. At present the political illiteracy in America is appalling, among rich and poor, native and foreign-born. It is extremely doubtful if many of the politicians themselves could pass a political literacy test. And why? Because foundations, principles of government by party have not been disseminated broadcast. At present the young voter's political education is left to chance; his first lessons are the casual, dirty or corrupt little intrigues of local politicians.

Politics, and particularly municipal politics, is bound to be a corrupt, mean, underhand affair so long as the only instructors are self-taught politicians, who, in their course of political schooling, have never got beyond the narrow conceptions of immediate self-interest. They're quadruped voters themselves, and they know no higher law. Nor should the voter be forced to get his instruction from volunteer associations or lectures which from their very nature are casual and uncontinuous; nor from his own party, for nonpartisan education is not their primary function. Primarily, they are fighting machines.

The League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan volunteer association for educating women in the fundamentals of their civic duties without reference to party affiliations, has performed an inestimable public service by teaching women the A B C's of the political pattern as it is being woven day by day before their eyes. It is honest, intelligent, sincere. But its chief value as an educational factor lies in its absolute nonpartisanship. When or if it loses that, it loses its greatest source of strength.

Education the Remedy

Today it is the only nation-wide nonpartisan association which has for its object lifting the level of political literacy among the women citizens of the country, and that is a magnificent enterprise. But from the very nature of things, the influence of that association is limited. It is a volunteer institution; it cannot compel; it cannot reach the great masses in their formative, plastic years. Only the public schools can do that. To get far in any real permanent clean-up in politics, education in its fundamental principles, including the moral obligation of each individual citizen, must be hammered into the younger generation while their minds are still open, impressible; they must come at the entire business in a clean, educational, nonpartisan way. There will still be self-interest, but it will be self-interest on a broader plane.

So success in self-government boils down to a very simple thing—not emotion, but education, and more and more of it, catching the voter young and spoon-feeding him. And that is preëminently a woman's job.

Suppose we put it thus: Resolved that we, the women citizens of these United States, shall, by precept and example, strive to lift the level of political literacy out of the Black Hole of Calcutta in which it at present rests, to the end that government for and by the people, to which high vision we still stubbornly cling, shall have a fighting chance to continue in our midst.

Good form requires gifts of personality. Good sense demands utility. That's why the gift sensation of the season for autoists is

MONOGRAM
ORIGINAL
Self Locking
Radiator Cap

Its rich art monogram is the height of individuality. Protection of the motor meter without the bother of a key is any motorist's delight. Make sure you're not too late. Buy today. Good auto stores have Monogram, the original, with the name right in the metal—persist. $6.00

(Higher In Far West and Canada)

For Eleventh Hour Shopping

ARIDOR
CANDY-CADDY

A different Christmas Gift

What to give? The question becomes more perplexing as the Eleventh Hour buying period approaches.

Give something new, unique and entirely different this Christmas—an Aridor Candy-Caddy. Nothing else like it. The one present that can be given without worry of duplication, because in this case duplication is always appreciated.

Get it wherever fine confections are sold. Ask the Candy Man about it. He will give you these facts:

The Caddy comes filled with two pounds of the finest hard candy that America's best candy manufacturers can produce.

Inside the top is a hygroscopic mineral salt pad which absorbs all moisture that may seep in. Thus, the Aridor Candy-Caddy not only keeps hard candy fresh and crisp, but also *dries out sticky hard candy.* Moreover, it recrisps crackers, cereals, nut meats and all food products affected by moisture. Briefly, it *acts just the opposite to a humidor.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Price (empty), $1.25. Also write for information concerning the new Aridor Household Jars for salt, spices, sugar, and flour.

THE ARIDOR COMPANY
589 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

TESTING BIG BUSINESS IN THE WEST

(Continued from Page 17)

This is the same foreman who once delighted the higher supervisory force by complaining of the blacksmiths who had been sent him that they "couldn't temper steel with holy water."

"The tunnel game is hard work," was the somewhat different interpretation of a higher officer. "The noise and vibration are such that a man can't stay more than thirty to ninety days without a seven-day rest. We encourage them to take leaves of absence, but they take slowly to the idea. They think there is an Ethiopian in the woodpile. They want to be free and independent to come back or go elsewhere."

Five or ten minutes was about as long as the writer cared to stay in the moisture, darkness and terrific din of a tunnel heading. After visiting such a place one has real sympathy for the ten-day tunnel stiff. Labor turnover takes on quite a different aspect after watching this work from that which comes from reading books on the subject by college professors.

But there are men all the way from general managers down to chuck tenders who seem to like tunnel and construction work, just as some men seem to like copper and other branches of mining. One general manager of construction who had formerly operated a power company said that he would never go back to operation if he could avoid it because "there is something new every day in construction."

A general foreman expressed the idea thus: "The only trouble with these jobs is that they don't last long enough. You just get started right, and it is finished. But I like construction work because it is difficult; you can't get it out of a book."

"I have been underground for thirty years," said a rough-looking old tunnel foreman, "all the time except when I was asleep. Whenever there was an explosion and somebody got hurt I swore I'd never go underground again, but I had forgotten all about it the next morning, and was there bright and early as usual. There's lots worse work than in a tunnel, and don't forget there's a lot of men who won't work at anything."

In a way it is easy to get drillers and muckers because the whole Far West is essentially a mining country. The shortage of labor has, however, been so acute at times in California that this particular company was obliged one year to go as far east as Salt Lake City, Denver, and Phoenix, Arizona, in its search for men.

Lessening Labor Turnover

"But we didn't have the usual labor shortage last spring and summer," said a representative of the employment department, "the reason being that farmers are refusing to pay the high wages and are beginning to do their own work. That, of course, makes a big difference in the labor market."

Generally speaking, construction work presents difficult labor problems all its own. Because of the temporary nature of such operations it has always been hard to keep men on the job, and for the most part it has appealed to the floater type of workman. Indeed, construction work is more temporary even than mining and lumbering.

Most construction jobs have been of a contract nature, with little permanency of organization except in the higher ranks. Both foremen and workmen have been in many cases of the decidedly hard-boiled category, accustomed to extortionate prices charged at the company stores, to the roughest of living conditions and to the lack of promotion. Usually there has been a feeling on construction jobs that "once a laborer, always a laborer"; the only way for a man to better himself was to hunt another job.

The Big Creek project is so large, however, and the work so long extended in point of time, that the company which is making the development is able to effect an appreciable improvement in the usual conditions. Stretching over twenty or thirty years it is possible to form a more or less permanent organization, in the higher ranks at any rate. There is no important job which cannot be filled by two men, the one holding it and an assistant, and there are numbers of responsible positions filled by men who started at the bottom.

In the last few years a special effort has been made to promote men from the ranks, and Capt. Samuel Haver, supervisor of employment, said that four or five jobs of the better class are filled daily from men already on the job, with the good effect of such promotions being felt all down the line. An effort also is made by the employment department to discover why each man quits, checking back, to the foreman if possible, any injustice in dismissals.

It is said that labor turnover on many big projects comparable to this job has been as high as 100 per cent a month, but that under the plan of permanent organization at Big Creek the turnover has been decreasing, until the average last year was between 20 and 60 per cent a month; 17,000 men were shipped to maintain a labor force of 2000 to 5000.

I heard interesting differences of opinion expressed regarding the advisability and practicability of employing a larger percentage of married men than is usually the case on construction work, much of the turnover being due no doubt to the low percentage of those married. Several authorities said that it could not be done because the expense of building enough houses for families is prohibitive as compared with dormitories for men only. Besides, dormitories are more practicable to move from one location to another than whole groups of small houses. But Captain Haver took a different view.

"Construction people will have to figure more on the married man as time goes on. He is not only a better worker but the presence of women in a camp gives diversity to the life, and it is a satisfaction to the single men to see them around."

A Haven for Heavy Eaters

There could certainly be no more striking contrast than that between a rough-looking construction camp for single men on one side of a cañon, and on the other side a group of little cottages, each with its tiny lawn and garden, belonging to the married power-house operatives, who are permanent employes.

In the back camps, where the high altitudes result in deep snow and intense cold, most of the employes are Americans, Swedes and Irish. In the lower and warmer camps Italians and Mexicans are employed to greater advantage. Captain Haver said that college men employed for rank-and-file work are not altogether a success, although an occasional success is worth many failures.

One boy who had been obliged to give up his course at a leading university because of his father's reverses was found by the company's scouts washing milk cans at night in a large city. He was started at Big Creek as an electrician's helper, which is little more than a laborer's job, but showed such ability that he was soon promoted to be an electrician, and then chief electrician for his camp. He was thus enabled to save enough money to finish his college course.

In such a large and shifting labor force it goes without saying that men of every sort are to be found. There are the jumps—those who sign up but quit and return to town almost immediately; and often in the "red," because they do not like the looks of the man who sits next to them on the train going in, or because the grub is not exactly to their liking or for some other trivial and childish reason.

It should be said, however, that every effort is made to supply good food and lots of it. To satisfy the men in one camp ice cream was served for breakfast, and men are allowed to eat as many meals a day as they care for, three being by no means the limit. Men who have been out of work in the warm climate of the lower cities and have subsisted on coffee and doughnuts develop wonderful appetites when they go to work at high altitudes where the climate is cold and bracing, and where they are charged for board by the day rather than by the meal.

Of outstanding importance is the desire of the individual worker to make a stake. With many the ambition is not a large one, from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars being enough. These are known as short sticks. All those who quit are asked to fill out a blank giving their reasons for so doing, and the simple explanation of "I've made it" or "I've got it" is often all they say. Though employment offices prefer to send in men who will stay longer, they usually employ a man if they think he will remain ninety days.

Lots of men drift into the employment offices after having been in the state itself only a few days, and say "I'll stay in California if I get a job." Many, of course, have no desire for promotion and the responsibility which goes with it. I asked two foremen if their men had any ambition. The older of the two replied, "No. They are interested only in pay day and quitting time. They don't intend to have any ambition."

"It's fifty-fifty," said the more tolerant, younger foreman when I suggested that probably less than one-third wanted to get ahead, but he rather weakened the force of his generous remark when he added: "There are men who won't keep even a shifter's shift boss job because of the responsibility. The workman quits at four in the afternoon and goes hunting and fishing. But suppose the camp foreman went hunting the moment the shift is over and something happened. The high-ups would want to know where he was at the time, and a few minutes after he told them he had gone hunting he would be on his way out of here."

Even among workmen who make a really substantial stake there is a tragic degree of irresponsibility in caring for it. In the larger towns and cities to which the men go when they leave the mountains there are not lacking bootleggers and prostitutes who know how to separate a workman from his pile. It is not uncommon for men to go out with $1200 and yet be looking for work in a penniless condition by noon of the following day.

One man took sixty ex-employes whom he knew to San Francisco, a night's journey, and back on a pleasure trip, paying all expenses. Another passed out between $600 and $800 to his friends in ten-dollar bills. Still another employed a negro chauffeur to drive him about in a high-priced car. Often workmen from the camps, even dishwashers, or pearl divers as they are known there, go to the beaches with a six months' or year's stake and associate with quite showy social circles.

Despite these facts one employment representative of the company said that manual workmen are easier to deal with in certain respects than clerks or other pencil-pushing and white-collar employes. The laborer is much less inclined to lie about his qualifications.

Hot-Air Artists Not Wanted

"We ask a white-collar man what he is interested in, and he says anything, any job. We tell him we have a darn good job as a flunky—waiter—and of course he is obliged to say no. Then we offer him any one of half a dozen very technical positions to test him out, and he is compelled to say that he doesn't understand such work. What he is trying to do, of course, is to take a flyer. If a man is diffident I think he hasn't much stuff in him, which perhaps is unfortunate, but then, our defenses have to be up all the time to combat the bluff which is so common.

"The Britisher is more honest. If he says he is an accountant you don't have to verify his statement. Hiring young Americans is full of pitfalls and tricks. One thing I have learned is never to oversell or even appear to sell a man a job. If he doesn't sell himself he will be disappointed. The first question we ask all applicants is whether they want to leave town, because if they don't really like the mountains they won't stay at all."

"What about high-priced men?" I asked. "Do you have any applications from them?"

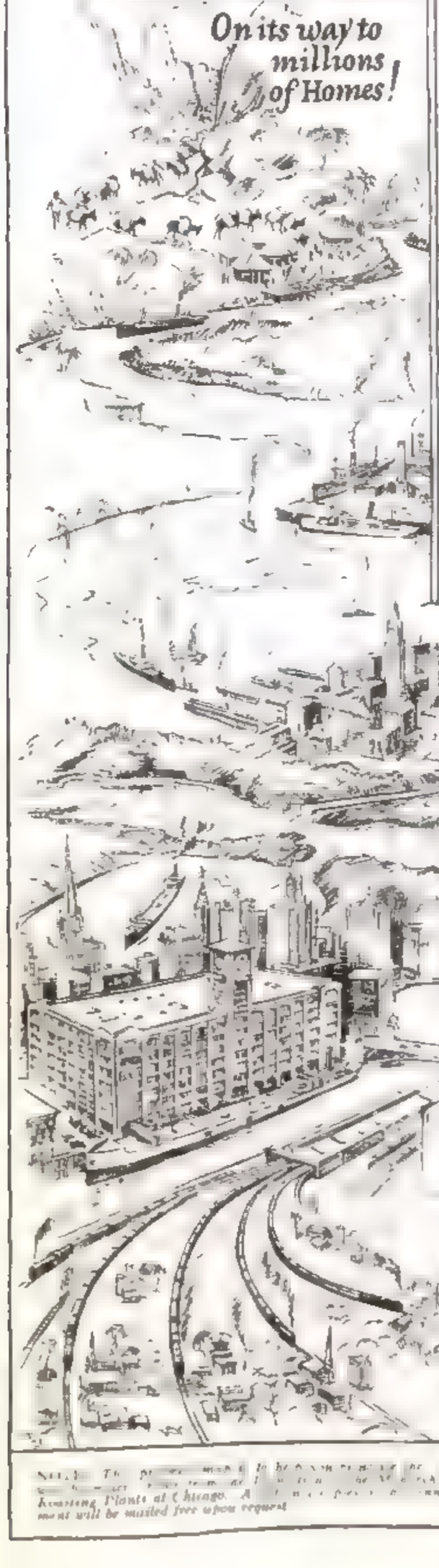
"It is unwise to find a place in this work, despite its size, for the man who walks in and says he has handled a $15,000,000 project. Of course I can find a job for him at $124.50 a month, but he won't be satisfied and will quit after he gets his first month's check. The surest way for such a man to get an opening is to keep his mouth shut in regard to his past achievements. There are lots of engineers who went abroad, to the tropics and such places, when they were just out of college, and have grown tired of it by the time they are thirty-eight. They are attracted to California and are not always easy to place. But the time element is the important factor in such a case. Any

(Continued on Page 84)

$1000.00 in Gold given away

America's Favorite Christmas Coffee

On its way to millions of Homes!



List of Prizes

First Prize	$300.00
Second Prize	200.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	50.00
Fifth Prize	25.00
Five prizes, each	10.00
55 prizes, each	5.00

300 prize packages containing 1 package each Monarch Coffee, Monarch Tea and Monarch Cocoa.

200 prizes of a 3 lb. package of Monarch Coffee.

Free Booklet "Coffee Blossoms" to all contestants

Read Rules Carefully

1. This contest is open to everyone with the exception of employes of Reid, Murdoch & Co., and relatives of such employes.
2. Write on one side of the paper only Put your name and address at the top of each page.
3. Your letter must not be more than 300 words in length.
4. The letters of students may be countersigned by teacher. (Not compulsory, however.)
5. Mail your letter on or before February 1, 1924, to Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Illinois.

MONARCH
America's Favorite
QUALITY
for 70 years

For 70 years Monarch Brand has been the choice in [illegible] big cities [illegible] Regular Roast Coffees. Our Monarch Coffee [illegible] Mary Lee [illegible] sale person [illegible] never to buy. [illegible] Monarch [illegible] a book or a Monarch Trade Mark to [illegible] Reid Murdoch & Co. on every package.

Trace the course of Colombian Coffee from the headwaters of river navigation to the MONARCH Roasting Plant at Chicago and

WIN A BIG CASH PRIZE

Students! Here is a chance to demonstrate your knowledge of geography.

Parents! An interesting problem for your spare moments—an opportunity to test the children's school training.

Teachers! A way to make geography interesting to every child, as well as an opportunity to turn your own knowledge to good account.

MONARCH COFFEE is a blend—all superfine, hand picked coffees—*part* of which comes from the mountain plantations of Colombia. Mule trains carry the coffee down the mountains to Honda, Girardot, Puerto Berrio, Puerto Wilches and other towns on the headwaters of river navigation. From that point it is brought to Chicago *all the way by water.* This economical transportation is reflected in the low price you pay for MONARCH COFFEE. Can you trace the course of this coffee starting from the head of river navigation in Colombia?

Easy to Win

Consult a map of North and South America and work out your solution of this all-the-way-by-water route. Then (1) name the South American river that carries the coffee down to the seaport. (2) Name this port. (3) Name the sea and ocean the coffee travels on its way to the United States. (4) Name the port of entry to the United States, where the coffee is transferred from ocean steamship to canal boat. (5) Name the rivers, canals and lakes covered between the United States port of entry and the steamship docks of the Monarch Coffee Roasting Plant at Chicago. (6) Give the location of the first canal lock after leaving salt water, and the last lock before reaching the Great Lakes. (7) State the direction of flow of *all* rivers and (8) the approximate number of miles travelled on each body of water.

Big Prizes for Best Answers

For the best letters of not more than 300 words describing this all-water route, $1,000.00 in Gold and 500 additional prizes will be awarded. Draw a map to illustrate your letter if you want to, but this is not compulsory.

Open to Everybody

This contest is open to everyone—men and women, boys and girls, with the exception of employes of Reid, Murdoch & Co. and relatives of such employes.

Contest Closes February 1, 1924

Mail your letter to the Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Illinois, on or before February 1st, 1924. Prizes will be awarded and announcement of prize winners made in this publication as soon as possible after the contest closes.

The Contest Judges

James A. Louty, Ph. D., Professor Foreign Trade, College of Commerce, De Paul University.
Arthur Nethercot, Ph. D., Department of English, Northwestern University.
Lewis Carlyle Sorrell, A. B., Professor Transportation, School of Commerce and Administration, University of Chicago.

The decision of the judges will be final.

Start Now!

This prize contest announcement will not appear again, so don't lose or destroy this page. Write your letter and mail it to the Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Ill. *Win one of the big gold prizes!*

Note: The [illegible] Roasting Plants at Chicago. A [illegible] ment will be mailed free upon request

A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

vigor and vim after lunch!

Wherever you eat lunch, drink a bottle or two of cold, delicious, refreshing milk. All afternoon you'll feel that before-breakfast vigor and vim. There's health and pep in bottled milk—the one perfect food drink.

Drink more bottled milk every day. Because bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in a Thatcher Milk Bottle. Because Thatcher Milk Bottles are *full-measure* bottles. Thatcher manufacture prevents undersized bottles and assures you an honest quart or pint. That is why over 80% of the largest dairies in America use Thatcher Bottles.

Call or see your milk dealer to-day. Ask him if he uses Thatcher *full-measure* Bottles. Insist that your milk be delivered in Thatcher Bottles.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.
ELMIRA, NEW YORK
Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK

When they say a Quart - They mean it

(Continued from Page 82

such man can get a job if he can afford to take the time to hunt for it."

The ability of this and other hydroelectric companies on the Pacific Coast to operate on a strictly open-shop basis has driven home to their officers the necessity of keeping the avenues of promotion open.

"Not, however, on a seniority basis," said one officer to me. "That system on the railways will eventually result in those properties being eaten away."

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company put in a personnel department a few years ago, with the idea of assisting in the problems of transfer, promotion and discharge, although E. G. McCann, manager of the department, explained that its function is to supply managers, superintendents and foremen with information rather than to supersede in any way the rights of these supervising officers to hire and fire.

"Supervising officers are too close to their employes to recognize their talent. The men and women working for them are right under their noses and they pass them a hundred times a day. Bosses still do the hiring and firing, but we supply suggestions and information. In all cases of employes of five years' standing or over no discharge can be made without an investigation by the personnel department. The old system in most companies was that a man had a right to appeal to his boss' boss. But that did him no good because the higher boss always upholds the boss under him. We on the other hand are outside; we are neutral."

For years this company had many of the aspects of a family affair, and it still has numerous old employes. The late John A. Britton, one of the pioneers of the industry and vice president of the company for a long period, was very close indeed to his men, a greatly respected and admired figure in his state, a man whose life of unremitting toil was an object lesson to all those who are compelled to begin at the bottom. Almost the last act of his life was to present a medal to an old couple. But when the company became so large that its force reached the 10,000 mark it was realized that the stage had passed where ideal employment conditions could be maintained solely by such wholesome old-fashioned ways.

One highly important feature of the hydroelectric situation in California, which bears on the possibility of state or municipal ownership as well as upon the labor problem, is the large amount of stock in these companies owned primarily by employes, and in the second place by the consuming public at large. Even in the Big Creek construction camps from 25 to 28 per cent of all employes own stock in the company. There are foremen with as high as $5000 of the company's stock, Italian workmen with $1600 and $1800. A blacksmith bought forty shares in one order.

The Customer-Ownership Move

The idea of selling the stock of large corporations to employes did not, of course, originate in California. But as far as can be learned Mr. A. F. Hockenbeamer, vice president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, was the first to undertake the systematic sale of stock to customers. This was in 1914, when it was difficult to sell bonds in the Eastern markets. Financial people did not think much of the idea at the time, predicting that stock sold in this way would be dumped back upon the market. But this method of selling stock in public-utility companies has spread all over the country, and though, of course, many small holders do sell when they want to buy an automobile or make a get-rich-quick oil investment, the dire prediction that small holdings would be dumped upon the market has not proved to be the case, especially with three shares or more. Holdings of less than three shares have very little usefulness or significance from any point of view.

Much has been written regarding customer ownership, and this is not the place to treat it in detail. A few features of such a method of financing, however, bear directly upon the general subject matter of this article.

The extent to which the practice has been carried in California is remarkable. The largest company in the southern part of the state had on September 13, 1923, 62,000 stockholders, 95 per cent of whom were customers. This is said to be the largest number of stockholders in any electric light or power company in existence. The success of these sales is, of course, in part due to the peculiar make-up of the population of Southern California namely, to the great numbers of people living there with means beyond their salaries and wages.

In the case of this particular company, and the same may be true of others, there is no doubt that the large expansion program has been rendered possible by the customer-ownership device. Not that anything like enough money can be raised by selling two or three shares of stock on monthly payments to a widow living in a shack. The big sums for construction can be had in one place, and one place only, the Wall Street market. But Wall Street bankers demand an equity basis for bond financing, and customer-ownership sales have furnished this basis. It has been a real lifesaver for the hydroelectric companies.

Money raised by the sale of stock to customers is relatively cheap money from the company point of view, because the sales are made mostly by employes in their spare time on a lower commission basis than would be paid to regular stock or bond salesmen. Then, too, it is obvious, and often referred to in articles on the subject, that if these sales are followed up, if meetings of stockholders are held and the owners encouraged to make complaints and suggestions, the companies are making friends for themselves at a rapid rate.

Winning Support by Selling Stock

This leads us to the really important phase of the subject—namely, that customer ownership is primarily a political rather than a financial device, useful though it has been from the financial standpoint. It is an extraordinarily clever and astute flank attack upon the forces which advocate and fight for public ownership.

It is significant to note that in the year 1922 the Southern California Edison Company added more than 20,000 stockholders, 11,000 being added in a single intensive drive in one week in June. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company added nearly 10,000 stockholders in the same year, and the Great Western Power and San Joaquin Light and Power companies also sold large quantities of stock in the same length of time.

In the fall of 1922 a special election was held in California to vote upon a number of important measures, including the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act, which provided that the state in partnership with municipalities, should enter the power business in competition with the private companies. Obviously the extraordinary number of customer stockholders in proportion to the population of the state was not unconnected with the severe defeat of the proposal.

The writer has talked with several of the leading advocates of public ownership in California and has read volumes of literature furnished by them, all, of course, in favor of such form of ownership and operation. Nowhere, however, have I heard or read any reference to the successful efforts of the companies to win support by enlisting so large a portion of the public as shareholders. It is the one argument the public-ownership people do not even attempt to meet.

William Mulholland, father of the Municipal Power Bureau of Los Angeles, in referring to the Water and Power Act, said, "This natural resource—water—will pass away from the people altogether and go to absentees, who will have no interest other than to milk it." Even the bitterest opponents of state and municipal ownership admit Mr. Mulholland's ability, but he certainly slipped a cog when he made that statement.

Practically all the stockholders live in California and are employes or customers, or both, of the companies. The bondholders, it is true, are absentees, living in the East, but what of that? If the state and cities took over the development of power they, too, would have to sell their bonds to exactly the same absentee Eastern investors and through the same Wall Street channels.

"The chief argument they use against us" said the manager of one company, "is that we make too great a profit. Our answer is that the profit is fair and not unreasonable; but if it is an attractive profit, why not have everybody share in the good thing? We say to the public 'The water's fine, come on in,' and they are coming fast."

Now it may be that a hair-splitting economist could tear such a statement into pretty small pieces. Of course the entire consuming public and the stock-owning public are not and cannot be identically the same. There will always be numbers of consumers who will not or cannot buy stock. Moreover, even the individual's interests as consumer and investor may at times clash.

But the point is that the public at large is very little concerned with what is to them such fine-spun metaphysics of economic and social polity. If the representative of a company can show a poor widow living in a bungalow how the dividends on two shares of stock, which she can pay for in small installments, will meet her electric light and heating bill, she is pretty likely to vote against the state going into the business of knocking out the companies.

But the companies have followed up this enormous strategic advantage even further. They have actually stolen the verbal thunder of the public-ownership people, and verbal thunder is always a large part of the arsenal of any political-reform movement. They refer to themselves as being "people's projects," and instead of speaking of customer ownership refer to "community ownership," "a new form of public ownership," "owned by the public," "practical public ownership," and even in some cases "public ownership." "The development of power was misnamed private ownership years ago," they say.

In other words, the companies have gone right into the tents of their opponents and swiped the most valuable of their weapons, their phraseology. One company describes itself as "a California corporation, managed by Californians, operated by Californians, serving Californians, owned by Californians." The state and municipal ownership people have no effective answer to such a barrage as that. They have been outgeneraled; that is all. In a sense the joke is very much on them.

The so-called public or government ownership problem as regards utility companies is not confined to California by any manner of means. But power is the big vital thing in California, just as wheat was in North Dakota when the Non-Partisan League experiments were made, and consequently there is more interest in the subject there than in most other parts of the country. "This is where the circus is going on," said a banker when I asked him why there was any more reason for studying the question in California than in other states.

A Challenge to Roosevelt

Nor is there any doubt that the circus is going on in California. Possibly the most spectacular fight ever waged between private and public ownership interests was that which culminated in the election of November 7, 1922, when the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act was defeated. Nor is there any doubt but that the dispute will come up again in a year or two.

Experiencing great difficulties in regard to its railroad system and coal supply, the country is awakening to the fact that streams which could be made to do much of the same work are running, useless, to the sea. It has been predicted that the next decade will see more water-power development than any other like period of time, because by the end of another ten years most of the best sites will have been taken up. If that is true it is certainly important to consider the hotly debated question of ownership.

In 1905 William Mulholland, city engineer of Los Angeles, realized that if the little city were to grow it would be necessary to have a much larger water supply. The nearest available source was nearly 250 miles away and could be tapped only by building a long aqueduct across the worst portion of the Mohave Desert. Largely through the driving personality of Mulholland the work was successfully accomplished, and much of the growth of the city has been due to this supply of water, which until recently at least has been ample for its needs.

Mr Mulholland says that he would never have obtained permission to tap this water—the Owens River—if it had not been for the assistance of President Roosevelt, who overruled the objections of hostile interests. The bill went through in the last few minutes of a congressional session, at about the same time that Roosevelt got his Panama Canal bill through. Mulholland went to thank the President for his valued help and also to congratulate him on getting his own measure through.

"I have a challenge, Mister President," said the engineer.

"What is that?" snapped Mr. Roosevelt.

"I will finish the aqueduct before you finish the canal," said Mulholland.

"Done!" shouted Mr. Roosevelt.

After the water had been obtained for the city it was found that power could be developed at the same time and sold at very low rates, lower in fact than in nearly all other parts of the country. At that time there were three competing private companies selling power in the city. One of these, the Southern California Edison, shortly took over the Pacific Light and Power, leaving three competitors in the city, the Edison and the Los Angeles Gas and Electric.

Later on the city bought the Edison Company's distributing system in the city, thus leaving only one private competitor, which still remains. Similar problems are just now arising in San Francisco, which at present is served with power by two large competing private companies. The city, however, is engaged in building a vast water system, the Hetch-Hetchy, which will supply a much larger amount of water to that city than the Owens River furnishes to Los Angeles.

The Hetch-Hetchy will in addition afford a moderate amount of power, and already the city authorities are dickering to take over the local distributing systems of the two private companies. Indeed, numbers of the larger cities of the state would like to follow Los Angeles' example and develop and distribute power, or buy from a private company and distribute if they can't produce their own. The success of Los Angeles in attracting industries because of its low power rates is one reason. Another reason is that the cities would like to pay for their water from the profits of power.

Still another reason is the supply of jobs for deserving politicians, while a more legitimate and yet dubious excuse, at that, is the fact that if the cities and towns can break away from the large power systems they can effect some reduction in rates. This is because the big private companies, to produce uniformity in rates, compel the cities to bear somewhat more than their actual pro rata costs in order to sell power to farmers at prices which the latter can pay. Under private ownership the farming communities pay their way less than do the cities.

It is obvious, therefore, that if all the cities and towns were able to break away from the big private systems and produce their own power the situation would in time become serious for the farmer. Recognizing this fact, the more logical proponents of public ownership have sought to devise a system of public ownership in which the state can cooperate with the municipalities and at the same time subsidize the farmer if that becomes necessary.

The private power companies, although releasing their water to the farmers for irrigation, never engage in the business of supplying water for city domestic purposes, regarding this as an entirely separate industry. But there are students who feel that if California is to grow it must find ways and means of developing its waters for all uses under a common coördinated plan. Rudolph Spreckles, the San Francisco banker, who was perhaps the best-known advocate and sponsor of the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act, says in a letter to the writer that the state is the only agency big enough to conserve and develop all the water and power on a scale large enough to provide for future population.

This is a highly debatable question. There is real force in Mr. Spreckles' point. Private companies never will or can develop all the water. On the other hand they have developed more water and power than either private or public enterprise has developed anywhere else in America, and their future program exceeds that of any other state or section, as far as the writer can learn. Successful though the Municipal Power Bureau of Los Angeles has been, it develops little actual power, buying wholesale, as it does, from a private company.

In the last five years new plants installed to serve Los Angeles and vicinity with power have developed 327,500 horse power, of which 271,500 was built by the two private companies, and 56,000 by the city. The power to be obtained from San Francisco's Hetch-Hetchy project will amount, so it is said on reliable authority, to only two years' normal growth of the Pacific Gas and Electric and Great Western Power companies. In other words, all but a fraction of the development to date has been by private capital, and these private companies are spending something like $1,000,000,000 additional. Why then swap horses in midstream?

I do not think there is any choice between the verbal protestations of the two schools

A Mountain Scene in the Sierras

"I SEE *my man*
. . . and talk right to him"

More convincing letters for 100,000 business men!

A FEW BIG EXECUTIVES WHO USE THE DICTAPHONE

R. I. Bentley
President California Packing Corp.

Marion LeRoy Burton
President University of Michigan

James L. Dalton
President Dalton Adding Machine Co.

W. C. Dunlap
Vice President & Sales Director American Multigraph Sales Corporation

Prof. Irving Fisher
Yale University

David Lawrence
President Consolidated Press Association

Hiram P. Maxim
President Maxim Silencer Co.

Walter Todd
Vice Pres. & General Manager Todd Protectograph Co.

F. J. Yawman
Vice President Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

Wm. G. McAdoo

"There is no waiting stenographer—nothing to take my mind off what I want to say. When I'm ready, I see my man and I *talk right to him*—naturally, humanly, forcefully."

Active, thinking men, like Wm. G. McAdoo or Irving Fisher of Yale, use THE DICTAPHONE because they can talk to it and have every creative thought instantly caught and saved. Big company executives like W. C. Dunlap, Vice President and Sales Director of the American Multigraph Sales Corp.—R. I. Bentley, President of the California Packing Corp. use THE DICTAPHONE to speed and safeguard their detail—to find more time for constructive work.

Thousands of others of the country's leaders and lieutenants in business, as Dictaphone users, are getting more tangible results out of each and every business day.

10 *better* organized days FREE

Use THE DICTAPHONE *at our expense. Tear off any part of this advertisement. Send it with your letterhead. We will know you want trial installation without obligation. Address Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau Street, New York.*

Your stenographer handles not only your mail but takes instructions from THE DICTAPHONE that enable her to act as your secretary—your business partner—keeping you freed from a detail cluttered desk.

Say it . . .
when it's on your mind!

THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

! fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—*the teeth*.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

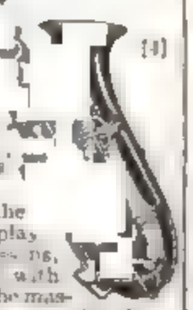
You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Free Book

[illegible] story of [illegible] musical [illegible]



This book tells you when to use Saxophone singly, in quartettes, or in regular band; how it plays from cello parts in orchestra, and many other things you would like to know.

The Buescher Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play. With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent free upon request with each new Saxophone, anyone can be mastered in an hour, in a few weeks it can be playing popular music. The Saxophone is the most popular instrument for Home Entertainment, Church, Lodge or School or for Orchestra Dance Music.

EASY TO PAY Six days' FREE TRIAL of any Buescher Cornet and Saxophone [illegible] Trumpet, Trombone or other instrument. Easy terms of payment arranged. Mention instrument interested in and complete catalog will be mailed free.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
594 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

of thought as to the need of future power development. John B. Miller, president of the Southern California Edison Company, and Dr. John R. Haynes, who was one of the chief supporters of the Water and Power Act and who is perhaps the most active member of the board of the Los Angeles Power Bureau, were equally eloquent in describing to the writer their desire to relieve by means of cheap electricity the poor woman in the shack of her household drudgery.

But talk is even cheaper than electricity in California. The simple fact is that though electric current may be used even more extensively in the future than in the past, it is doubtful if its different uses have been pushed more in any section than in California, where the bulk of the juice is produced and always has been produced by private companies. One reason current is cheap there is that these companies have developed to a high degree, relatively speaking, the load and diversity factors. These may be developed even more under state and municipal ownership, but by all the rules of logic the burden of proof to that effect is more distinctly upon the proponents.

One argument much used in California, as well as in other places, against state and municipal ownership, which seems to the writer the least effective, is that private companies can get better engineers and managers. As already stated, Mr. Mulholland's managerial ability is generally admitted by his capitalistic foes in Los Angeles, although he quaintly and modestly explained himself to the writer as follows: "I've been toiling in the dirt all my life and naturally am an inquisitive chap, caring more for doing things than for making money."

"But," say Mulholland's opponents, "Bill is getting old; he will be followed by the droopers club."

But efficient private managers also get old, and there are many inefficient private managers. It is a question also whether inefficiency in public departments is not made up for in part at least by lower overhead, smaller salaries, and the like.

Pro and Con Arguments

"Of course municipally owned utilities can get good men," said the manager of an important department of one of the largest of the private companies, a veteran of thirty years' experience. "But can they be protected from grafting politicians? Or even if they are strong enough to fight off the politicians they cannot prevent hampering restrictions that are sure to prevent proper development.

"Even if the voters start them out on a sound program there is always hesitancy to vote additional sums. Municipal and state managers can never get money enough when they really need it. The voter is always suspicious because he knows there is not enough money for public buildings, schools, streets and highways. He wants to see those built first. Then, too, he is always hearing talk about the debt limit being reached. Our company has developed more horse power in less than two years than the Los Angeles Power Bureau has been able to do in twelve years. That's a good illustration of the difference between private and public control."

Always it is said by the opponents of the private companies that they are grabbers and constitute a power monopoly. But this charge is pretty much sound and fury, the only real question being whether public policy is better served by public or private ownership and operation. Whoever develops water power must be a monopolist in the sense that he alone can develop it. Two power companies cannot build power houses on the same site at the same time. To describe the power companies as a monopoly means exactly nothing.

But the power companies are grabbers in that they file on sites which they don't expect to use for a long time to come. They admit this charge freely, explaining that they were the pioneers in development, naturally using the most economical sites first. Therefore they feel that it is logical and proper for them to seize the less desirable sites, which in time may fit into their scheme of development.

It must be remembered that power sites are not like ore, oil or forests. The water is not used up by the power companies. They do not remove it from the state in the way in which mining companies take silver and copper out of Nevada or Arizona. Nor are the power companies permitted to capitalize the water or the sites. State laws permit them to earn a reasonable return, 8 per cent in California, on the actual investment in developing the water—that is, on the cost of the dams, reservoirs, tunnels, transmission lines, power houses, and the like.

When the public-ownership advocates want to get votes they can always make a telling speech by saying that the rain, snow, land, sites, streams and mountains belong to the people. "Why let the companies charge us 8 per cent for the use of our own property? We must stop this alienation from the people of their priceless heritage!"

Quite so; but what of it? No one denies that the rain and snow belong to the people. The only important question is whether the people can get the most benefit by permitting their development to be carried on by private companies under proper regulation or by bureaus of the state and city governments. In either case from two-thirds to three-quarters of all the money for development must come from the bond houses whose main offices are in Wall Street—in other words, from the absentee investor.

California has had a railroad commission since 1912, generally considered one of the country's most aggressive. It is required by law to fix the rates of power companies, to prescribe just, reasonable, safe and proper service, to have general supervision over equipment, facilities, methods, additions, extensions, repairs, improvements, safety devices and accidents, as well as to control stock and bond issues.

There is also a state water commission operating under an act which aims to distribute waters to those entitled to their use. There is also a state conservation commission, as well as a state labor department and a state housing and sanitary commission, which latter controls many conditions in the construction camps.

As numbers of the power sites are in the National Forest, the companies must operate under all the restrictions of the Forest Service. Most important of all, the company which is building the largest project in the state operates under a license from the Federal Power Commission, which under the terms of this license can purchase, or recapture, for the United States Government the entire property at the expiration of fifty years. In other words, this and other companies are only tenants of the Federal Government.

In such an instance it is pure bunk to say the company grabbed the site, although it is admitted that there are numbers of other sites obtained by companies before the Federal Power Act went into effect. Very few, if any, future sites can be obtained by companies except under the recapture clause of the Federal Power Act.

Trustees for the Public

Indeed to a mere outsider it would seem as if there was a fairly large number of Federal and state bodies already regulating and controlling this business of power, especially as the Federal Power Act legislation was the result of the most advanced views on conservation. Indeed there is real force in the contention of the directors and officers of the power companies that they are mere trustees for the public, so rigidly are they regulated by so many Federal and state departments. Certainly there is no way in which they can make any money for themselves or for their stockholders beyond the allowed return, unless, of course, the regulating body is asleep or venal.

But the proponents of the Water and Power Act of 1922 did not want more or better control. They wanted state and municipal ownership and operation, and they had and still have one marvelous argument; at least it would be if it were not such a boomerang.

I refer, of course, to the fact that state and city owned power bureaus can sell current cheaper than private companies, because they have no local, state or Federal taxes to pay, and can finance themselves through the sale of low-interest-bearing tax-exempt bonds. Not only can they sell bonds 1 per cent cheaper than the strongest private companies but they have no dividends to pay, whereas the private companies are obliged to pay from 6 to 8 per cent to raise capital by the sale of stock.

Thus the state or city owned power company has a tremendous advantage at the start, and its advocates say that the saving is so great that the bonds issued for construction can be retired much sooner than in the case of private companies. Indeed they maintain that private companies rarely do retire their bonds, which is pretty nearly true. In twelve or fifteen years the saving in taxes, interest charges and dividends should, if the management is efficient, result in the retirement of large issues of bonds. "Why do we first give away our natural resources," say the public-ownership advocates, "and then pay perpetual interest and dividends on our gift?"

This is all true enough, but how about the loss in taxes? Not only do the Federal, state and local governments lose the taxes paid by private companies, but the Federal Government suffers a further enormous loss in income taxes because of the resort to tax-exempt bonds on the part of the wealthy taxpayers.

As far as anyone is able to analyze the subject the country as a whole is bound to lose in the long run from the extension of the tax-exempt privilege to more industries. The consumers of one section may gain a little in the way of cheaper rates, but no one knows whether that gain will equal the loss in taxes to the country as a whole. In other words, who can measure the gain from reducing rates if there is to be a corresponding loss in taxes?

The Water and Power Act

The average citizen, so it seems to the writer, is always in dense ignorance as to whether a state or city owned industry or utility is really making or losing money. One trouble is that a state or city owned utility can nearly always borrow from a friendly government and cover up the loans in such a way that at the end of a year or a period of years the citizens do not know whether there has been a net profit or a loss. State and city owned utilities never stand on their own bottoms as do private corporations.

There is absolutely no clear-cut standard of profit or loss as with private concerns. The opposition newspaper loudly proclaims the losses and inefficiency of the service, while the friendly party organ vehemently denies these charges. But the man who reads cannot judge for himself as he usually can in the case of a private corporation.

The writer had great difficulty in discovering from its friends just what would happen if the proposed $500,000,000 Water and Power Act had passed. The act provided that private companies could be taken over, but one of its leading proponents told me that it would be decades before the state would trouble the companies, because the growth of population would require both private and public enterprises side by side.

But the general impression created by friends of the act was that the private companies had already grabbed all the good sites, a charge which the companies admit. Obviously, then, the expenditure of the state's money for poor, uneconomic sites would be wasteful and utterly indefensible. No; government ownership in California in reality means the taking over of existing private companies. It can mean nothing else if the opponents of the private companies are sincere when they say that these companies have grabbed the best water powers.

The act provided that a finance committee of seven, consisting of such persons as the governor, state treasurer and state controller, should control the issue of state bonds for the assistance of city-owned projects. Evidently the people of the state did not care to put so much additional power into the hands of its future politicians, for the act was defeated by 597,413 votes to 243,604.

Most unfortunately, so it seems to the writer, the power companies spent large sums and used strange methods to defeat the act. Of course large sums were spent also by those who favored the Water and Power Act, and the writer means no offense when he says that the minds of some of those who favor government ownership in California are so rigidly closed that the private companies are justified in resorting to pretty strong methods in defending themselves against attacks which smack rather too much of mere bigotry. But according to the senate committee, four times as much was spent against the act as for it, and the writer ventures the opinion that private ownership and operation might abandon such an excessive acceleration of public opinion for other and wiser methods and agents of justifying itself.

In the woman's world the tireless and speedy Mimeograph is rapidly lightening some weighty burdens

Today woman shares with man the responsibility for a tremendous amount of worth-while success. With her sphere no longer bounded by household limits—she is becoming an increasingly greater factor in the important decisions of business.

And there is hardly another labor-saving device in all the lists that is doing so much for her in this wider field as the Mimeograph.

The long and tiresome process of making innumerable copies of letters, bulletins and kindred matter, the Mimeograph has reduced to a pleasant task of a few minutes.

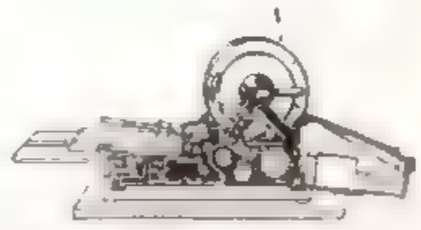
Five thousand well printed duplicates of a typewritten sheet or an outline drawing the Mimeograph turns out hourly, with little trouble and practically no expense.

It is the easiest and speediest way of doing a great deal of important work, some of which could not be done expediently without its help.

In the hands of a skillful woman it is a dainty, cleanly and powerful device for the battering down of costs and the building up of efficiency.

And that is the reason it is doing big and vital service in business and educational fields everywhere.

Its makers, the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will gladly send you booklet "S-12" and all important information about the Mimeograph upon request.



MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON DICK

FREE—a "working model" of Doublecap

This new Williams' Doublecap Stick works from both ends—when one end is used up begin on the other. And look at the way it fits your hand! Plenty of space for a man-sized grasp, no mere finger hold.

Second place, *it's economical!* When the stick is used up, it can be reloaded in a jiffy—and with reasonable care the holder can be made a family heirloom.

And finally you get the same comfortable, enjoyable Williams' shave you've always had.

P.S. Yes, we'll be glad to send you a free "working model" of Doublecap Stick. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. P-5, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams'
Doublecap Shaving Stick

Made by the makers of the famous Williams' Hour-a-Day Talc and Williams' Shaving Cream

CASH?

Mail the coupon below, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 653 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., and you will receive the cash offer which enables scores of our subscription representatives to earn up to $1.50 an hour.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ *State* _____

653

Motorists, fleet owners, gas engine owners everywhere are finding it well to insist on only Genuine APEX INNERINGS to excessive oil pumping and kindred motor ills. The APEX tag protects user, dealer and jobber in quality of manufacture and performance. No other bears it. Motors perform almost like new after simple installation and in thousands of cases prove reboring is unnecessary expense in re-powering—astonishing low price—

Dealers: Order from your jobber or write us. *Jobbers:* It will pay you to write—get in on the big national demand that has been created.

Thomson-Friedlob Mfg. Co., Peoria, Dept. W, Illinois
Fully Patented U. S. A. and Canada

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our *Free* and *Prompt* opinion of its patentable nature. *Terms Reasonable*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Clark's Round the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan. 15th and Feb. 2nd, 1924; 122 days $1000 up; 65 days $600 up. Shore excursions included.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

A CHOICE OF VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 5)

Pegleg remained motionless for two minutes and fifteen seconds. In that length of time Peter Manning had ambled thirty yards up the stretch, wheeled like a hawk, thundered past in his full stride and circled the track. Pegleg had clicked his watch at the beginning and the ending of that effortless, flashing mile. He now addressed the empty air.

"Two-one an' a quarter—just buggy ridin'!" He replaced his stop watch, lit a cigarette, expelled two jets of smoke from his pinched nostrils and limped on to the auction tent.

It was stifling under the semi-opaque, clay-colored canvas roof. The crowd was small and sophisticated—coatless, heavy-jowled, puffy-eyed regulars. Pegleg knew most of them by name. Each displayed a large diamond, either as a stud or in a heavy ring, wore a silk shirt of vivid pattern and manipulated a curved-handled cane. Pegleg concentrated on the auctioneer.

"I've sold Mabel J. for a fifty-dollah bill—what'll you gimme for the field?"

Silence and the shifting of canes.

The auctioneer seized a glass of water and consumed it at a gulp. The attitude of scorn he now assumed required a thumbnail under a purple suspender and disclosed a vivid grape-juice effect on the shirt below.

"Say, what's the matter with you guys? This mare ain't fast."

"She's got nothin' on your suspenders, Charlie."

"If I knowed as much about gents' furnishin's as you, Mose, I wouldn't of bought 'em." The assemblage was swept by a pitying eye. "Staggered in in front of a bunch of hounds at Kalamazoo and you'd think she was a free-for-all pacer. Listen, Mose—just for that crack about my suspenders—you gimme fifty for this field. It's worth two hundred, and don't forget I said so."

Pegleg's attention swung promptly to Mose.

Frog-belly eyelids drooped lazily over a pair of carplike eyes. When they lifted a decision had been reached. A cane head was withdrawn from a jutting rose-red lower lip.

"Too hot, Charlie."

Pegleg favored his inner consciousness with a pleasant oath. His race—and they didn't know the war was over! It was hot, though; you couldn't laugh that off. His sleeve cleared the sweat from his forehead and eyes as he looked for strange and guileless faces.

Just one live one in the crowd—perhaps! A long sunburned guy with emphatic wrist bones and a triumphant Adam's apple. By no means a sure thing, but worth a crack. Pegleg edged into the stranger's line of vision and stared at the entry board. He produced a program with trembling fingers, cast feverish eyes upon it and fumbled in various pockets.

"Got a lead pencil?"

"What say?"

"Lemme a pencil, brother." Pegleg's suppressed voice was hoarse with emotion.

A pencil appeared and changed hands. So far so good.

Pegleg marked his card, returned the pencil absently and seemed about to dash from the scene. He turned away, hesitated, turned back and peered searchingly into the face of the owner of the lead pencil.

"Listen, pal, you don't know me an' I don't know you, but you look like a good guy. If I slip you something will you keep it under your hat?" Pegleg shot this out on a tense breath.

The Adam's apple rose a full inch and returned to its former seat of grandeur.

"Jog on by and sell your papers!"

Pegleg limped dejectedly from the auction tent, mortified by his lack of judgment in making a pitch at a small-town horseman.

It was growing hotter by the minute. The sun-killed, dust-coated meadow of the center field shimmered like a brassy sea. The deserted grand stand seemed to gape for air in the sodden haze. An hour and a half till the first race! No chance to grab a rummy till the crowd thickened up. Pegleg again passed his sleeve across his brow, felt his laboring pulse beating in his neck and bethought him of a spreading maple before the doorway of the empty feed room which was his present abode. He hobbled with more alacrity toward a row of stalls squatting along the clover-dotted knoll from which the tree sprang up, and stretched himself with a grunt of relief where the spattered shade shut out definitely the red-hot stove lid which was the sun.

The lower turn swept past the spot in a tilted curve. The tawny boulevard of the freshly sprinkled stretch led endlessly straight away. To command its length, Pegleg had only to raise himself on an elbow. He contemplated doing so when Stanley Direct came out to warm up. For the present he saw only maple leaves straight above him as still as though carved in jade. Wearied by their multitude and similarity, he pulled his cap over his eyes.

There followed a pleasant moment in which Pegleg sank luxuriously into darkness; but almost at once, so it seemed, he was flung back into glare and heat by a sound like the tumbling roar of a giant wave. Resorting to an elbow he found himself observing a squadron of horses, behind which rolled up a cloud of sun-shot dust. He blinked at this spectacle for an instant, realized that the roar had been the voice of the grand stand, and saw the squadron break up into units which slowed down as they approached to cries of "Whoah! Whoah! Whoah now!"

Pegleg jerked abruptly into a sitting position, staggered to his feet and hobbled to the track gate. As the first of the red-nostriled contestants stalked through he accosted the swipe.

"Listen, Red, I been—asleep. What's happened? What race is this?"

"First heat, first race."

Pegleg produced a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully on the back of a sweating hand.

"What won it?"

"Stanley Direct; easy; two-five an' a half. Ain't it hot?"

"You said it," agreed Pegleg. He lit his cigarette.

For a time he stood motionless while he applied appalling epithets to the situation. The good thing was now an odds-on and he knew nothing more that day. A sun-smitten quarter of a mile lay between the stables and the betting ring. If he managed to dig up a piece of info he must limp its sweltering length to come at the stifling press about the betting machines in which a rummy might be found.

Pegleg's eye traveled moodily from where he stood to the stables, from the stables to the far end of the grand stand and back to the clover-dotted mound roofed with maple leaves which had been his undoing. Cursing the treacherous spot, he still put himself in motion in its direction. Maybe he'd eat that evening and maybe he wouldn't. It depended on his ability to touch somebody for four bits. In any event his labors for the day were over. He could bum enough cigarettes to hold him—that was a cinch. As he reclimbed the knoll and arrived at the scene of his deplorable siesta, he saw that he must now share the sprawling shadow of the maple tree with another—a fellow being—propped against the tree and fanning himself with his hat.

Pegleg scowled, stumped on into the feed room and stretched himself on his blanket-covered canvas cot. In this black hour the proximity of human kind was distasteful. He wished to be alone.

The feed room proved to be a combination furnace and vacuum. Pegleg emerged drippingly therefrom, filled his lungs with the torrid outer air that was as grateful for a moment as a mountain breeze, and sought the slope of the knoll. In a moment his surroundings, including the huddled figure propped against the tree, sank below the horizon of his consciousness as he drifted away on a sea of vain regrets.

Dig up a good thing and then pound his ear while it went over! Not a thin dime in his kick. Talk about boobs! If he wasn't a lousy, limping son of a ——

A high querulous voice cut abruptly into Pegleg's self-reproaches.

"I won't; no, sir! I never have an' I never will. It ain't long to go now—an' I never will."

Pegleg, startled by the unexpectedness of this declaration and by the curious frail passion with which it had been uttered, turned his head over his shoulder to take in the speaker.

Bone makes a brave show in the face of Time. Pegleg was staring at a skull. To be sure, there were wisps of rusty white hair on its crown and a swollen vein crawled through the hollow of each temple to lift the yellow skin into wandering pale blue welts. There was also a tinge of red at the rims of the watery eyes and a thin purple line where the lips met. But dominating these more transitory details of the flesh was the triumphant contour of the skull.

No collar, no tie—an old bum! No-o-o; too clean. The gangrenous mark of a brass collar button was the only discoloration on a bilious-looking dewlap, and the starchless collar band and the wedge of shirt below were white. An old rube—now he'd said it! Maybe not. He'd made a quick size-up once before that day and got in wrong. Well, it didn't matter. He didn't know a thing at a decent price that he'd bet a nickel on, and the old wreck must be flat anyway.

The thin lips moved. Breath labored through them bearing words.

"I got to git to th' car line."

"Well, fly at it," said Pegleg. He blotted out the vision of man's decay with a cloud of cigarette smoke and attempted to plunge again into bitter thought.

"It ain't the heat so much. It's my legs. At first I thought it was the heat—but it's my legs. They're numblike. I hadn't ought to of tried it. Not this kind of a day. Young man, it looks like my legs have give out."

Pegleg jerked a shoulder as though at the buzzing of a fly. From the corner of a lop-sided sneer he summed up his reactions to the buzzing.

"I should worry."

Silence.

No, unfortunately, there was still the wheezy rattle of hard-taken breath. Pegleg rolled a baleful eye at his persecutor. He was surprised to find the huddle propped against the maple tree unaccountably alert. The scrawny neck was thrust forward. The watery gaze was intensely fixed. Pegleg, following that dim yet lighted glance, beheld a fresh squadron forming in the stretch. A moment later it bore down on them with increasing thunder and a chorus of eeyahs which is as characteristic of the embattled race driver as the yip-yip of the cowboy or the far-flung coo-ee of Australia's open spaces.

"Eeyah! Eeyah!"

Pegleg eyed the tornado of drumming hoofs, glinting spokes and dust-washed faces sourly. First heat, second race! Just a jog for Trampaway, who had the two-eight stakes at his mercy that season and was in third position.

A quavering voice lifted above the now more distant clamor.

"I like the roan hoss layin' third."

"Huh!" said Pegleg.

"Acts like a trotter."

Pegleg snorted again. A trotter! And he hadn't been certain the old stiff was a rube. He watched the roan horse move into the lead and make a show of the field. The superlative ease of the performance gripped him. For a moment his dejection fled. He even violated the code which ran "Never tell nothin' to a rummy," and demeaned the side of his mouth with an explanation.

"That was Trampaway you seen then. He win it backin' up."

But the light was gone from the old eyes. They became wet bits of faded enamel deeply sunk below a spouting of white eyebrows.

"I've got to git to the car line, somehow."

A rummy was an awful thing! This one hadn't even heard of Trampaway. Pegleg offered an irritable suggestion:

"Well, hop on down to the gate and grab a jitney."

"No, sir; no, sir-ree. I never done it and I never will."

The same words, the same shrill emphasis. Pegleg became mildly interested.

"Never done what?"

"Never rode in one of the stinkin', dust-throwin', road-hoggin' things. I walked from the car line, and that's what's wrong with my legs; that and the heat. They're numblike. If I can git back to the car line—it runs right past the Home."

A rummy and a nut! Pegleg's interest died away. It revived at a thought. Didn't look like he had the price of a shave, still ——

"Look here, pop, I might get a trainer to drive you down in a jog cart. But he'd want to see the color of a piece of money."

The knuckles and tendons of yellow claw disappeared in a pocket, fumbled there and reappeared. A folded bill was spread out shakily on a thin knee.

"That ought to be enough for a man to hook up a hoss and drive two miles."

A ten spot!

"Sure, that'll pull it off. Just slip it to me an' I'll be on my way."

Pegleg bore a mildly searching glance without a quiver. The bill was refolded, slowly, carefully, and disappeared in the pocket.

"That's every dollar I got in the world. I'll be settin' right here. You can tell 'em I'll pay what's right for the trouble. You can tell 'em it's Cal Brice. Some of the older ones might remember. Just say 'Cal Brice'—and tell 'em it's my legs."

A sullen rage welled up in Pegleg. Some days you couldn't make a nickel!

"Why, sure; you hold right on to it, pop, an' I'll see what I can do." He made as though to rise, hesitated, seemed to reflect. "Nobody'll want to leave right now, I don't expect. Suppose we stick here for a while, an' I'll get busy just before the last race."

"Well now, that's a good idea. I can watch 'em step from here. It's right kind of you, young man."

No risk in dipping! The old boob was all in. He couldn't put up a holler on a bet. Why not cut out the stalling and strong-arm him? No; that required a quick get-away, and such was not in Pegleg's repertoire. He decided to play it safe, and seated himself again, an itching hand within comfortable distance of the favored pocket.

"That's all right, pop. Glad to help you out." A palsied forearm served as an unconscious barrier to the pocket. If he'd start fanning himself again! "Hot, ain't it?" Pegleg suggested.

"Well, I thought so. I thought so right along until a minute ago. Seems to have cooled off all of a sudden. I'm kind of shivery. That's queer now, how cool it's got so quick-like."

Pegleg stared. Over the yellow parchment of the mummylike face a faint blue tinge was spreading, yet the forehead was beaded with great drops of sweat.

"I oughtn't to of come. But I had to see 'em once more before —— My feet's awful cold, young man, an'—I—don't seem able to ketch—my breath."

"It's kind of close, pop. Stir the air some with your hat."

Bony fingers dug convulsively into the folds of the black felt hat, the forearm lifted clear of the pocket. Pegleg's hand crept wormlike along the grass, but the shaking arm fell.

"It's no use, no use. I should of stayed settin' on the porch with the rest." The gasping voice became a cry. "But they don't know hosses, none of 'em. They don't know hosses. They just set and watch the automobiles go by." The voice sank to a whisper. "They never stop goin' by, an' they never will. More of 'em all the time—more and more. Horns all day and lights all night, white and red lights all night."

The voice died away, the head nodded and was lifted with an effort.

Pegleg had been undone that day by Nature's sweet restorer. His problem seemed about to be solved by the same agency.

"Take it easy, pop; just lean back and take it easy."

"You—still there—young man?"

"Sure, I'm here. Don't worry about nothin'. A wink or two'll do you good."

The head nodded once more. The wrinkled eyelids closed, but Pegleg's hand remained in the clover, while the purple lips continued to move. From them issued on labored breath a far and broken whisper.

"They wouldn't believe me when I told 'em. None of the boys would believe me. I said, 'They'll drive hosses off the face of the earth. First they'll drive 'em off the roads, and then off the farms, and after while—off the track. You'll see!' An' they saw—all but the last. But it's comin'—it's comin', as sure as the mare first beat two-ten—it's comin'. An' she's forgot. An' these today will be forgot. Way below two minutes. I'd never of believed it—not for a trotter. But it don't mean what two-thirty did when there was only hosses. It don't mean—nothin'—any—more."

Funny talk! The old rummy was a nut, right. Better wait till he was dead to the world.

Five minutes passed before the hand took up its creeping journey to its goal. It required only the first and second fingers. They stole into the pocket like two white snakes, closed on the bill and came away.

"Take back! Take back, Ed!"

Pegleg's scalp seemed to lift an inch from his skull. Instead of the shadowlike get-away now in order, he sat as though congealed, staring into those burning, cavernous eyes and blinking at the astounding figure, no longer supported by the tree. It was sitting erect—tense, vital, electric.

And the voice, the voice that had shattered the torpid quiet like a battle cry! How could it conceivably come from that frail chest? How could it fail to tear that withered throat to tatters? Again it pealed forth:

"Take back with the pole hoss, Ed! We can't get away like this. Do you want to score 'em to death? Come on—come on, Frank, I can't choke this hoss down. Come on, come on! 'Go,' he said. If you try to pinch me off I'll ride over you, Frank. Eeyah! Eeyah! Eeyah!"

The row of stalls gave sudden evidence of life. Squares of black velvet made by open upper doors, filled with ear-pricking heads. From boxes, stools, bales of straw human figures rose up, listening.

"Lay over there, Ed! Lay over, I say. I'm on the rail now. Steady hoss, ste-a-a-dy. Now, Ed, what've you got left? Go awn, hoss! Eeyah! Eeyah!"

The human listeners along the row of stalls moved with languid curiosity upon the maple tree. They arrived too late. Pegleg saw gnarled hands raise phantom lines to lift a tired trotter across the finish line. There was a last "Eeyah!" a wilder glare of triumph in the burning eyes.

"Not enough, Ed. Not enough. Whoah, hoss! Good hoss! Whoah, who-o-o-ah!"

The hands fell, the glare in the eyes went out as though shades had been drawn at the windows of a lighted room. The winning driver of the phantom race made a slow and deep obeisance to Pegleg—so deep that it ended in the clover.

Pegleg stared at the long white hairs on the back of the motionless head, wet his dry lips with a catlike tongue and achieved a whisper.

"An' I thought he was a rummy." Voices which now arose about him seemed far away.

"Drunk, ain't he?"

"Sure, plastered."

"He's laying kinda funny. Let's turn him over."

"Drunk, hell. Listen: Old Doc Saunders is workin' on that filly of Tatem's—end stall, next barn."

Pegleg with some effort stood erect. He was certain of one thing: A get-away was no longer necessary.

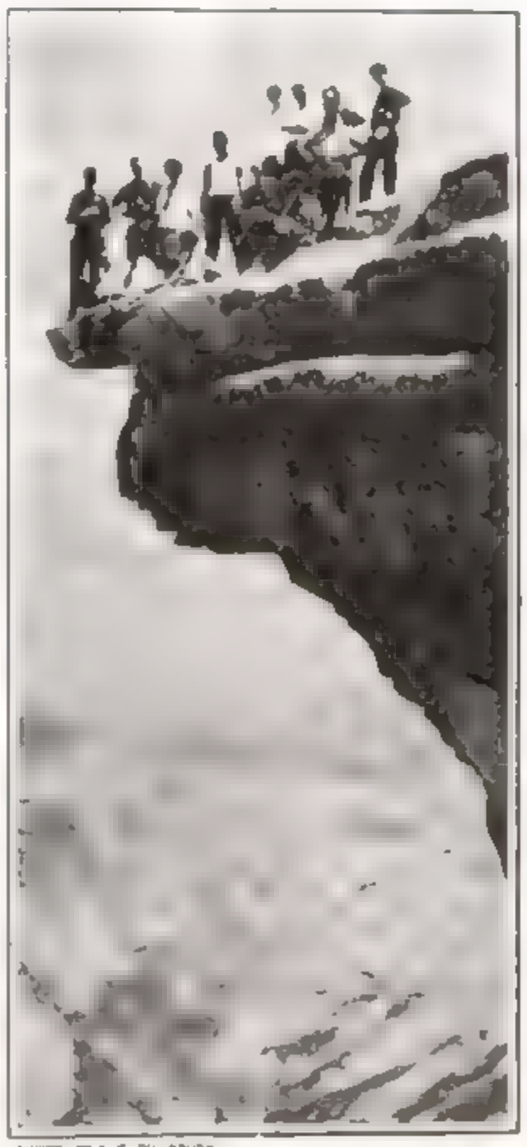


PHOTO BY H. C. PILLSBURY

Overhang Half Dome, Yosemite Valley, California

This opinion was presently verified after a black leather bag had been deposited in the grass and gold spectacles had bent inquiringly down.

"Nothing I can do. Heart just quit. Dead when he hit the ground."

In lighting a cigarette Pegleg observed that his hands were shaking. An oath drifted from him on a cloud of cigarette smoke. What could you expect, with an old bird croaking in your lap? He'd got a ten spot out of it, anyway. His eyes sought the reassuring view of center field, track and grand stand. He seemed to be looking at a painted scene, familiar, yet unreal. Nothing seemed as real as that sprawling stillness in the grass that Doc Saunders was giving the once over.

"Old Cal Brice. He was making trotters when George Wilkes was a colt. Trained Maud S. some before she beat two-ten. Wouldn't speak to anybody hardly that rode in an automobile when they first came out. I remember seeing Ben Ransom try to pinch him off in the M. & M. Cal was driving a long-headed, long-necked, long-backed sorrel by Electioneer. He was sixty years old if he was a day. He never took back. Just locked wheels and rode on home. Ben had to go with him. Cal's sorrel had a nose the best of it all the way. Well, he's driven his last race."

"Yes, doc," said Pegleg suddenly; "I seen him when he done it."

The gold spectacles swung Pegleg's way.

"I guess not. He hasn't been behind a hoss in twenty years. Some of you boys carry him in there and lay him on that cot till they come for him."

Insult to injury! Pegleg swore again as shuffling feet moved with their burden into his feed room. Give a guy the willies and then take his bed! He grinned crookedly at a thought, his hand closing around the ten-dollar bill in his pocket. "Board money."

Pegleg watched no more races that day. It was his habit when the breaks went against him to limp from stall to stall, gazing silently, or with a soft word at a softly nudging muzzle, at what the stalls contained. He now found himself drifting down a line of stalls, pausing here and there to rest his arms on the top of a lower door and stare meditatively within.

For a time the sight of gliding muscles under glistening skins, keen, wind-splitting heads with softly glowing eyes, would not rid him of an unaccountable depression. Fortune had not given him the complete go-by. He was no longer flat. Then what was there to bellyache about? Nothing. Only—a close-up of sudden death gives even a hard-boiled guy a jolt, he found. It brought home with unaccustomed force how sorry was the scheme of things; what a dirty deal the whole game was. Cut a guy's leg off when he was knee high to a duck, turn him into a shaking mummy, and then—good night!

The afternoon wore on. The track no longer blazed and danced. It had become a strip of lavender ribbon with a heliotrope edging of white fence. The band ceased to crash and blare. Its brassy voices softened and blended to steal across the center field with the stretching shadow of the grand stand.

Pegleg was himself again. The contented munching of hay, the comfortable rustling of straw, the soul-warming odor which enwrapped these sounds, had done it. He had a last simple rite to perform before he abandoned his silent communion with the silent lords of speed.

He limped to a certain stall and stood at gaze. There was a noticeable distinction about this stall—a lavish display of monogrammed blankets within, a particular sparkle to bikes and harness and painted trunks without. Over the stall hung an unostentatious black enamel nameplate which bore the following in neat gold letters: Peter Manning—1.56¾.

Pegleg stood for a contemplative moment before he addressed a swipe lounging on one of the trunks.

"What did he do today, Spider?"

"Nothin' much. Track's cuppy. Fifty-eight an' a half."

Pegleg turned away. So automobiles were going to put things like that out of business! The old bird had said so just before he croaked.

"Not by a hell of a sight!" said Pegleg aloud. He rounded a line of stalls and came upon the maple tree and his own quarters.

Plodding up the knoll came a big horse, black all over, except for a small star on the

You can *raise your* income, next year, *if you want to!*

Hundreds of men did it in 1923,—men who had felt they were at the end of their rope, so far as earning more money was concerned.

Into the hands of these men came a copy of the book "Out of the Rut," telling how scores of men, many without any experience, have become successful members of the greatest selling organization in the world to-day. And it showed how they, too, could get into a business where there is

no limit as to how much money a man can earn!

It told them also that Fuller gives every man a training in salesmanship free, and equips them to succeed. How it gives a man a chance to be virtually his own boss; how to get into healthful, outdoor work; and how to earn more than they ever thought they were capable of earning. That is why these men are now succeeding way beyond their highest expectations. (See full-page color adv. in this same issue.)

Here's *YOUR* Opportunity

to earn in 1924 the income you would like to earn and, by your increased income, possess those good things of life that you crave for yourself and your family. Write for this book Out of the Rut. Don't wait for it, but meanwhile get in touch at once with any one of the 240 Fuller Branch Offices (for address of nearest one look in phone book). Evening appointments made, if desired. Or address The Fuller Brush Co., 1066 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.)

Fuller

WILLSON *name on the frame means* WILLSON Quality

WILLSON Goggles

For Sun, Dust Wind or Glare

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
NEWARK, N. J.
San Francisco St. Louis

Nail Clippers

"They're Tested"

Two styles: The Gem (illustrated) in a leather case 50c. Gem Jr. 35c. At dealers or by mail.

The H. C. Cook Co., Ansonia, Conn.

Giving the Telephone Life

Wherever your thought goes your voice may go. You can talk across the continent as if face to face. Your telephone is the latch to open for you any door in the land.

There is the web of wires. The many switchboards. The maze of apparatus. The millions of telephones. All are parts of a country-wide mechanism for far-speaking. The equipment has cost over 2 billion dollars, but more than equipment is needed.

There must be the guardians of the wires to keep them vital with speech-carrying electrical currents. There must be those who watch the myriads of tiny switchboard lights and answer your commands. There must be technicians of every sort to construct, repair and operate.

A quarter of a million men and women are united to give nation-wide telephone service. With their brains and hands they make the Bell System live.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

forehead and a trace of white on the off front fetlock. Having noted thus much, Pegleg next observed that the horse was attached to a wagon—a black wagon, or rather it had been black. The paint had checked and cracked off in so many places that it was more a mottled brown.

The horse breasted the knoll and halted. Pegleg took in the faded lettering on the wagon's boxlike side: R. Skenk, Undertaker and Embalmer.

One of the two men on the front seat now addressed him.

"Corpse here, somewhere. Do you know where it's at?"

Pegleg glanced in at the cot on which he was wont to repose and saw the soles of worn, square-toed shoes protruding stiffly from a striped cooling sheet. He jerked his head at the feed-room door

"In there," he said. He let his eyes roam over the horse that stood tossing his head to ease his neck of check cramp. About sixteen hands. Good head, good legs, good all over. Lots of power and not coarse. Shame to put such a lousy set of harness on him.

The men had dismounted from the wagon.

"How old?" asked Pegleg, nodding.

"Comin' six. Standard bred. Just as good as he looks. Say, who's goin' to pay for this job?"

Pegleg's eyes left the big black horse.

"You can search me." He had turned to take himself away when a peremptory clangor halted him for an instant, ere he lurched, somewhat hurriedly, aside. The shining motor ambulance which hummed around the end of the line of stalls came purringly to rest on the exact spot where Pegleg had been standing.

Pegleg glowered at the impassive being who concerned himself expertly with the momentum of the juggernaut.

"Listen, you big stiff ——" He was interrupted by a brisk young man clothed in white linen and the odor of iodoform, who dropped from the rear of the ambulance.

"Dead man for the morgue. Barn Two. This is Barn Two." A quick glance took in the undertaker's wagon and picked up its unimpressive crew. "Oh, you here? Have you been employed?"

"Well, no, not exactly. They told us at the gate there was a corpse here, as we was drivin' by; but I guess we're out of it."

"Wait a minute," said Pegleg suddenly, and limped into the center of the discussion. "You beat these guys to it, didn't you?" he inquired of the driver of the undertaker's wagon.

"Well—yes, but we didn't know it was a morgue job. We'd have to charge to drive down there. The city ambulance here'll do it free."

"Free, eh?" said Pegleg. He eyed the shining ambulance with its throbbing motor and fired a sudden question. "What'll you charge?"

"Charge? Why, about ten dollars, I guess. But the ambulance here "

Pegleg did not listen to a repetition of the unescapable and thoroughly practical side of the question. They were scoring for the last heat of the last race as the red sun was cut in half by the peak of the grand-stand roof. The band struck into a fox trot, timed to the dust spurts, jetting like pink smoke from the lavender track at the stroke of flying hoofs. The black horse seemed to toss his gleaming head in its worn bridle to the distant rhythm of the fox trot.

Pegleg's eyes wandered despite him to the feet protruding from the cooling sheet. They were shockingly still. He need not have seen their owner drive straight into that stillness to be certain they were not the feet of one who slept.

Well, as the doc said, they had gone their last mile. They had shuffled two miles in the broiling sun, that day, Pegleg recalled, and seemed to hear again a high-pitched, quavering voice.

"I never have, an' I never will!"

Pegleg's hand dived viciously into his pocket. It reappeared with a carefully folded bill.

"Here," he said to the driver of the horse, "you take him away."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 22, 1923

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
A Choice of Vehicles—*John Taintor Foote*	5
Strain at a Gnat—*Ben Ames Williams*	6
The Thirty-Six Hairpins—*Gerald Mygatt*	10
Mary 'Lizabeth's Folks—*Ruth Cross*	12
The Renegade—*Perceval Gibbon*	13
Business is Business—*Lowell Otus Reese*	14
Skookum Chuck: The Adventure of the Temporary Pirate—*Stewart Edward White*	24

ARTICLES

Adventures in Politics—*Elizabeth Frazer*	3
Opening the Door to Diplomacy—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	8
The World Struggle for Oil—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	9
Testing Big Business in the West—*Albert W. Atwood*	16
The Danger of Europe: England's Struggle for Industrial Life—*Sir Philip Gibbs*	21

SERIALS

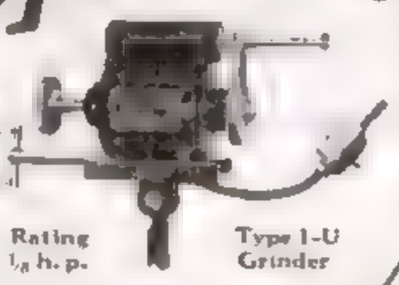
The Lantern on the Plow (Fifth part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	18

MISCELLANY

Editorial	20
Short Turns and Encores	22

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Speed Way



Rating 1/8 h. p. Type 1-U Grinder

Precision Spells Profit

For every job of precision external, center, or internal grinding it will pay you to use this light, handy and rugged SpeedWay Grinder

It is compact. It is accurate. It has ample power and over-all dimensions of type shown are 9x6x4

For deep internal grinding extension arms of 5, 10 and 15 inches can be supplied

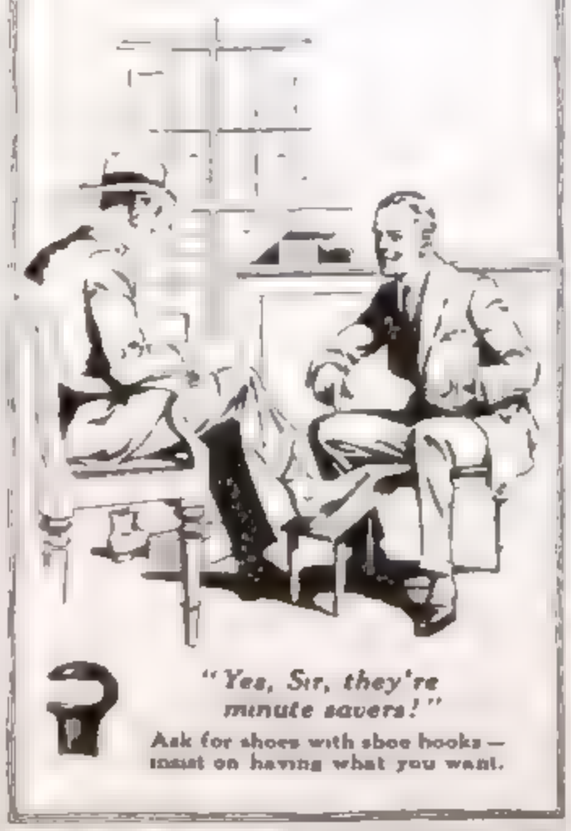
For heavy precision work our ½ h. p. angle plate grinder will suit your requirements

[illegible]

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TOOL CO.

1830 S. 52d Ave. (adjoining Chicago) Cicero, Ill.

Some territory open. Distributors write us



"Yes, Sir, they're minute savers!"

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

YOU drop us a line and say that you want to make some extra money The Curtis Publishing Company, 652 Independence Sq. Phila. Pa.

WE [illegible]

ROLLIN

At Last—That Most Efficient of All Motors—the Four—Attains its Highest Development

Rollin White, one of the industry's most distinguished engineers spent several years and a king's ransom on experimental work, studying foreign motor design, to find the secret of the perfect Four.

Now his new car is ready. In his presentation of the Rollin he gives to the world a new Four in its most highly developed form.

As a matter of fact, Mr. White went the best of the European engineers one better.

For not only did he design a most efficient, small displacement, high compression motored car, but he coupled quantity production with it, which makes possible a very attractive price.

The Rollin has 4-wheel brakes of the internal type. No other car in America selling under $1000 has this type of brake.

The Rollin has Firestone Balloon Tires. This is one of the great advances of the year.

The Rollin has force feed lubrication to all rotating motor bearings.

A 4-bearing crankshaft—a new type of spring suspension—a stiffer and deeper frame—and ability to deliver 25 miles or better to the gallon of gasoline—are a few more Rollin features.

Dealers have samples now all ready for your demonstration.

But be prepared to handle the liveliest, smoothest, and quietest motor you ever had your experienced hands on.

Touring Car De Luxe, $975*; Three Seated Coupe Roadster, $1175; Five Passenger Sedan, $1275.

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes but without De Luxe equipment, $895. Prices f. o. b. factory.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

On exhibition during the New York Automobile Show, main lobby, Commodore Hotel, New York City
On exhibition during the Chicago Automobile Show, Elizabethan Room, Congress Hotel, Chicago

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

RIDDLE Fitments have come to represent to a very great extent the standard of residential lighting. This is indicated by their constantly increasing use and also by their selection for installation in various model electrical homes. The model home at Oak Park, illustrated above, is just one of the homes of this type in which Riddle Fitments have been installed, to give a conception of the modern trend of design and decoration in lighting for residences and apartments. Riddle Fitments are priced from $4 to $57.50 and are thus available for modest as well as more pretentious homes, for new installations and to replace out-of-date lighting fixtures. Illustrated folder and name of dealer will be sent on request.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE brown Jaspé linoleum floor unifies the entrance hall and the living room opening from it, because it blends so harmoniously with the pleasing color scheme.

Where linoleum floors were planned from the start

THE suggestion of Armstrong's Linoleum for these floors came from the architect. It was part of the house-finishing plan that the entrance hall and living-room should be done with rich brown linoleum floors.

The couple for whom the house was built had to have linoleum explained to them. They did not know that when properly laid, linoleum makes a permanent floor—a smooth, unbroken expanse of color that harmonizes with the walls and furnishings.

They did not know that the floor of linoleum is the easiest of all floors to clean. Linoleum does not absorb dust or take up stains, and is economical because, since it does not crack or splinter, it never needs expensive refinishing.

An occasional waxing and polishing restores its bright, new appearance.

Any good furniture or department store can show you this modern linoleum in beautiful Jaspés (two-tone effects), in parquetry and tile inlaids, carpet inlaids, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you see this modern linoleum and consider the advantages it offers as a floor, you will understand why Armstrong's Linoleum is advocated for every floor in the house.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

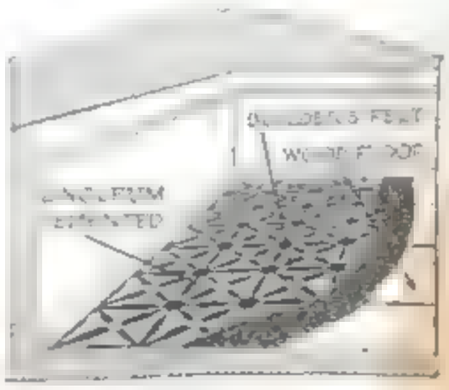
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color-plates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

810 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builders' deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

Brings

Cleanliness

and

Good Cheer

Makes cleaning easier all the year

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

"Your Old Dutch"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

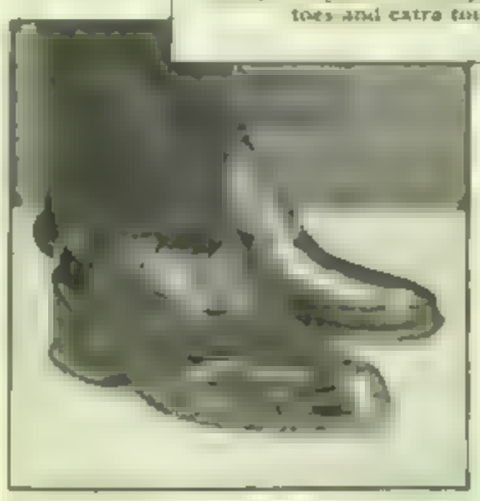
DEC. 22, 1923

5 cts.

Elizabeth Frazer — Isaac F. Marcosson — Perceval Gibbon — Gerald Mygatt
Ruth Cross — Albert W. Atwood — John Taintor Foote — Ben Ames Williams

The New Upper—the gaiter with the buckleless fastener.

Child's Nature—Bumpered heels and toes and extra tough soles.



Men's Lincoln—one of our conservatives. Double the wear in every pair.

When you get caught—*what?*

You never think of rubber footwear until it rains or snows.

But when you *are* caught and you *must* protect yourself, do you rush into the first store handy and ask merely for a pair of rubbers?

The thing you *want* is the very thing you cannot see—that's *wear!* But there is a positive guide to that hidden quality—the word "Straight-Line." There is over half a century of experience behind it—see that it marks the sole of your next pair.

You women who worry over the speed with which your kiddies kick through their rubbers—you particular young ladies who want style and trim fit to your footwear—you men who demand ample protection and long service—"Straight-Line" is what you want.

65,000 dealers ready to fit you with "Straight-Line"

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Akron, Ohio*

Goodrich

STRAIGHT-LINE

RUBBERS

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

THE AMBASSADOR
The smart dinner suit with block lapels. Worn with either black or white waistcoat.

WHERE THE CUT COUNTS MOST

It's a difficult thing to achieve just the right effect in the cut of dinner clothes. They must have that well tailored look, but above all they must have the air of perfect ease. Because they have exactly this rare combination, Society Brand dinner clothes are accepted as the correct thing for semi-formal wear.

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · IN CANADA: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL ®

At nine a. m.—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
To market now she goes.
She fears no snowy, wintry wind,
That blows and *blows* and BLOWS.
Her face is smooth and soft and pink,
And clear as any girl's
Just *see*, now, how she smiles at you
Through the snowy whirls!
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco,
With skin just like a girl's.

At five o'clock—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Is eating toast and tea
She looks ten years younger than
Her friends know her to be.
How *does* she do it, dear, dear?
They ask, ere they depart.
"Is't rouge, massage or bleach or soap
Or is it, pray, just *art*?"
And pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Replies, "Oh no—not *Art!*"

At seven—

Pretty Mrs. Jollyco
Descends the stairs with grace.
The men admire, their wives discuss,
The beauty of her face
Dear reader, here's her secret, which
You'll take to heart, we hope:
She bathes her face two times each day
With gentle Ivory Soap.
Pretty Mrs. Jollyco!
You'll do the same, we hope.

How the basis of complexion beauty may be easily established

There are fashions in complexion treatment, just as there are in clothes.

But simple cleanliness is still known to be the foundation of all complexion beauty.

Yet when a famous dermatologist says, "The way to keep the face clean is to *wash* it," your natural inclination may be to reply, "Why, that is so old-fashioned. My grandmother did that."

Yes, washing the face *is* old-fashioned.

For more than two generations, simple, daily washing with Ivory Soap and water has cleansed and protected more lovely complexions than probably any other method ever known.

Cleanses thoroughly, yet safely

So, today, with the help of warm water, Ivory Soap gently and safely removes the film of oil and dust or powder that accumulates on your skin during the day. Your pores are cleansed naturally and safely. Your skin revives and glows with new, healthful cleanliness.

Ivory is able to achieve such results, without prolonged rubbing, because it is properly blended from the finest materials obtainable anywhere in the world. It is pure **soap,** *without any of the extraneous materials like coloring matter or medicines which we might so easily and cheaply add if we desired.*

Perhaps you may not realize that soap can bring only this one benefit to your complexion—*safe-cleansing.* Yet the highest medical authorities will all tell you this is true. Therefore, when a soap promises extraordinary or magical benefits to your complexion, it *cannot keep its promises.*

Ivory promises this: Safe, gentle cleansing, which refreshes and enlivens the skin. And Ivory *keeps its promise.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere.

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

Copyright 1923, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6 Henrietta Street Covent Garden W C

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^D^ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second Class Matter November 18 1879 at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3 1879 Additional Entry at Columbus O. St. Louis Mo. Chicago Ill. Indianapolis, Ind. Superior Wis. Des Moines Ia. Portland, Ore. Milwaukee Wis. and St. Paul Minn.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Copyright, 1923, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 22, 1923 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 25

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

By Elizabeth Frazer

IS THE chase eternally more alluring than the capture, the attack more primitive, passionate and appealing than the slow, sober after labor of construction which victory involves?

Apathy! That was the word the political chieftains used to describe the woman situation. A glance at Webster's Unabridged establishes the fact that this word is a noun derived from the Greek verb which means to suffer. The prefix "a" indicates not or away from. Apathy therefore means, literally, not to suffer; to have a lack of feeling, a lack of passion, emotion, excitement; an indifference to what ordinarily stirs the feelings or activities. Therefore, an abnormal state particularly so for ladies. For apathy is not a normal feminine mood.

Nevertheless, they declared, these organization leaders of both parties, that this one word summed up exactly the entire situation. It expressed in a nutshell the present attitude of women toward those practical obligations of citizenship which in the long, bitterly fought struggle for suffrage they had striven so gallantly to achieve. That fine, high, brave, passionate spirit which so strikingly marked the final period of the long fight—whither had it gone? The men leaders didn't know.

They drummed their thick practical fingers on the desks in their inner offices and admitted soberly that they didn't know. But what they did know was that, so far as the general rank and file of the vast army of women voters were concerned, the bottom seemed to have dropped out of things. Couldn't get 'em out to register. Couldn't get 'em out to vote. Just apathetic. Not interested. Didn't seem, when it came down to brass tacks, to give a hoot for their moral obligations as citizens.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

London Militants Advertising Their Official Organ, The Suffragette

What Happened When They Got It? Nothing

THE gentlemen who uttered these melancholy assertions of fact were practical politicians who had got their training, not by majoring in politics in college and polishing off with a Ph.D.; not in any parlor discussion of politics by the Friday Morning Club in which Miss A, the current-events lady, makes everything so exceedingly clear, don't you think, my deah. It was down in the wards, in the school of actual roughneck politics, that these gentlemen had received their kindergarten instruction and lisped their political A B C's. They had buffeted their way up from the bottom, through innumerable concrete ugly crises, of chicane, treachery, fraud—fiercely fought party frays in which each side slugged unmercifully, and if it yelled for quarter got pounded to a pulp for the same—in short, practical politics as it obtains in our greatest metropolis, in which one-third of the population is alien and ignorant and two-thirds are native, ignorant and indifferent to boot, and with a big dirty scum, both alien and native, of riffraff, criminals, snowbirds, dead beats and bums who come in very handy in hotly contested districts around election time. These politicians were like any other self-made business men—but their business was politics.

One of these leaders characterized the situation bluntly thus: Women, he said, had fought like wild Apaches for the vote; they had put on their war paint and had gone forth, whooping and brandishing their tomahawks, to harass and harry the hard-boiled bitter-enders of unbelievers—of which he personally was not one—and hound them to their lairs. It had been, he affirmed, an astounding and hilarious exhibition. He wouldn't have missed it for worlds. It had scared the politicians watching it pea green. They grew moody and distraught and even refused nourishment. Their constant query, behind sealed doors, had been "What will they do when they get the vote?" What these manly fellows really meant was "What will they do to us?" Well then, they had got the vote! And what then? Nothing! Just plain nothing. Had they wielded the tremendous purifying influence they had prophesied? Not so you could observe it with the naked eye. Of course, he for one had not expected they would; he had never swallowed that millennium stuff. But he had expected that they would make good on the vote; that they would at least exercise the rights which they had fought so hard to attain. But right there they fell down. And that, he admitted, astonished him. He couldn't make it out.

More Lady Brigadiers Than Privates

"AND would you believe it," he exclaimed, "among the worst slackers are some of those very suffragists who fought like wildcats to get the vote, who had their backs all humped, ready to scratch a man's eyes out if he so much as dared to utter a practical word of advice or say anything that was not an abject, servile indorsement of their point of view *in toto*. And I might add, in passing, that as a bunch, those suffrage ladies were a fine peppy lot; they were knock-outs; but some of them were mighty unpractical, too, and when a woman's unpractical she goes the limit; she's got the most unpractical man on earth beat right off the boards.

"Honest, they used to make me laugh when they'd invade my office, some of those unpractical ones, even while I admired their earnestness. You could see it was a cause with them, a kind of holy crusade; and I admired that; I guess most men do. What's that line about a little lower than the angels? But the point I'm making is that some of those very women who were prime movers in the crusade to win suffrage are the ones who are most indifferent in exercising their rights. Now they've got the suffrage, they don't want it. They've quit the fight cold. How do you account for that?"

I attempted to do so. He shook his head.

"I've got another theory. You remember that thing of Artemus Ward's? About the people of his town who came together in a meeting to resolve that the town should support the Union and the Civil War, but were unwilling to take any part in putting down the rebellion unless they could go as brigadier generals? Well, some of those high-stepping van leaders of suffrage have got the brigadier-general complex. They just can't swallow their pride, strip off their volunteer epaulets and be simple privates of the line inside the regular party organization.

"But we could spare their loss. We've got too many brigadiers as it is running around loose. What we can't spare is the loss of the big army of women, the rank and

file that put suffrage on the map. Where's that army? Where's its morale? Both seem to have melted away. It's not only here in this city—it's all over the country The rank and file of women are quitting on their job, letting their political duties slide.

"You replied just now to my question that some women, like some men, were pioneers, line busters, they led the fight and left it to the others to come up and consolidate the gains. But the army's not coming up; they're not consolidating the gains; if anything, politically they've lost ground. You ask me for the inside facts of the situation and there they are. Those are the actual phenomena; explain them as you please."

This opinion was practically unanimous in both parties. It was expressed in varying phrases by county leaders, district leaders and workers close to the ground who were in contact with the great army of women voters. Apathy! A general apathy and lack of morale all the way up and down the line. Picking up the morning paper, I read that an eminent suffragist, vice chairwoman of the county committee of her party organization, had been irritated, with good reason, by the fact that the women had failed in great numbers to meet their obligations as citizens by registering for the approaching elections.

"It seems remarkable," she stated, "to contrast how hard women worked to get the vote with the indifference to its exercise which so many of them show."

Checking up this public utterance, the eminent suffragist in question confirmed and emphasized her statement.

How to account for this widespread languor? Formerly one had seen lion-hearted ladies chasing the elderly rock-ribbed bosses and ward heelers to their lairs with superb dash, flashing their maiden swords in the midriffs of these seasoned old-timers, and the sight was heart-warming in the extreme. But now these gentlemen were pursuing the even tenor of their way and the disturbers who had come roaring in bold as lions seemed to have gone out as meek as lambs

Why was this? Was it because in suffrage they reached the highest peak of their emotions and could not be roused for another Marathon race? Was it, as the politician acutely suggested, that some of the leaders would not cooperate unless they were made brigadier generals inside the party councils? Was it because women must have a cause, a crusade to rally around and set their hearts on fire and were unable to discover it in present-day politics? Or was it perhaps because party leaders, jealous of their power and prestige, would not yield any rights to the newcomers and so high enthusiasms had been blunted and disenchantment ensued? Just how apathetic were they anyway? What did their actual achievement amount to? Had they changed, regenerated politics, and if so to what extent?

Boston Women Making Themselves Comfortable at the Polls

Is Feminine Idealism Played Out?

THE first politician to whom I put this blunt query looked first blank, then thoughtful, then amused; his keen eyes began to twinkle and his mouth quivered as if he wanted to laugh but felt it wouldn't be quite the thing.

"Say," he exclaimed finally, laughing, "you ask the Old Man that! I'm going to pass it up."

The Old Man—term of affectionate irreverence—was his party chieftain, a strategist of no mean ability in councils of the state. Presently from an inner office the Old Man emerged, surrounded by henchmen and newspaper men whom he dismissed with a genial "Well, I guess that's about all tonight, boys. You can say I'm well satisfied with the way things are shaping up. I guess we've got that other crowd on the run." He headed straight for our corner and the question was duly put. He repeated it slowly, standing with one foot up on the rungs of a chair and staring frowningly off into space with narrowed eyes as if he were trying to locate some infinitesimal speck in the landscape almost too minute to be perceived with the naked eye. And finally he spoke, slowly, weighing his words.

"No, not essentially. Politics remain substantially what they were before women had the vote. In their broader aspects women have not altered or influenced them either for the better or the worse."

He added as an afterthought that women had introduced a nicer tone into the polling booths. Men did not curse and smoke and spit in those places as of yore when they were dedicated to the exclusive use of the brute male. Gentlemen, park your naughty oaths at the door! Remember the spittoon!

"But in the larger aspects?"

He shook his head

"No; on the whole—no."

And that was all there was to that. Other active workers in both organizations made the same report. In certain minor and unimportant matters of detail, of method, of superficial import, women had made, here and there, a change; but it had been only on the surface and in unimportant details. The pattern as a whole remained unchanged. And one and all they wound up with the complaint of apathy. Registration figures in other states showed that this condition was national rather than only state-wide.

To put it squarely, cutting out propaganda, soft soap and rally-round-the-flag-girls stuff, the situation reveals itself thus: Whatever the hidden causes, we behold the significant phenomenon in America today of women in overwhelming numbers failing to meet their obligations as responsible citizens of a great self-governing republic. The staunch qualities of our ancestors, their idealism harnessed to a fine practical common sense, which enabled them to carve out the proposition of democracy and put government by and for all of the people for the first time upon the map of the world, seem to have played out. The country abounds with mushheads and sentimentalists of both genders without the moral eyesight to distinguish between black and white, political pinchbeck and gold. One proof of this is that we behold the singular and amazing phenomenon of women, some of them the very leaders who fought hardest for their citizenship rights, now tossing those rights aside, the while they plead passionately the cause of starving Russia, prostrate Germany or the downtrodden victims of Turkey, Bulgaria or Greece. They fail utterly to perceive the direct relationship between the dictatorships now springing up in Europe, the chaos, governmental breakdowns and vast and mounting flood of human distress, and the failure of the individual citizen to exercise his rights in shaping the government under which he lives; they fail to realize that a national dictatorship is but a city dictatorship, a corrupt political machine, writ large—the two differing not at all in kind but solely in degree. One is the babe, the other the giant grown.

Thus, with European governments crumbling into decay and a general breakdown threatened which would put civilization itself upon the skids, it seems worth while at this juncture to analyze the present situation, not in any hostile spirit of criticism or challenge, but rather to uncover as with a surgical scalpel some of the fundamental principles of government by which this republic is run; for it is just as well that women should know and recognize on sight some of these primary principles which are the absolute law of its life upon this terrestrial globe.

This reaffirmation of certain cardinal principles is the more necessary now at a time when a great portion of Europe seems to be slipping farther and farther away from self-rule into absolute despotisms. America is not one solid homogeneous block. To the man from overseas, the European, the immigrant, we owe everything, even our national existence. We are all overseas stuff, once, twice or thrice removed. But these diverse bloods, traditions, ideals, of themselves create grave perils.

To many the principle of representative government which puts checks and brakes on popular or mob will is in itself essentially repugnant; by instinct and inheritance they incline to direct action, violence, rule by coterie, faction, gang leader, dictatorship. These diverse and mutually antagonistic creeds taint the atmosphere. They act as a tarnish, a kind of political verdigris upon the underlying fundamental principles, and from time to time this coat of tarnish must be cleaned off lest we confuse the verdigris with the original basic structure itself

An ideal, says Conrad, is nothing but a flaming reality. But it is sometimes necessary to reestablish what the reality is, to distinguish between substance and shadow, and to cease burning incense before little fake altars and fake gods—graven images, which, as Moses bluntly pointed out to the disobedient children of Israel, are not real gods and have no back parts to them. The same salient weakness characterizes the gods of some of the women's political coteries, groups, salons and so-called national parties of today; they are not gods; they are merely tribal fakes which have no back parts to them.

The Disfranchised Majority

AT THE very outset it may be well to envisage the possibility—which their present attitude of apathy seems to bear out—that women as a whole, the normal generality of them, may not be interested in the exercise of their rights as citizens. And if that supposition be true why should they kid themselves along with flattering propaganda and vain ineptitudes about their burning zeal toward a cause for which, in their heart of hearts, they feel only vast boredom and ennui? We might as well be looking around for some sweet little European dictatorship to emulate. We could have one. We could have one inside of ten years if we let our rights slide. Shall we do it?

A dictatorship! Come on, girls, look this grim modern Medusa in the face! Strife, bloodshed, famine, poverty, a ghastly flood of suicides, governmental chaos, loss of peace, prosperity and all those vulgar bourgeois supporting principles upon which life and happiness in this republic rest every minute of the day and night—and in their place a hellish merry-go-round. Don't shiver and turn away your head and say, "Such things couldn't happen here in old slow-poke America." They could, they can, they will—if you let your rights slide.

In New York City, to take a single recent example, only about 45 per cent of the eligible voters registered. Fewer than that number took the trouble on election Tuesday to mark their ballots. Thus 55 per cent of the electors—39 per cent of the men and 71 per cent of the women—disfranchised themselves.

Women may throw away their rights if they see fit and accept the consequences. They'll get the consequences in any event, whether they accept them or not. That's one alternative. It's not a pretty one. For though the gods in these matters grind slowly, they grind exceeding small—as witness Europe today. The other alternative is that they may see fit to use their political power, effectively,

(Continued on Page 77)

A CHOICE OF VEHICLES

By John Taintor Foote

PEGLEG PETERS owed his title to the curiosity of youth and a B. & O. freight engine. He had thought to discover how a circus unloads. Darting like a minnow into the freight yard of the city of his birth he had acquired instead the blasting knowledge of an appalling and bloody Providence.

Twenty years had passed since then. Pegleg had developed none of the patience which sustains the afflicted Changed in a flash to a thing apart, an abnormality, he had no feeling of kinship with his fellow man. He simply preyed upon him with a soundless inner snarl.

It would be unfair to accuse Pegleg of loyalty or sentiment of any sort. He was as free from such weaknesses as a coyote. But a sort of brotherhood exists within the sacred circle of the race-track fence; Pegleg divided humanity into two distinct classes—wise guys and rummies—and regarded the latter with a particular and changeless contempt.

Horses, of course, were—horses. Pegleg was uneasy and oppressed away from the sight and sound and smell of them. He knew little and cared less about any world which did not contain stables, track, grand stand and betting ring.

He was lurching toward the betting ring now with a sag and lift of his left shoulder and a darting, shifting, swiftly appraising eye. The first race would not be called for two hours, but they were selling auction pools in a big open-walled tent at the end of the line of pari-mutuel machines.

The crowd would be small as yet, regulars mostly, but Pegleg wanted to know what the wise money thought of the first race. The rummies did not patronize the auctions as a rule. They preferred the simpler process of betting on a heat. One or two might drift into the auction tent, however, to gape at the real money betters until the machines were opened for business.

The machines! Pegleg limping past them breathed words as foul as a sewer at their stolid boothlike fronts.

The machines had all but put him out of business. They had required the development of a new technic. In the old days it had been comparatively simple to tout a rummy, rush him into the jam before a bookie's stand, grab his kale in a seeming frenzy of excitement, shove it up to the bookie with hoarse directions, shoulder his way out of the press and hand the rummy his ticket and change—minus a five or perhaps a ten spot.

If the goof had noticed the odds, which was unlikely, and had presence of mind enough to count his dough, Pegleg would charge back into the crowd, and after a slight drooping of the left eyelid would bawl the bookie out for short-changing his friend.

Pegleg's Eye Traveled Moodily From Where He Stood to the Far End of the Grand Stand

The histrionic wrangle which ensued was sufficiently heated to convince any reasonable being of Pegleg's good faith. If by any chance the long shot on which the rummy's money had been ventured came through, he was willing, even eager, to hand over half his winnings in awed appreciation of the inside information which had made the killing possible.

As for the bookie—some few days later Pegleg would accost him out of the side of his mouth somewhat as follows:

"Don't get too liberal with that bush pacer of McSweeney's, Ike; I hear he's good."

A slight nod and what looked like a thirty-to-one shot would open at ten and be rubbed to a short price at the first flash of real money.

All this was changed. The machines had done it. They were operated dispassionately by employes of the racing association on a percentage basis. They received wages and returned correct change and ticket with inhuman precision. Betters must approach them in an orderly line and confront them singly. No built-up excitement aided by mob psychology could affect their cold aloofness. They had forced Pegleg into sharpshooting with a little dipping now and then.

Sharpshooting necessitated an endless nosing about among swipes and drivers, and the constant use of a stop watch. It called for that superknowledge of horses which senses the unexpected winner by a sudden spurt into position during a preliminary score or the smooth swing and drive of shoulder and hip, finishing comfortably in fourth place in the first heat. Dipping, in comparison, was a cinch. It was a simple matter to observe on which part of his person a rummy stowed his roll. The rest was only a demonstration of the almost inevitable triumph of the hand over the eye.

Even so, a slip was bound, sooner or later, to occur. Pegleg not long since had missed disaster by an eyelash. He had been forced to call attention to his iron-shod wooden stump and pull a cripple's whine. The rummy had stopped squawking and returned his roll to his pocket only an instant before a bull had appeared.

Pegleg had decided to lay off dipping for a while. He would keep in the know and shoot at legitimate good things that stood a fair chance to come through. He had one today—Stanley Direct, in the first. It ought to be as good as eight to one. He knew from the swipe that they weren't afraid of a win race and were out for the first heat. This bird had tramped a work-out in four and a quarter, and anywhere between six and seven would stop the favorite. All the affair needed now was a rummy who could be persuaded to play it on the nose, with a fifty-fifty split in the ticket.

What if something else dropped out of the clouds and copped it? Pegleg reviewed each entry and his past performances again: nothing in there had any business with a two-four pacer. Still —— He slid a sinuous hand into his own pocket, brought it therefrom and examined what his palm contained. Three coppers and a jitney! The disclosure of his quick assets brought him to an immediate decision. Better play it across the board! Show money at the odds meant a couple of fish for his end—and a guy had to smoke and eat.

Hoofs thudding with the sound and rapidity of a speed boat's exhaust drew Pegleg's eyes to the track.

An Exhibition Mile Well Below Two Minutes Before Worshiping Thousands Was the Habit of Peter Manning

A stretching neck and head and a glinting level back, followed by a human head under a cap of scarlet silk, swept past above the top of the fence.

Pegleg halted and watched, then stumped down to the fence and hung his elbows thereon. Business was business, but his driver had turned Peter Manning, by Peter the Great, and was bringing him back for another score. Pegleg squinted at the world's champion trotter as he shuffled nearer.

An exhibition mile well below two minutes before worshiping thousands was the habit of Peter Manning. Jogging up the stretch in the face of an empty grand stand to score for a work-out was a bit of hopelessly dull routine. His dragging shuffle became too much for him. He yawned and slouched into a walk.

Pegleg drank in a great muscled chest and forearm, a shining flank, the long power-filled curve from hip to chiseled hock, and received a passing, utterly indifferent glance from a bored eye, in which, despite its swimming softness, there glowed a sleeping opalescent fire.

"Pretty near all in, ain't he, Tommy?" ventured Pegleg, an unaccustomed deference dulling the edge of his usual filelike annunciation.

A line of teeth gleamed briefly in the shadow below the visor of the scarlet cap.

"Just barely able to get about."

At the sound of human discourse, Peter Manning abruptly discontinued locomotion of any sort and yawned again.

His driver spat pensively over the wheel of the bike to the smooth surface of the track, favored Pegleg with a not unfriendly glance and flapped a rein.

"On your way, old mud turtle."

Peter Manning sighed a giant sigh, dawdled into a walk and stalked on. *(Continued on Page 88)*

STRAIN AT A GNAT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN OCTOBER, when the oaks are red and the swamp maples are crimson and the birches are yellow and the alders have lost their leaves, Chet McAusland and I, with Reck and Frenchy, tramp the birch and poplar knolls or work our way through the alder runs in search of woodcock or partridge. There are certain familiar covers where we are sure of finding a bird or two; where if the flight has turned that way we may stumble upon a dozen. But sometimes it seems that the birds have left their accustomed feeding or resting grounds; we beat familiar territory in vain. And at such times Chet is apt to remember a cover he has hunted years before; one remote from the traveled roads or so uninviting in appearance that gunners no longer visit it. It was such a condition which took us, upon a sunny October day when the air was as full of frost as wine is of bubbles, to the old Somes place.

"We can try it," Chet said, as we drove in that direction. "I haven't hunted there for twenty years. Used to be a fine cover up toward the woods, with popple and birch on the knolls, and full of little runs. It was all cleared off when Dave Somes was pouring money into the place; but it's grown up again by now."

I had, of course, passed the Somes place many times. It lies three or four miles from Fraternity Village, in the angle formed by the Georges River and the Liberty road. The original small farmhouse, now in good repair, is dwarfed by the great wing which Dave Somes built. Two fine barns are grouped behind the house; and two silos—a silo is sufficiently rare in Fraternity to excite remark—stand between them. A little way along the road there is a modern cattle barn with ventilating windows near the peak of the roof and a vast concrete manure pit beneath the tie-up. Beside the river two or three other farm buildings stand in conspicuous isolation: A chicken house sufficiently large to accommodate a thousand chickens; a horse barn and paddock and exercise ring; and a kennel as large as a small house. "Hardwood floors and a heater in that dog kennel," Chet always assures me when we pass the place. "Yes, sir. It's better built than most houses."

These outbuildings are now neglected; their doors are locked and cobweb-sealed, and tall weeds block the paths. In the house itself one of Dave's brothers lives; but he is content with a small patch of garden stuff, his hay crop and half a dozen head of scrub cattle. Fraternity folk, when they pass the place with a stranger, always point it out. "The Somes ranch," they say, and add: "Dave Somes sunk a hundred thousand dollars there." Their tone is faintly scornful, and holds little of sympathy. I had once asked Chet what became of Dave Somes, and he said the man now lived in New York.

"He lost all his money here, of course," he explained; and I had wondered why this was necessarily the case, but the opportunity to ask for details had not offered till today. Today, when we had picked up two woodcock and a partridge in the new growth which had overrun the ground where the old cover had been, we stopped at a spring to eat our lunch, and I asked Chet questions. What he told had that interest which always inheres in any narrative of conflict; it led me, a day or two later, to seek out Mat Pouncy. Pouncy had been, more or less passively, a principal participant in the drama. That which follows is a patchwork, in which his recollection fills the gaps Chet was forced to leave.

Sometimes Somes Himself Came to the Store; and on Such Occasions Conversation Ceased While He Was There

It is customary to speak of the soil of New England as barren. This is inaccurate. The soil itself has as a matter of fact some of that fecundity shared alike by the tropics and the Arctic. It produces abundantly when under cultivation; when not cultivated it reverts in an astonishingly short space of time to forest. Ten years will transform an open meadow into a tangle of young birch and poplar, alder and spruce and hemlock, and in twenty years the saplings assume respectable proportions and the thicket becomes a wood.

The land is not barren; but before it can be brought under cultivation it is necessary to fell and uproot the trees, grub out the saplings, and sift the bowlders from the soil and range them along the borders of your field in the form of stone walls. The desperate labor involved has left its mark upon the New England character. Your Yankee is proverbially—and actually—thrifty. It is fair to say that he has no sympathy with the theory that money is no good till you spend it, and that a dollar spent may well be likened to a seed sown.

But now and then from this soil springs a man who combines with his native knowledge of the value of money a further appreciation of its potentialities. When this happens, the man becomes wealthy. Such a man was Dave Somes.

He was born in the little farmhouse which is the kernel of the neglected Somes place now. His father was worthless and indolent; his brothers and sisters were in no wise remarkable. But the boy himself very early gave evidence of his individuality. By the time he was twelve he was earning money; and as soon as he had earned, he learned to spend it. At fifteen he left Fraternity for East Harbor; he went to Portland at eighteen, and at twenty-five to New York. Fraternity forgot him, or remembered him with a wagging of the head; but Dave, surprisingly enough, did not forget Fraternity, and now and then, at long intervals, he returned for a day or a week to the farm upon the river. On one of these occasions it was revealed that he was married; later a son and then a daughter appeared. To the grudging surprise of the community it became apparent that he was wealthy.

Somes must have inherited from some obscure forbear a hankering for the sea: for although he never went to sea himself, his business activities were from the beginning concerned with shipping. He saved money and put it into shares, made a series of lucky investments almost without a break, acquired at bargain prices a rusty old tramp steamer and a competent five-masted schooner and made them show astonishing profits; turned these profits into more and more bottoms. For twenty years this process engrossed him; somewhat abruptly he perceived that he was wealthy; a sudden demand for ships laid a fortune at his feet, and under the urgencies of Mrs. Somes he seized it. They planned to retire and learn to play.

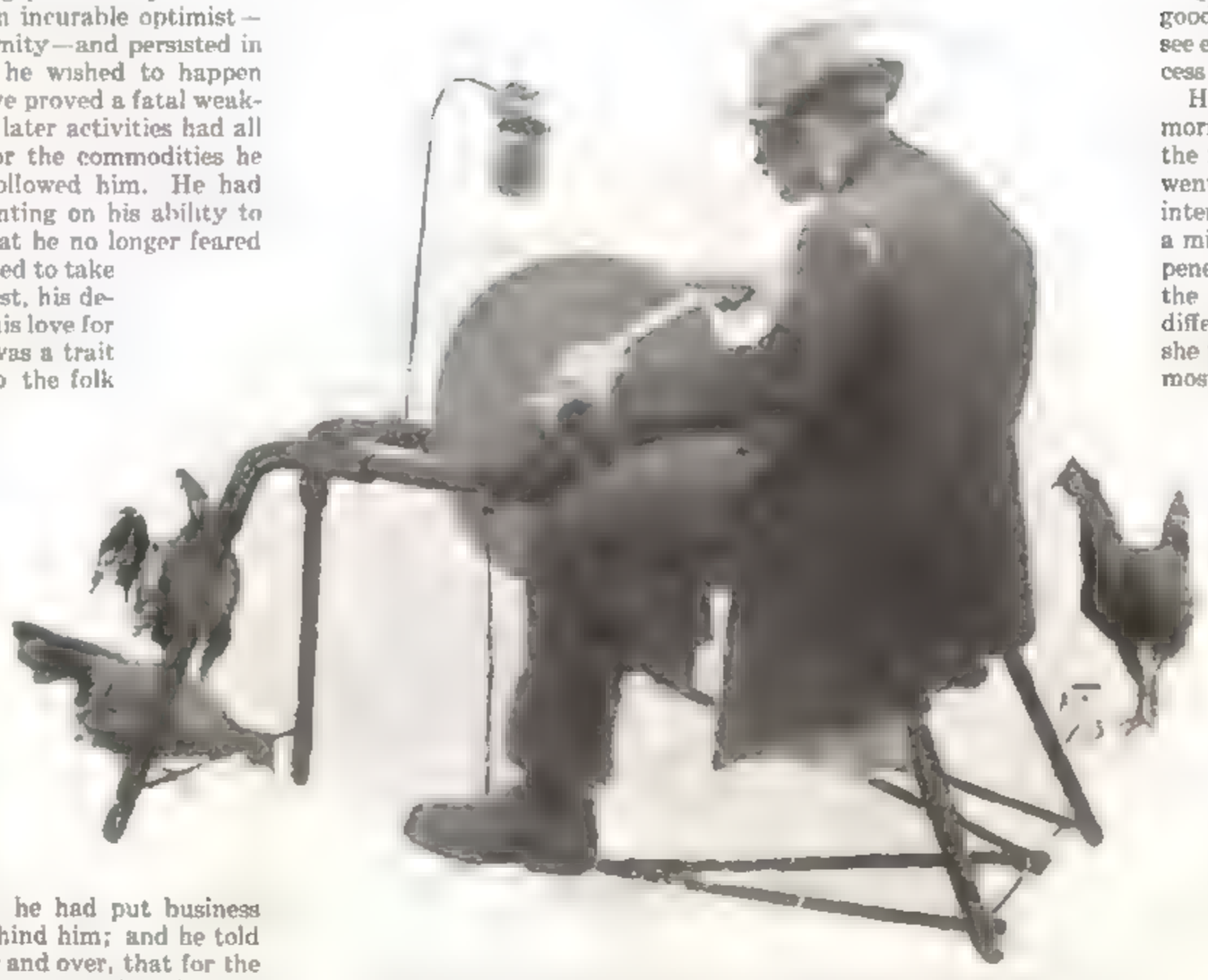
So Somes came back to Fraternity, to the countryside he had always loved.

He was, physically, a big and impressive man, this Dave Somes. He stood six feet four inches high and weighed about two hundred and forty pounds, every pound of which was honest bone-and-muscle weight. A man who talked in a loud and hearty voice which hid the shrewd sense and wisdom beneath his open bearing. Fraternity distrusted and vaguely disliked him because he spent money like water; yet no one asserted that Somes had ever wronged any man thereabouts. Mrs. Somes seems to have been a small, tender woman, devoted to her husband and readily swayed or silenced by his enthusiasms.

The man's enthusiasms were characteristic of him. Some were passing fancies, some more enduring desires; but no matter how short-lived they might be, they dominated him as long as they lasted. He had been till within a few months thus enthusiastic about the business which engrossed him; had begun by degrees to add to this enthusiasm an interest in golf, which, now that he had leisure, bade fair to increase its hold on him. Success had

not spoiled him; there was nothing particularly hard or relentless in Somes. But he was an incurable optimist—this was a sin in the eyes of Fraternity—and persisted in believing that these things which he wished to happen would happen. This might well have proved a fatal weakness in his business career, but his later activities had all been helped by a rising market for the commodities he handled, and success inevitably followed him. He had overcome obstacles by merely counting on his ability to overcome them; the result was that he no longer feared any opposition, laughed at it, expected to take the hurdle in his stride. For the rest, his devotion to his family was notable; his love for the countryside about Fraternity was a trait that might have endeared him to the folk thereabout; and his readiness, even his eagerness, to be a good neighbor and a helpful friend were so evident as to be at times obtrusive.

The man had no hidden depths; he was all on the surface. His wife habitually spoke of him as "the boy," and this seems to have been a fair measure of his character. He had the child's capacity for concentration and for delight; he threw himself into every new activity with a child's absorption. When he came home to Fraternity, the vast sum which had been paid for his business was invested in semispeculative securities which he knew would increase in value; he had put business affairs more or less permanently behind him; and he told Mrs. Somes in a jubilant tone, over and over, that for the rest of their lives they would honeymoon together, do what they chose, put every care aside.



He Found the Little Man in the Farmyard, Humbly Grinding an Ax

He bought the farm where he had been born from an older brother who was glad to sell, and at once imported a group of workmen and began that series of improvements and expansions which cost him so heavily. The house itself was remodeled inside, a wing was added, a flower garden was designed and planted. The old barn was put into repair and a new one built; workmen brought from East Harbor, from Rockland, even from Portland, swarmed about the place, and in half a dozen localities the raw earth was exposed as foundations for new buildings were set in place. He bought horses and engaged a capable stable man; put in blooded cattle; acquired a number of dogs and a kennel man, and stocked some of the near-by coverts with pheasants to supplement the partridge and woodcock with which they already swarmed. The people of the village discussed him unkindly, criticized him for his folly, and solaced themselves with most unfavorable predictions. About the stove in Bissell's store all that winter, the continuing activity on the Somes place monopolized the conversation. Sometimes Somes himself came to the store; and on such occasions conversation ceased while he was there. His greetings were answered coldly; his inquiries brought monosyllabic replies. But when he had gone, the rasp of caustic tongues was resumed. The man was outside the experience of the town, as much a foreigner as though they had never seen him before. The pleasures which attracted him had no appeal for them; the dreams he saw were hidden from their eyes; the projects he set afoot so confidently seemed to them harebrained and foolhardy beyond belief. Save that they had no expectation of profiting by the catastrophe they already foresaw, their attitude was not unlike that of ravens about a dying beast. Somes used to laugh at their croaking, joked them about it, good-humoredly attempted to make them see eye to eye with him. He had no more success than if he had spoken an alien tongue.

He had come home in the spring. One morning a year later, the improvements on the farm by this time almost completed, he went for a tramp up across the pasture land, intending to climb to the summit of the ridge a mile or two away. Mrs. Somes, as it happened, did not go with him; if she had gone the course of events might well have been different, for she was sometimes able—when she thought wise—to dissuade him from his most extravagant enterprises.

Somes stopped in the fringe of the woods to look back over his possessions, and his eyes filled with pride as he surveyed the new buildings, brave in their white paint. Beyond, the wooded valley lay. The hackmatacks were putting on their bright new foliage; there was a freshness and an almost tropical green about the hardwood growth. The gay birches charmed him; and the hills across the valley, for the most part clad in rich young forest, were like mellow old tapestry in the variety and beauty of their coloring.

He turned up the hill, choosing his way through the woods, following the hardwood ridges that threaded here and there among the spruce and hemlock and balsam. Half a dozen times he heard the drum of partridges, busy with their mating, and the wood about him was full of little birds of many kinds, feeding busily. In a wet run he found the sharp-cut track of a small deer, a doe or a last year's fawn. He exulted in this discovery with a pleasure as keen as sight of the creature itself would have given him. Far up the hillside he came upon a small clump of giant pines, first-growth trees that had for some reason escaped the ax. He remembered having seen them when he was a boy, and could not perceive that they had grown at all. "Old pumpkin pine," he told himself delightedly. They were on his land; he inspected each of the dozen trees and wondered whether it might not be well to cut one and apply the fine-grained mellow wood as interior finish in some of the rooms at the farm. But he would keep the others, he decided. There was so little old pine left hereabouts; a shame that it all should go. Again, on a

Continued on Page 30

We Stopped at a Spring to Eat Our Lunch, and I Asked Chet Questions. What He Told Had That Interest Which Always Inheres in Any Narrative of Conflict

Opening the Door to Diplomacy

By George Agnew Chamberlain

THE United States, taking into account its youth in the family of nations, has a remarkable record in the establishment of major precepts, or tenets, or whatever you want to call the solid understandings which are the only authority back of international law. A list of the sturdy girders which we have slipped under the ramshackle house of humanity would form an interesting exhibit, but it is necessary to mention only one to give point to the title to this article. Under date of September 6, 1899, John Hay, Secretary of State, issued the round robin which established almost overnight the policy of the open door.

It was perhaps not the greatest of our feats of fundamental statecraft, but it was the most brilliant. It did not have the attributes of a thunderclap which were to surround Mr. Hughes' announcement of the policy of disarmament, but it contained all the elements of maximum visibility. Like the big glassy pebble of the Kimberley fields, which was used as a plaything by a farmer's family for months before someone came along who knew when he was seeing a diamond, the pristine theory of the open door had been lying around in plain sight for years, waiting for Mr. Hay to lay eyes on it and to say in effect, "Gentlemen, the rivers of trade are navigable waters. Wherever our ship of commerce enters, yours may follow. What's more to the point, wherever yours enters, ours will follow. Henceforth none of us is going to carry the key to the front door of any nation in his hip pocket."

There was no show of force behind Mr. Hay's proclamation, and yet it paraded the entire length of the international field for a touchdown. What made it go? The fact that all the power it needed was self-contained. To all intents and purposes, an unrecognized diamond is a poor substitute for an aggie in a children's game of miggles; but once skinned alive by a few sharp strokes, it's a diamond, the easiest seen thing on earth.

The supreme visibility of the open-door principle was due to its reasonable simplicity founded on the basic justice of the greatest good for the largest number.

The Tea Hounds

NOW comes the Hon. John Jacob Rogers at various times with a document variously entitled H. R. 17; H. R. 12543; H. R. 13880, *et sequitur*. Such headings would make a leader writer groan. What member of the general reading public ever cared to top the bunker of H. R. followed by a string of numbers, to roll on the smoothest verbal greensward ever laid? However, parliamentary etiquette allowed Mr. Rogers a subtitle. Here it is: "For the reorganization and improvement of the foreign service of the United States, and for other purposes."

What does that mean to you? Nothing, or next to nothing. Let us go further and say that if you were to read the entire act it might still mean next to nothing. But if you should peruse a pamphlet entitled Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, Fourth Session, on H. R. 13880, and don your thinking cap, you would suddenly awaken to the fact that Mr. Rogers has put forward a policy as simple, fundamental and far-reaching in its bearing on our national welfare as was Mr. Hay's establishment of the principle of the open door in the broader field of international comity So plain is the case for the Americanization of our own foreign service that, once seen, you would be apt to ask yourself, "Who has the nerve to oppose this bill—and why?" The answer is that, once the folks back home begin to ask that question, few indeed will have the nerve.

There is more general prejudice and ignorance in regard to our foreign service than there is toward all the other branches of Government combined. The ignorance is largely due to distance, and the prejudice to that infinitesimal group among our public servants who have diligently earned the names of cake eaters, pink-tea hounds and white spatters. To this small group, comprised of men just as detestable to the State Department which employs them as they are to you or to any genuinely American diplomat, Mr. Rogers' bill spells anathema, or Nemesis, or kismet, or all three put together and set to the tune of a swan song.

The Residence of Walter H. Page, While Ambassador to Great Britain. At Right—The Dining Room

Listen to Mr. Rogers: "But I have seen some of these young secretaries, who have had exceptional social opportunities and advantages in the capitals abroad, become the most abject followers of the social régime in the foreign capital. One of the things that I hope is going to follow from this bill is to send some of these de-Americanized secretaries to Singapore as vice consuls, or to force them out of the service."

Does that interest you, and, if it does, which are you going to back, Mr. Rogers or the pink-tea hound?

But more of that in due course; let us first clear the air of a few misunderstandings. Barring the white spatter, who has filled the public eye so full that it is blinded to everything behind him, what is the foreign service of the United States? Not what does it do to earn its keep, but much more than that—how does it benefit the well-being and pocketbook of every American?

Take its purely diplomatic side. The attitude of most ambassadors I have known toward pink teas is exactly the attitude of a certain famous American admiral toward all invitations to dine on flagships of friendly powers, with poker to follow; he used invariably to detail the neediest of his lieutenants to meet the social obligation. In other words, the average ambassador has neither the time nor the inclination to fill up on tea His duties are hall-marked by one word - responsibility. To make my meaning clear, let us pick an extreme case which shows up the contention, frequently heard, that in these days of telegraphic communication diplomatic representatives are a total loss.

An ambassador receives a note by cable with categorical orders to present it at once He reads it, and gasps. Does he carry out his instructions? He does not. He stays awake all night and in the morning cables back certain reserved phrases which, being translated into plain English, would read, "Your note probably sounds quite reasonable over there, but you don't understand conditions over here, or the present state of the public mind This government is entirely friendly to us; they are eager to find a way out. But if you insist on my presenting the note as it stands expect me back by the boat sailing day after tomorrow." By promptly shouldering such responsibilities, diplomatic representatives have saved this country in times past from the expense of half a dozen wars. Is that worth while?

Of course they have less spectacular duties dozens of them—but here is an important point: The tendency of the past ten years has been to draw the activities of the diplomatic branch of our service by absorption into the field heretofore preëmpted by the American consul. Time was when the rather vague distinction between diplomat and consul could be more or less defined by the generalization that consuls dealt exclusively with commercial matters, carefully keeping their hands off anything with a political tinge; while diplomats avoided all contact with trade, devoting their entire energies to treaty making, representation and correct dress.

The Consular Status

THE war put an iron hat on that epoch. The old order had been dying quietly for a long time, but no one had noticed it. The war threw an unprecedented burden of the hardest kind of work on the foreign service of the United States. Everybody was busy every day, and all day, but the division of labor was such that the diplomatic branch was swamped with details of representation of belligerents and kindred activities, while the consular establishment became the sole channel for trade and the supreme arbiter of the status of any given firm or individual. In that day was born a great light displaying the truth that commerce and power are inseparable.

An ounce of illustration is worth a pound of statistics. During the war the minister of a neutral country called up an American consul general and asked for an appointment. Etiquette abroad ordains that a consular officer, traditionally soiled by trade, has no social status whatever. At the tables of the court, when there were courts, of officialdom, and even of society, he is not placed beneath the salt: he simply has no place at all.

Incidentally, a consul general does not expect ministers to telephone for appointments. In this case the consul general said he would slip out the back door to avoid the crowd and call at the legation.

Continued on Page 55

The World Struggle for Oil

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Supreme Council of the Peace Conference at San Remo, Italy. Premier Millerand of France is at the Extreme Left; Signor Nitti, Italian Premier, is Seated in the Center, With Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon of Great Britain at the Right of the Photo

IN THIS topsy-turvy world most of the essential things seem to go by contraries. The alleged peace that followed the World War has so far resulted mainly in an armed truce. Most of civilization's forces at the moment are mobilized for destruction rather than construction. European self-determination does everything but determine. So it goes.

None of these inconsistencies is perhaps more marked than that which relates to oil. Instead of being the prize lubricant, it has become, with the sole exception of German reparations, the principal present-day international irritant. Like reparations, it has been perverted into a political instead of an economic issue. While oil and water do not mix, oil and politics seem to provide a more congenial compound. Nor is America an entire stranger to the by-products of this alliance.

Upon the solution of the petroleum problem, so far as supply is concerned, hinges a large degree of future peace and preparedness. Foreign offices today are more concerned about the status of oil domains than the outcome of reactions and revolutions. Nations and not individuals are at grips in the gigantic contest in which empires of production that literally drip with wealth are at stake. The world struggle for oil therefore is perhaps the most significant bloodless conflict now being waged.

The reason is obvious. From an age when coal and iron formed the backbone of industrial progress, we have come to the era when oil is a supreme necessity, ranking with transportation and agriculture, and essential to both. The universal search is for cheap power for mill and motor. What scientists call the petroliferous epoch is in reality a pestiferous period because of the grand scramble for that product of Nature which has been well called flowing gold.

To no people is this oil competition of more vital concern than to Americans. We have not only pioneered the industry but we are the largest producers and consumers. Prodigal in our expenditure of this precious but dwindling possession, we now reach the point where we must conserve or tap new areas. Interruption to an oil-fed industry is unthinkable.

The Pawns of Politics

A WHOLE new vista of international relationship opens up. No longer can John Jones, hailing from anywhere in the United States, fill the tank of his flivver at a wayside station with the comforting realization that the nationality of his gas will continue unimpaired. The California, Oklahoma and Texas fuel of today may be the Persian or the Mesopotamian juice of tomorrow. It means that whatever policy of isolation we may follow with regard to European political affairs, the leash is off on oil. We are marching inexorably toward that hour where we must vie with Britain, France and Holland for a foothold that will guarantee the perpetuity of our monster motor machine. In fact we are already there.

Whether this international oil line-up is to be for harmony or for hostility remains to be seen. There is neither sentiment nor philanthropy in competition, and no business today is so competitive as that which relates to every phase of petroleum production and refining. American oil interests have already found the door closed against them in more than one region. Elsewhere they have forced an entrance, while in still others they are the pawns of political forces.

One thing is certain: The old era of complacency is gone forever. We have become part and parcel of an economic evolution that reaches to the ends of the earth—and likewise for a considerable distance under it—and in which every American, whatever his social status, has a definite stake.

What, then, is this world-wide oil competition? How is the United States involved? What will be the outcome in terms of supply and price?

The Partly Excavated Top of the Castle of Ur of the Chaldees, Situated on the Lower Euphrates

In this series of articles an effort will be made to analyze the international oil situation with special reference to American needs and participation. To get the data I have ranged from the Near East to the Far West, following in the footsteps of the petroleum pioneer as he plodded in the wake of war and peace, for figuratively the flag now floats from the derrick. I have talked with the overseas princes of production whose achievements parallel the familiar romances of American oil barons. I have sat in the chancelleries where foreign policies that were in reality oil policies had their birth and being.

Incessant change is the order with oil. There was a time when the average man believed that John D. Rockefeller was the one and only oil Crœsus and the Standard Oil Company the monarch of monopoly. But just as new fields have changed the oil map, so have new giants set up fresh autocracies to imperil the old. You have, for example, the spectacle of a one-time clerk who toiled in his youth at a desk in Java become the Rockefeller of Europe and controlling, with his associates, nearly a twelfth of the world's oil supply. You behold the rise of an obscure Australian lawyer to the eminence where he dictated oil terms to empires and made the British Government his partner. You see the American prospector not only combating conspiracy all the way from Persia to Panama but bucking foreign-office intrigues as well. The far-off places are linked with the near in this absorbing quest for the liquid that stokes alike the furnaces of war and of peace.

Uncle Sam Frozen Out

WHAT most Americans do not comprehend is that an economic nationalism has developed around oil that is almost as dangerous to universal accord as that one-time foreign meddling of the Germans. Three years ago the good relations between England and the United States almost reached the straining point because we were frozen out of the Mesopotamian field. Blood may be thicker than water, but oil is not, as we have found to our cost when we sought to claim equality of entrance in the domains that John Bull has marked out for his own.

Today the tension is relieved, but we are bang up against the British closed door in India and in various crown colonies. The Dutch also know how to play the game of exclusion, but they object to it in others. It was to secure participation by Americans that the State Department has made practically its only effort in behalf of American enterprise abroad in the five years that have elapsed since the Armistice. If we are to have that much-needed aid to our enterprise—a firm and consistent foreign-trade policy—it will be entirely due to the acute necessity to widen our oil operations in alien lands. Because of his representations in behalf of the open door for petroleum production the world over, the British call Mr. Hughes the Secretary for Oil.

There is a widespread belief that the succession of talk fests abroad, otherwise known as European conferences, since 1918 have been principally to advertise certain health resorts and incidentally to discuss reparations. One has merely led to the

Continued on Page 42

THE THIRTY-SIX HAIRPINS

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Isn't There Some Quicker Way, Honey—Some Way You Can Wrang It Around and Let It Go at That?"

THE first time Douglas Remming ever saw Glory Garritson was at a Thursday-evening dance in the St. Francis ballroom. His party and hers, both chatting idly, came face to face just inside the entrance. Remming, who generally did not do such things, tripped abruptly over nothing, stopped dead, stared for a long moment with his mouth dangling open in the manner of a fish in the aquarium, then caught his breath sharply and heard himself saying in a perfectly normal voice, "How do you do?" He was being introduced to her, but he scarcely knew it. All he knew was that here, within touch and actually saying words to him, was the most exquisite girl in all the wide world.

In a mute daze he danced with her. It was not unlikely, he thought, that he might be dreaming, for nothing like this had ever happened to him before. True, he had only just come out to civilization from six lonely months in a sagebrush mining camp, but he had come out to civilization in the same way many times and no woman had ever affected him like this. No, he wasn't dreaming. The feather sway of her softness against his hard right arm told him that.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" her voice whispered up into his ear.

He came to life with a start as she let her hand fall from his. A man's voice said briskly, "May I cut in, Glory?" and while Remming was bowing and mumbling some sort of thanks she floated away in the other's arms. But she had shot him a radiant smile and asked him to try again.

Douglas Remming made his way to the side of the great room and stood there alone. His eyes followed her as she wove about the floor. Tall she was, graceful and queenly. He knew suddenly that this was what he had always wanted in a woman—queenliness. He had never put it into so many words, but he could put it into words all right enough now. And that incredibly lovely soft contralto voice! She drifted past and smiled for a second as she caught his gaze. Her eyes were lovely; dreamy and big and brown. Momentarily Remming lost sight of her in the shuttling crowd, then again he glimpsed her—only her head, but that was enough. There she held her queenliness. No other girl he had ever known could carry her head like that; and what a head it was, with its clear, fine features framed beneath those high-piled masses of burnished auburn hair! Ah, she was utterly beautiful!

When Douglas Remming walked home that night he felt as if he were striding two feet above the pavement. He had already decided that he was going to marry Glory Garritson.

He did not know then about the thirty-six hairpins. Had he known he undoubtedly would have laughed, a laugh of tolerant amusement. To have made him understand their significance some archangel would have had to take him by the hand and lead him back twenty years to a day when Glory, not yet three, was called Dorothy. On that day little Dorothy was playing with some blocks upon the carpeted floor of her mother's bedroom. Her mother and a large person named Mrs. Ennis were talking interminably. Dorothy hoped Mrs. Ennis would go pretty soon.

Said Mrs. Ennis: "Never in my life have I seen hair as lovely as that child's. Why, Hortense, it's unbelievable! When she leans over it touches the floor—and at her age too!"

Dorothy's mother beamed.

"One can't ever tell, of course," she said, "but unless something terrible happens to her face, I really think she's going to be a beauty."

At this point the child lifted her head and observed her mother with curious brown eyes. She was being talked about, and that was always interesting.

"Look!" said Mrs. Ennis. "Isn't that too cute! She knows perfectly well, Hortense." She smiled ingratiatingly at the baby. "Are you going to be a beauty when you grow up, dear, and snare men's hearts with your wonderful hair?"

Dorothy nodded with infinite gravity.

"Will the color change, do you think?" Mrs. Ennis now asked of the child's mother.

"It may darken a little, but with those wonderful reds, that will only make it more adorable. Just run your fingers through it, Alice, and see how heavy it is. It's perfectly awful to wash, but I do it religiously. It would be simply criminal if I neglected it. Just think what it will mean to her later in life!"

The visitor nodded thoughtfully.

Mrs. Garritson started to speak, checked herself, then caught the other's hand.

"If you promise never to breathe it to a soul, I'll tell you a secret," she whispered.

Mrs. Ennis promised.

"Harry's going to have a fit," the mother went on, "but I can't help it. After all, a woman knows best. Do you know what I'm going to do, Alice? Now don't you ever dare breathe it."

The visitor promised anew.

"I think," pronounced the mother, "that there's nothing more beautiful than real auburn hair if it's wavy, and nothing homelier if it's straight. That's the only thing that worries me about Dorothy. It's as straight as a string. So do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to begin waving it, just the teeniest bit at first, and after a while a little more—and when she grows up there won't be a soul who won't think it isn't natural. Don't you think I'm wise?"

Mrs. Ennis thought she was very wise indeed

"If I can," said Mrs. Garritson—"if I can I'm going to try to fool even Harry."

"But why would he object?"

The baby's mother shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"You know how men are," she enunciated.

"That's so." The visitor turned to the child and held out her arms. "Oh, what a wonderful birthright!" she intoned. "How I envy you, you little dear—and you don't even know enough yet to envy yourself.

"Come here, baby. Do you know, Hortense, you ought to call her some name that would go with that hair. You ought to call her Glory."

The other considered.

"Isn't Gloria the name?" she queried.

"Oh, no! That's too commonplace. I knew a girl back East called Glory. She was lovely too. It just fitted her. Don't you see, Hortense? A woman's hair is her crowning glory, and if you call her Glory ——"

The mother's eyes brightened. She began to breathe quickly.

"You're right, Alice, you're right!" she exclaimed. "Honey dear"—this to the baby—"how would you like to have mother call you Glory? Dorothy's such a long, clumsy name. Wouldn't you like to have everybody call you Glory, sweetheart?"

The child, standing now by her mother's knee, nodded soberly.

"Oh, the little dear!" said Mrs. Ennis. "Doesn't Mother Eve claim us the minute we're born? Some day, honey, you'll find out that all the women you know would sell their souls to have that wonderful head of hair. Oh, Hortense, do call her Glory—begin right away, so she'll grow up with it."

"Leave it to me," said the mother with tightened lips. "Glory Garritson! That's a lovely name. You certainly were inspired, Alice. Honey"—she reached out and stroked the baby's burnished head—"your name isn't Dorothy any more. It's Glory. And all your life you're going to live up to it."

Thus it came about that Glory Garritson was born into the world at the age of two years and ten months, born under a star the symbol of which was later to become three dozen small pieces of bent steel wire, known to the English-speaking races of the earth as hairpins.

Now hairpins certainly held the least possible interest for Douglas Remming. He knew that they existed and knew what they were for; but if he ever thought of them at all, he thought only in terms of passing thanks to a merciful God that men, in this day and age at all events, did not have to use them. Remming's own hair was dark and crisp, clipped even more closely than was strictly necessary, for he had been a soldier in France, and the Army is a developer of habits. Another habit it had developed in him was that of quick decision, of determining what he wanted and then going after it without waste of time.

He went after Glory Garritson. Since he was an extremely personable young man, tall and broad and cleanly cut and infectiously buoyant of manner, and since he had

already achieved a more than moderate success as a mining engineer—and mining engineering is a hard game to buck—anyway, being who and what he was, he got her. Seven swift weeks after the night of that first meeting, Glory, sitting beside him on the couch in the Garritsons' Clay Street apartment, whispered her yes.

"Oh, Doug," murmured Glory presently, and as Remming looked down into her eyes he was surer than ever that she was the most beautiful thing God had made since the beginning of time. "Oh, Doug, do you know what it was that made me know it was you—ages and ages before you ever said a word?"

"The way I loved you," he said. "You couldn't help knowing."

"But I don't mean that, Doug. I mean how I knew that I loved you—the thing that first made you different to me from all other men"

"My fatal beauty," he hazarded with a grin.

"Doug dear, be sensible. I really want you to know."

"Shoot," said he.

It didn't much matter, as far as he was concerned, because the only thing that counted was that Glory was his at last; but if it pleased her to tell him it was his part to be an attentive and eager listener. Glory was speaking deliberately.

"It was because," she said "it was because—can you guess? Do you realize, Mr. Douglas Remming, that you are the first man I ever met who didn't begin right off by saying something foolish about my hair? Do you realize that?"

He bent over tenderly and kissed the lustrous crown.

"I may not have said it," he confessed; "but I thought it, you can bet."

She looked up quickly.

"Do you, Doug? Do you truly? You know you've never said it till this minute."

"It's the most wonderful hair that ever was on land or sea," he paraphrased, and meant it. "I love it, Glory. You must know that."

She nestled closer to him and smiled happily, a dreamy, far-away smile.

"Tell me again," she whispered presently.

"I love you, Glory."

"Not only that, Doug—the other. I want to hear you say it."

"Your hair, you mean? I love that, too, dearest. It's glorious."

"I'm afraid you don't, Doug."

"But I do"

Two tiny lines of puzzlement had crept between his brows. They erased themselves, however, as she sat upright suddenly and laughed

"I'm laughing at myself," she told him frankly. "Do you know, Doug dear, my hair is my one vanity"

"Your one? You ought to have a million."

She beamed, shrugging her shoulders prettily.

"I haven't, I'm afraid, Doug. This is my only one." She indicated her high-piled shining coiffure tenderly with the tip of a single finger. "Let me confess to you, dear."

"Confess your head off," he said stoutly.

"Well," she dropped her eyes and began twisting a fold of her skirt—"ever since I was a little kid, Doug, mother has brought me up to believe that my hair is my only asset in life"

"Your only asset!" His guffaw was boisterous.

"Well, in a way, Doug, she's not so awfully wrong. It does make me different from other girls."

"Everything makes you different from other girls."

"You nice thing." She patted his hand. "But, Doug, please try to understand—for just a minute. It really is rather—well, exceptional; not only the color, I mean, but there's so much of it. I could play Lady Godiva perfectly. Would you believe it if I told you that it comes way below my knees?"

"Of course, Glory. Why wouldn't I? That's great, isn't it—I mean to have it so long and everything?"

She sighed.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. It is and it isn't. It's so much trouble to wash, Doug—just terrible. You have no idea. And then when I put it up it takes me just ages every time. Thirty-six hairpins always—just think of that! And I have to have all my hats made to order. Look—here, give me your hand—careful now!—see how much of it there is on top. It took me years to learn, and I really didn't get the trick till I went to Paris. It weighs pounds too. I'll prove it to you some day on a little scale I have."

"But, Glory ——"

"What, Doug?"

He was frowning in perplexity.

"If it's so much trouble," he said slowly, "and weighs so much, and all that sort of thing, why don't you cut it off?"

"Oh, Doug!" She drew back, stared at him aghast.

"I don't mean to bob it," he amended hastily. "Just make it shorter or thin it out or something. There must be a way."

"Would you really want me to?" she said evenly. "That means you don't like it the way it is, Doug."

"Oh, gosh, Glory! I was only thinking of you. It's just perfect: you know that as well as I do. I was only thinking of your comfort. What do I care as long as you're happy, dear?"

She turned her face and smiled up at him radiantly.

"I only want to be beautiful for you, Doug dearest. That's my only thought now—just to satisfy you."

"You bet you satisfy me," he stated vigorously, and bent down to kiss her.

"Oh, Doug," she whispered after a long moment, "I'm so happy, happy, now that I know you care!"

Not even after he had said good-by did it occur to Douglas Remming that of the breathless and priceless half hour following their first kiss a full twenty minutes had been spent in talking about Glory's hair.

Glory's father was much pleased. He liked Douglas Remming. But after the first congratulations he fell to puffing thoughtfully upon his cigar, while a strange contemplative smile flitted about his face.

Then he said gently:

"Remming, has Glory ever talked to you much about what she calls her single vanity?"

The young man started.

"Why—why, come to think of it"—he smiled half sheepishly—"yes, she did speak about it. Her hair, you mean?"

"H'm! Tell you all about it, did she?"

"Why—why, yes, I guess so."

The older man chuckled.

"Mention a character in history called Lady Godiva?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Garritson. It must be ——"

"Did she confide in you about those thirty-six hairpins, Remming?"

"Hairpins? Why, yes. But I don't understand ——"

"You will," said Henry Garritson cryptically. "You've been initiated into the family, all right. Well"—he paused—"I'm glad you're a man."

Continued on Page 37)

"Well, Ever Since I Was a Little Kid, Doug, Mother Has Brought Me Up to Believe That My Hair Is My Only Asset in Life"

MARY 'LIZABETH'S FOLKS

J'pose You Had a Father Who Was Motoring to the Devil as Fast as Ever He Could

By RUTH CROSS

MARY 'LIZABETH sat on the front steps of Miss Haddon's Select School for Girls, Boarding or Day, and wrinkled up her small brown nose in an earnest and puzzled expression. Mary 'Lizabeth's face, which was oval and long-lashed, with little splashes of hibiscus petals through the brown for cheeks and lips, wore perpetually an earnest and puzzled expression. Well, s'pose you had a mother who had been in the Follies—whatever they were—and was married to a poet? S'pose you had a father who was motoring to the devil as fast as ever he could, and a grandfather, known as the old man, whom you have never so much as set eyes on? That is, you had them and still you didn't have them. And that was the curiousest part of all.

But then a great many things are curious when you are nine and when you've knocked about from one Miss Haddon's school to another ever since ever. Her mother she had seen just once to remember. That was between the musician and the socialist and not so long before the poet.

"Till Flo Barnfield got a cold million out of the old man," Mary 'Lizabeth overheard Miss Long, the langwidge teacher, saying to madame, "she used to confine herself to capitalists. Now she's giving her artistic temperament free range."

Mary 'Lizabeth didn't know what "artistic temperament" meant, but she was sure her mother had it. One Christmas Eve she descended upon Miss Haddon's in a blaze of glory. She had the yellowest hair and the reddest lips and the whitest everywhere else Mary 'Lizabeth had ever seen. She hugged Mary 'Lizabeth and wept over her and wanted to kiss her, but Mary 'Lizabeth drew back dubiously.

"I'm 'fraid you'll come off on me," she said.

And then her mother laughed and turned the tears off just as easily as she had turned them on, and soon she went away.

Three days later her father stepped from a motor at Miss Haddon's gate—a very deluge of parents! He was tall and dark like Mary 'Lizabeth herself, and the most beautiful mortal she had ever looked upon. But there was something queer about his legs. He didn't seem just sure about them.

"I guess he's still got the Christmas one on," she heard madame say to Miss Long, afterward; but that didn't throw much light on the subject.

Anyhow, he chucked Mary 'Lizabeth under the chin and called her a damned queer little piece. He gave her a shiny silver dollar and said he would give her a lot more if the old man wasn't so damn tight. Then he, too, went away, and that closed the Genesis to Revelation of her knowledge about parents.

Mary 'Lizabeth slid along the steps to make way for a boy in buttons with a yellow envelope. He tore his eyes self-sacrificingly from the huge black type of the paper he was reading and dropped it beside his bicycle. By standing, after a manner of speaking, on her head and reading backward like Alice through the Looking-Glass, Mary 'Lizabeth managed to spell out:

HANDSOME POLLY DUPREE KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

And underneath in smaller and more difficult type:

Handsome Polly Dupree—so nicknamed in college because of his Apollolike beauty—has outraced his last motor cop. This morning at two o'clock, while driving at breakneck speed along the Ridge Route ——

The boy in buttons came out, glowered at Mary 'Lizabeth, snatched up the paper and wheeled off.

"Dupree," she pondered. That was her name. But Polly Dupree—no, that couldn't be anybody that belonged to her. Besides, didn't anybody belong to her and she didn't belong to anybody. That was the whole trouble.

Out to her at this juncture came one Dorothea Plunkett, munching sugar cookies. Dorothea always munched Munching was quite as much a part of her as kinky cornsilk hair or her one hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois—Mary 'Lizabeth had just learned that word in 'rithmetic. The only yearning of Dorothea's soul was to be held aristocratic; but how can one be aristocratic when one waddles, and when one answers at chapel roll call to the name of Plunkett?

"The telegram was 'bout you," she imparted placidly between munchings. "I reckon it's another one from the old man, sayin' he won't have you for Christmas holidays. I snitched the last one out of Miss Haddon's wastebasket when nobody was lookin'." She drew from her middy a crumpled yellow ball and spread it tantalizingly just out of reach. "If you'll give me your dinner dessert," she bargained, "I'll let you see it."

The other shot forward like a little streak of navy-blue lightning and snatched the paper. It read:

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF., Dec. 23 ——

MISS EMILY HADDON, c/o Haddon's School,

I'll not have Flo Barnfield's child in my house, Christmas or no Christmas. I'm paying the bills. I expect you to do the rest.

CHARLES ANTHONY DUPREE.

"Flo Barnfield's child—that's you," Dorothea intoned, still munching.

Mary 'Lizabeth hurled the telegram to the floor and stamped it passionately with a small brown tennis shoe.

"You can have the old dessert," she said. "It's bread pudding, anyhow. Nellie told me so."

"If he won't take you," Dorothea munched on, "Miss Long'll have to stay an' keep you, 'cause it's her turn, an' everybody else is goin' somewhere or other. Miss Long don't want to stay. It's something"—she leaned forward to whisper tensely and even forgot for a moment to munch—"it's something about a man!"

When Mary 'Lizabeth offered no comment, she ruminated further, "Papa's goin' to have me this time. Mamma had me Thanksgiving, an' she's goin' to have me again Easter."

Dorothea's sole occasion for a proud and haughty spirit was the ceaseless rivalry and contention between her two parents—they could no longer be called these twain. She hung in the balance between them, a hundred-and-forty-pound lump of benignant placidity, munching and watching impartially to see who should do her most honor. Had not they gone to court over her? Had not her papa even tried to kidnap her?

"You needn't be so stuck up about your old papa." Mary 'Lizabeth was making the hibiscus lips more hibiscus to stop them from quivering. "I guess I've got two papas if I wuz a mind to use 'em!"

"Two papas!" Dorothea jeered shrilly. "How can you have two papas, I'd like to know? Anyhow, a poet ain't a papa, an' anyhow my papa ain't old."

"Dor-o-thea, if Miss Haddon wuz to hear you say 'ain't'—— I don't see what's wrong with being a poet. Byron was a poet, wasn't he? Tennyson was a poet, wasn't he? Longfellow was a poet ——"

"Huh!" The disparager of poets as papas extracted another sugar cooky from some hidden and exhaustless source of supply and bit off a mathematical half moon. "I reckon the musician was your papa too, an' the socialist an' all the rest of 'em. Co-nun-drum—who's got more papas than anybody, an' ain't got none?"

"Dor-o-thea Plunkett, if Miss Haddon wuz to hear you say 'ain't got' —— Anyhow, I guess I've got a grandpapa, and that's more'n you've got."

"Huh!" Dorothea jeered even more shrilly. "I'd like to know how you know you've got a grandpapa when you've never even seen him. An' anyhow, it's a fine grandpapa what won't have you for Christmas an' what sends telegrams like that about you." She gestured with the emaciated skeleton of a cooky to the yellow smudge on the floor. "It's a fine grandpapa an' fine papas an' a fine mamma what don't never come to see you ner write you any letters ner send you candy an' cookies an' new dresses an' hair ribbons like my mamma an' papa do. If you ast me"—she finished off the cooky and her oration simultaneously and self-righteously—"I'd say you ain't got no folks a-tall!"

What further recriminations Miss Long's appearance on the porch put a stop to is matter for conjecture. Miss Long was a little wisp of a teacher, with a terribly nice but terribly harassed face. Just now she was looking more harassed than usual and excited.

"Mary Elizabeth Dupree, you're wanted right off in Miss Haddon's office; but for goodness' sake look at your hands and face! Dorothea, haven't you been told times without number not to eat on the porch? Oh, and dear me, there it is now!"

She looked still more worried as a big car turned in at the end of the drive. She seized Mary 'Lizabeth and fairly dragged her into the house. In the library, as they hurtled through, an excited knot of teachers clustered round a paper with screaming black headlines—the same paper the boy in buttons had dropped.

"And just to think, she'll have all that money!" Mary 'Lizabeth heard somebody say.

Miss Long sh-h-ed and motioned mysteriously from her to the paper, which as mysteriously vanished.

"Who'll have all that money?" she queried as she panted breathlessly up the stairs beside Miss Long.

"Sh-h! Little girls mustn't ask such questions."

Miss Long didn't seem to be thinking about what she was saying, though. She was thinking about something that had to do with the paper and the big car that was coming up the drive. All the time she was scrubbing Mary 'Lizabeth's hands and face and brushing the brown bobbed hair until it kicked up round the edges with an insouciant grace that was the envy and despair of Dorothea Plunkett, she was still thinking about that thing. Before the array of Mary 'Lizabeth's three Sunday-best frocks, she frowned and knitted her brows; over hair ribbons, too, as if one's very soul's salvation hung on the color of a hair ribbon. While she was still fussing with the bow, Nellie the maid tapped at the door.

"Miss Haddon says, please will you bring her down now, ma'am."

Outside the ominously closed door of Miss Haddon's private office, she gave the bow another twist and a pat and turned her round and round to make sure she was all hooked.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE RENEGADE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE policemen turned and looked sharply at the two men as they passed; they were so little of the fashion of those who walked or rode in that shining avenue of the Champs-Élysées on the sunny morning of spring. It was not only that they were shabby in a decent workaday fashion; they were exotic. The taller showed a heavy, sullen, hook-nosed face, with red hair that hung from under his soft black hat in fluffy locks that stuck out in front of his ears, and an immature beard was rough on his chin. His smaller companion minced at his side with the gait of a bird. He had a black bowler hat that was pulled low on his skull and tilted backwards, so that its brim all but rested on his coat collar, and there was a stoop or bend to his sharp shoulders that was only just not a hunchback. He lifted to the sunlight a thin and impish face where mirth and malice had written themselves in plain characters, and there was a punchinello suggestion in the nutcracker approach of nose and chin.

"Jews!" said the policeman, pouncing on the obvious. "Refugees from somewhere!"

The two exotics conversed in jerks of speech as they passed along.

"Then you've never seen him?" asked the taller one.

"Not to know him," answered the other.

"You'd know him fast enough," said the first. "There aren't two of him, thank God! A great gorgeous brute, scented and oiled and curled like a lap dog, and a sleek, sleepy face like a prize cow. We ought to be just in time to catch him as he comes out. It's that place up there."

His forefinger, with its long, unclean nail, pointed a house that stood back among the greenery that lined the avenue, a white-marble shape that gleamed at them through the lace of leaves and boughs, a sheer grace of delicate architecture. Its slender-columned porte-cochère reached forward to the sidewalk and a sweep of paved drive flowed through it from the roadway. Already a great motor car stood waiting within it, and beyond, the two Jews could see the square of the doorway and the shine from within of the place's more than royal luxury. Other passers-by had stopped, too, to watch the departure of the car and its owner; it seemed that a little court assembled thus daily to do honor and render to wealth its due tribute of envy.

"He's coming," said the taller Jew suddenly. "You wanted to see him, Frankel; now's your chance."

Servants in livery appeared within the doorway, moving with a sort of decorous bustle to adorn that portentous departure.

Frankel, the all-but-hunchback, pressed to the edge of the sidewalk; Janow, his taller friend, stood at his back, looking over the crown of the black hat at the coming magnificence. He could not therefore see what otherwise he must have marked—the sudden deepening and intensifying of the malicious merriment on the punchinello face of the little man, his look of one who plays a game with zest, and perhaps with a card or two in his sleeve.

"Now!" said Janow.

Quickly between the liveried men came another figure, coated, silk-hatted. In the shadow of the entry his face was just a disk of pallor that bobbed up as he stepped on the footboard and bobbed down as he sank into the seat. The car moved forthwith, silent as a drifting boat on windless water, and carried him forward into the light and to the vision of his honorary courtiers on the sidewalk.

Janow gritted his teeth audibly. Several of the onlookers raised their hats, and, to the tall Jew's astonishment and fury, among them was Frankel, who lifted his with both hands and held it against his chest. The man in the car replied with the exact manner of a well-trained king. Bowing slightly, he raised the tall silk hat in his turn. He was passing the pair of them at the moment, so that his face was a little above and not more than eight feet distant from the scowl of Janow and the little man's grinning-clown mask. For a moment the great money potentate and the deformed nonentity looked each other in the eyes.

A large man, Frankel marked; fattish, but not fat; with a round face and the complexion of a girl. He was, of course, groomed like a race horse. A gloss of perfection was on all his accouterment, and upon the face that looked into his there was the serenity not so much of a god as of an idol. Power was his, vast beyond the scope of pride; his munition factories furnished warring nations and his politicians made wars for him to furnish. In his native land much honor was his; throughout the Balkans diplomats conjured with his name, and wherever there were Jews it was spoken with curses.

For Rinaldesin had marked his rise in the world with a single streak of passion. It ran through all his doings, public and private; he was Judenhetze incarnate—the remorseless and insatiable enemy of the Jews. For a man, be it noted, must have identifiable marks on him if he is to be a figure as well as a force, something for the public to enjoy, for the reporters and cartoonists to take hold of. Rinaldesin had special need of this kind of thing, for his own origins were obscure. Thence from public insults to great men among the Jews he advanced to a general policy of oppression. Many thousand had lived in slavery to die in pogroms because of him. He had nicknames for it; he was even considered something of an expert on the Jewish question.

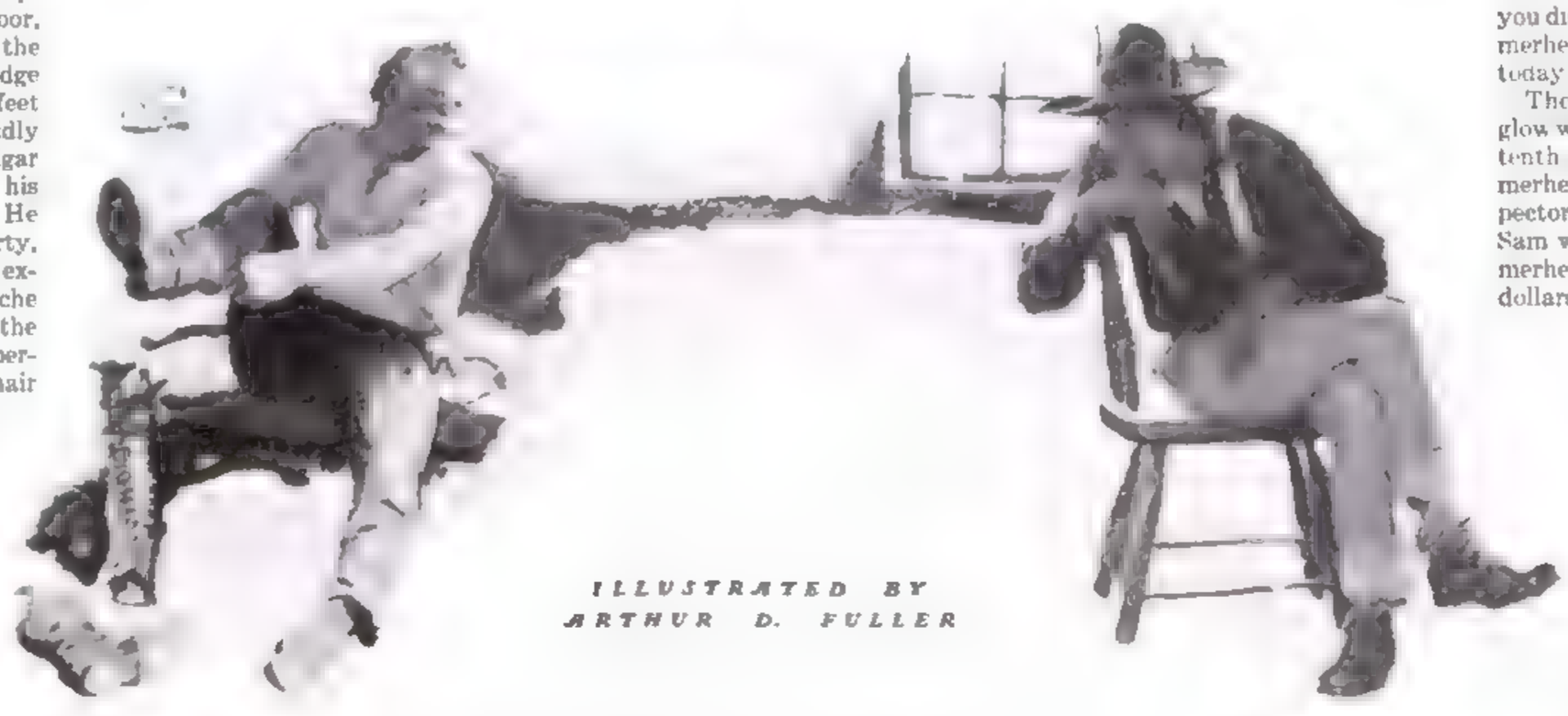
Thus it was that in the tangle of conferences that infested and disgusted Paris, where territories and nationalities were gambled with like card counters, Rinaldesin was advocating a reshuffle of Balkan interests, of which a minor one was the transfer of a certain area to the Turks—for a consideration, of course. It was a miserable stretch of country, strategically worthless; its population consisted of not more than a hundred thousand—a few Greek peasants, some Armenians and Macedonians, but the bulk were Jews. The Turks were willing to have them; they themselves were agonizedly unwilling to go; it was now merely

(Continued on Page 50)

Then He Spoke. His Voice Was Low; They Could Not Catch a Word of It, or Distinguish What Language He Used. But its Effect Was Instant

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

By LOWELL OTUS REESE



ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"You Look in the Bottom of My Saddlebags, Jeff. They's a Bottle Hid There That I Been Savin' for the Fourth of July"

JIM STACEY called himself Real Estate and Development. At least that was the legend that appeared above his office door, across the street from the ramshackle old Purple Ridge Hotel. He sat with his feet upon his desk, gazing idly out of the window, a cigar cocked in one corner of his loose insolent mouth. He was a fat man of about forty, smooth shaven with the exception of a black mustache that curled upward at the ends in what seemed a perpetual sneer. His black hair was thinning in front, and his hands were soft and chubby. His neck overflowed his collar, and his eyes were small and black, porcine.

There came the rattle of a car, and presently Pack Judd's flivver rolled up and stopped in front of the hotel, covered with yellow dust from its trip across the mountains from Moccasin Bar. He had but one passenger—a tall gaunt man of about sixty, who climbed heavily from the car and dragged slowly into the hotel. Something about the man seemed vaguely familiar to the watching promoter across the street. He began to search through the years, but nowhere could he seem to find the new arrival indexed in his careful mind. Pack Judd carried the mail bag into the post office, then hurried across the street.

"Say, Jim," he said, "you remember Bill Parker? Used to live here twenty or thirty years ago."

It came then to Stacey's mind. Bill Parker, of course! "He discovered the Hammerhead mine, didn't he?" he said

"Sure!" said the stage man. "Him and his pardner, ole Sam Rountree. Twenty-five years ago. Well, he's in town now. He come over on my stage from Moccasin."

"I saw him get out," said Stacey. "What about it?"

Judd sat down and laid his dusty old hat upon the desk. There was dust in his white drooping mustache, in his pale eyebrows, and his cracked lips were grimed with it.

"He's got a thousand dollars on him!" he whispered hoarsely. "He told me so! And he's got a bug about the old Hammerhead mine. Thinks he can find another Hammerhead in the Purple Ridge district! Been thinkin' about it for twenty-five years. See? They all get that way sooner or later. He's got a weak heart or something, and so he's busted loose from ole Sam Rountree and come back to the scene of his big strike."

Stacey brought his feet carefully from the desk and sat up. "You sure about that thousand?" he asked.

"Sure!" said the stage driver positively. "He told me all about it. Sick, you see, and spreadin' his mind out for anybody to read. He's got a daughter too. Name's Cornelia. School-teacher down at Ellenville. She's got eight hundred dollars she's saved up teachin' school. If the trip had been a little longer he'd have told me how much gold he had in his teeth."

Without cause or warning Judd broke into a high metallic cackle that could have been heard blocks away. He caught himself and looked carefully about him.

"Easy!" he grinned, showing tobacco-stained teeth that chewed rapidly, even while he talked. "He's ripe to invest that thousand in a new Hammerhead."

"Get him over here!" ordered Stacey briefly.

Judd arose with alacrity, grinning. "What you goin' to do to him, Jim?" he inquired.

"Going to sell him the Elephant."

Again the foolish metallic cackle rattled through the window to the ears of the loungers seated upon the hotel porch, under the shade of the gnarled sycamore. Once more the laugh was quickly suppressed.

"Say, you can't do it, Jim!" affirmed the stage man. "That there White Elephant is a joke! Everybody in town knows it's barren ground. Not the sign of a ledge there."

Stacey had not moved a muscle of his porcine face, though the mustache cocked upward a trifle more in that perpetual sneer.

"The Elephant's right in line with the old Hammerhead ledge, ain't it?" he demanded. "Starting with that fact I can make this old boob see anything from grass-root gold to diamonds by the quart! Get him over here—quietly."

Ten minutes later Judd reappeared with the new arrival. Seen closer the old prospector was a sick man indeed. The emaciation of him had left a rawboned frame that testified to the fact that once he had been a splendid specimen. From beneath grizzled brows his blue eyes looked out at the world, gentle and kindly. Stacey greeted him with breezy heartiness.

"Say, I'm mighty glad you happened along, Mr. Parker!" he said. "I've got some rock specimens here that I've been crazy to have someone pass on—someone that's an expert on Purple Ridge rock! You're just the man, for I remember that you discovered the old Hammerhead! Say, I'm in luck today!"

"You're Trying to Comfort Me!" She Said. "I Can See Through You, Uncle Sam!"

The kindly eyes began to glow with interest. "If it's a tenth as good as the Hammerhead," said the old prospector, "it'll do! Me and Sam we sold out the Hammerhead for two thousand dollars. It's paid close to five millions since then! So I've heard"

"That's right." The promoter unlocked his safe and brought out a box which he placed upon the desk after a careful look at the door and through the window. "I've been keeping it locked up," he said in a guarded voice. "I'm not an expert, but it looks to me exactly like the old Hammerhead float!" He opened the box, and Parker took a piece of the weathered quartz in his wasted hand. Immediately the kindling light in his eyes leaped up strongly and his bony fingers trembled.

"It's the same rock!" he whispered hoarsely. "Hammerhead float—sure! I'd know it anywhere!"

"You sure about that?" asked Stacey.

He simulated excitement most convincingly. Parker picked up another piece, and in his eyes was the look of one who meets an old friend. "Sure!" he said exultantly. "I'd know it among a thousand rocks!"

Behind him Pack Judd opened his yellow mouth to begin an involuntary cackle. Stacey caught the menace not a moment too soon, and flicked a look at his satellite. Judd withdrew, smothering the laugh in his pale mustache.

"Listen," said Stacey, dropping his voice to a tense whisper. "You know the ridge a quarter of a mile below the Hammerhead mill? They called it the Stillson Ridge in your time. Well, that's the ground!"

"Right in line with the old Hammerhead ledge!" said Parker. His breathing was labored and his hands trembled more violently than ever. "I always said that ledge followed the Stillson Ridge! Bound to! And all that's necessary is to tunnel across the ridge! Bound to cut it by tunnelin' across the ridge! It's a blind ledge, of course; but tunnelin' will cut it—sure!"

"We got the world by the tail!" Stacey thumped the desk with his chubby hand. "I didn't hardly dare hope, though I always thought it might be Hammerhead float—but what you say settles it! Tell you"—he leaned forward, his small black eyes eager with excitement—"let's develop it together, you and me! I'm heavily loaded up with properties and if you'll go into it with me, why, I'll be getting a partner and an expert too! See? And a superintendent that knows Purple Ridge mining right down to the ground! I'll sell you a half interest in the Elephant for—for—a thousand dollars! What say?"

Twenty minutes later the sick man came out of Stacey's office, his emaciated figure almost straight and red spots glowing upon his pallid cheeks.

"Well, Judd," he exulted as he came into the hotel, "you're goin' to see things happen in this old town! Me and Stacey—we're goin' to tear that Stillson Ridge to pieces like it was a heap of doll rags! We're goin' to discover another Hammerhead—sure! Took nearly every dollar I had to get into it, but it's goin' to be worth it! I been scared to death I'd die before I made my pile and that Cornelia would have to work like a slave all her life—but that's over now! You watch things hum!"

He did not lose a moment, but took his meager belongings out of the hotel and hurried up to the dilapidated cabin on Stillson Ridge. A few minutes after his departure Pack Judd's high senseless braying came from behind the closed door of J. Stacey, Real Estate and Development. Slumped comfortably in his chair on the hotel porch old man Hinton heard and grinned.

"Jim Stacey's Man Friday has thought up some more hellishness for his master!" he said, and spat at a lizard scurrying through the dust. "How them two fellers do love to be crooks!"

Parker began work on his tunnel immediately. He was consumed with eagerness, for he was sure that at last he had the chance to make himself secure against the terror of death in poverty. Judd had been right. All these twenty-five years old Bill had been dreaming of his great Hammerhead strike and of the time when he should discover another Hammerhead. As his malady grew upon him this dream became an obsession, warping his judgment. A week after his arrival he went down to Purple Ridge and in the post office he met old man Hinton. The two shook hands and Hinton grinned.

"Hear you bought the White Elephant, Bill!" he said.

"Elephant," corrected the prospector.

But old man Hinton grinned still more widely. He was a bald little old man who mumbled incessantly with toothless gums upon which the lips had receded until it seemed to the startled observer that the chewing was done by nose and chin. "Everybody calls it the White Elephant," he said. "So does Stacey!"

"Names don't matter," said the sick man tolerantly. "Anyway, I ain't bought it all; only half. Stacey's my pardner. He's backin' me."

Old man Hinton watched the confident face with its two bright spots on the pallid cheeks. There was huge enjoyment in the ancient scandalmonger's face, and he chewed violently with nose and chin almost meeting, with the sunken lips between.

"Was it in writin' that he was goin' to back you, Bill?" he asked.

"Why, no!" There was mild perplexity on the other's kindly face. "Wasn't any need of that. But there was an understandin'. That was plenty. We're pardners."

Old man Hinton laughed shrilly. He laughed until the tears came into his wicked old eyes.

"Say, you ought to've been told!" he said. "Everybody knows it—but you! Ain't no ledge on the White Elephant. Stacey offered it to Bob Gleason for twenty dollars a month ago—and Bob was goin' to lick him! You been stung, Bill!"

"But—but ——" The innocent eyes were full of bewilderment. "Why, Stacey showed me some of the float! It was exactly like the old Hammerhead rock."

"That's what it was—Hammerhead rock!" Old man Hinton squealed with renewed laughter. "He's been keepin' it in his safe for years—baitin' for suckers with it! It was a long time between bites, but he's got one out on the bank at last, floppin' good!"

"I won't believe that!" said Bill stoutly. "Jim Stacey wouldn't go back on a pardner thataway! He couldn't! No, sir!"

"I'll bet you a dollar!" insisted old man Hinton. "I'll bet you two dollars, by gosh! I've knowed Jim Stacey ever since he started out in the crook business!"

"You got some mail here, Bill," called the postmaster.

Parker went over to the wicket and took the letter. It was in Cornelia's hand, and the old man opened it with fingers that trembled badly from the fear that was creeping over him in spite of his loyal defense of his business partner.

"Dear daddy," the letter ran. "I've glorious news for you. Mr. Stacey was down here today and told me that you had bought a half interest in a mine. He said you were sure it was a splendid investment, so I bought the other half! Mr. Stacey wanted a thousand, but when he found that I had but eight hundred ——" The reader's panic-stricken eyes ran on a few lines. "He said he already had so many properties. . . . So now we are partners, daddy."

Corry too! It struck him like a blow, confirming old man Hinton's words! The perfidy of his partner was established in that one awful moment, and the fact that Corry, too, had been caught in the same net. His staring eyes went back to the letter. "Partners, daddy."

A black hand seemed to come out of the air, smiting the words away from before his eyes. He fell heavily upon the post-office floor.

"Where's That Big Strike?" He Demanded Wildly. "Where's That Rich Ledge?"

II

OLD Sam Rountree drove his ancient jackass down the main street of Purple Ridge, his feet raising a cloud of yellow dust at every step, for, though it was the first week in November, the autumnal rains had not yet appeared. The prospector was a thickset, clumsy-appearing man, his face covered with grizzled whiskers, above which his eyes shone forth, good-humored, with weather wrinkles at the corners. From the thicket of beard projected a short-stemmed cob pipe, and the smoke clouds floated away behind the procession, mingling with the sluggish dust.

Old Sam looked about him incuriously. No, Purple Ridge hadn't changed much. Same old houses—some of them built of material brought round the Horn in the early days. Sycamore and oak trees all along this one main street of the village, their yellowed leaves powdered thickly with dust. Rickety paling fences, unpainted and neglected. And all about him loomed the hills, looking down indifferently upon this decaying town. Here and there upon the ridges great spills of gray or yellow marked the dump of some mine. Purple Ridge was still a mining town, though the peak of its prosperity had been passed years ago.

Three or four loungers sat tilted back in the battered hotel chairs in the shade of the gnarled sycamore which stood in the street, tooth-gnawed by horses long dead and forgotten. The loungers might have been the same that sat there twenty-five years ago. Old Sam stopped his donkey and anchored him to the sycamore. Pack Judd stared, then got up from his chair and came to greet the visitor.

"Well, well, well!" he grinned, chewing as he spoke. "If it ain't Sam Rountree! I shorely thought you was dead long ago! Where you come from, Sam?"

"Over in the Dubakilla country," replied the prospector. "I just got in."

Pack Judd nodded, watching the older man with his shallow, pale eyes and grinning. "You come over on account of ole Bill, I reckon?" he suggested.

Rountree nodded.

"I heard about it," he said, "over the forest telephone, so I packed up and come right over."

"You're too late, though," said Judd. "Funeral was yesterday. You and ole Bill was pardners, wasn't you? Sure you was! You two found the ole Hammerhead together."

"Pardners thirty years," said Rountree briefly. He did not like the stage driver. "Bill was a good pardner. Honest too; but he couldn't never seem to understand that everybody else wasn't as square as he was."

"Ain't it the truth! Easy—that's what he was! Say, look at the way Jim Stacey hung it on him!"

The high metallic cackle battered the afternoon silence and Rountree winced. Judd's laugh had always reminded him of the clatter made by a small boy trailing a slat along a picket fence.

"How was that?" he inquired. "I ain't heard about that."

Judd told him, grinning with enjoyment. "Say," he said as he finished the recital, "can you beat that? Ole Bill sweatin' away up there on Stillson Ridge, thinkin' Stacey was backin' him—and Jim down there at Ellenville unloadin' the other half of the White Elephant on Bill's daughter! Yes, sir; got every cent the Parker family had! I'm askin' you, can you beat that?"

Rountree waited until the senseless cackle had ended. "Pretty hellish way to treat a pardner," he said, "seems to me."

"Pretty tough," conceded the stage driver complacently, wolfing a chew from a plug of tobacco. "But mighty shrewd business. You gotta hand it to Jim Stacey. He's made thirty-forty thousand dollars usin' his head that way. Bully good feller too—take him aside from business. But it's business first with Jim every time. You can't blame him none. Business is business."

"Yes," said Sam slowly, his hobnailed toe digging clumsily in the dust. "Business is business."

"Shorely! And Jim's made thirty-forty thousand at it. You mustn't forget that!"

(Continued on Page 62)

Testing Big Business in the West

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the distinctive features in the present-day development of the Far West is that the state of California, although among the most rapidly growing in the Union, lacks the natural agricultural and industrial advantages of an evenly distributed rainfall and large coal deposits. In a previous article it was shown how in lieu of rain and coal the state is building an electrical machine out of the streams that flow down from its mountain wastes; an adaptation of Nature which is not so much a tribute to the Western genius as to that quality in man which responds to the spur of necessity.

In the present article it is proposed to follow this harnessing of the Western waters into the more human aspects of the subject, into some of the economic and political questions that erect themselves on the basis of even such simple elements of Nature as mist and snow and mountain peaks. For in being forced to lead in the production of water power California has been compelled also to face sooner than most of her sister states problems of broad public policy as well as problems of engineering. In more senses than one she is a test tube which others are watching.

To begin with, it should be observed that the large potential sources of power, the great watersheds and the few broad streams, already are pretty well controlled by three or at the most four large private corporations. One company alone operates in a territory as big as New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware. The two most important companies, so it is said, serve a territory as large as that covered by more than three hundred separate concerns in one of the thickly settled portions of the East.

Colorado River Power

IN ANY case the tendency toward big business, toward the largest and most powerful units, has nowhere gone farther, relatively speaking, than in the case of the California water-power companies. If one or two municipally owned power bureaus be included, there are some ten or a dozen independent companies or systems; but there are two corporations which overshadow all others and, with two or three more of secondary rank, dominate the populous portions of the state. In the north the Pacific Gas and Electric and in the south the Southern California Edison companies represent complex unions of a large number of smaller concerns, and despite the relative sparsity of population rank among the half dozen largest enterprises of their kind in the country.

Now, when it is realized that California is big enough and contains sufficient undeveloped resources to accommodate in course of time a population anywhere from three to ten times its present size, the importance of the ownership and control of power becomes apparent.

Nor is California all there is to it. If the power of the Colorado River should be developed the whole Colorado River Basin, comprising portions of the states of California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, might with eventual pressure upon the land in the East sustain a population in excess of that of Great Britain.

Falls in a Porous Lava Bed Country in Northern California. Above—A Water-Power Company Construction Camp. This Type is Frequently Seen in the West

Power could be transmitted from the Colorado River a sufficient distance to serve a territory as large as that which radiating from the city of Cincinnati now contains 60,000,000 people. It is no wonder that private corporations and municipally owned power bureaus alike are seeking a hold upon the Colorado.

Nowhere, naturally, are private ownership and operation more warmly defended or more vigorously attacked than in the case of the water-power companies of California. Whether this question of public or private ownership has been settled permanently or not, there is no doubt that the bulk of the business is in the hands of four private companies, and there is at least the possibility that in course of time it may be in the hands of even fewer.

Following the war, when there was a shortage of power, partly because of dry seasons and partly because the war did not permit new construction work, all the systems were physically connected, from the Oregon line to Mexico. Today the companies can and do buy power from one another, being tied up in superpower style like the companies in the industrial districts of the South and in such states as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Naturally there are not lacking persons who say that it would be a more economical, a more logical system if there were one great corporation covering the populous portions of the state, or at the most two, one in the north and one in the south.

But whatever the future may have in store in the way of further consolidation of interests or change in the form of ownership, the larger companies never cease in their efforts to harness the watersheds and streams.

However plausibly the cause of state and municipal ownership may be urged, it can hardly be argued that the private companies are showing any lack of initiative in developing power. They may have grabbed most of the sites, but in any case they are developing many of them on a scale previously unknown in the history of industry.

Subterranean Water Supplies

IN THE northern part of the state the largest of all the Western power companies is engaged in harnessing the Pitt River, which rises in the Cascade Mountains country. This territory is of lava formation, unlike the Sierra Nevadas, farther south, which are almost exclusively of granite. Water quickly runs off the granite slopes of the Sierras, but is held in underground storage in the porous volcanic lava.

The Pitt River, which is really the upper Sacramento, is easily controlled and converted to power usage because of the constant even flow, which indeed is over twice the precipitation of its drainage area. This is accounted for by subterranean sources of water in the lava beds, reaching as far as Idaho and the Colorado River.

Although this is one of the country's most desirable as well as one of its largest single sources of water power, it will cost the Pacific Gas and Electric Company $100,000,000 and will take until 1935 to finish the development. Another company, the Great Western Power, which serves much the same territory—that around San Francisco—is developing another large stream, the Feather River, and will also in course of years own one of the world's largest units or blocks of power. It already has what is said to be the largest artificial reservoir in existence.

The more southerly developments, those to take care of the San Joaquin Valley and the Los Angeles region, are of an entirely different nature. The much steeper granite slopes of the Sierras may by sufficient expenditure be converted into a cup, but never into a sponge. The nonabsorbent soil and quick run-off can be counteracted only by a complicated and elaborate network of drops, tunnels and reservoirs. Whole watersheds instead of mere rivers must be harnessed.

But fortunately for Southern California if it is to get any power at all, the relative lack of water is made up for or equalized by the far greater distance it falls. Where the northern companies get drops of 2000 feet, one southern company is building works to drop the water 6000 feet, and still another company will eventually drop it 8000 feet.

The program of one of these two concerns, the San Joaquin Light and Power, which serves the valley of that name, contemplates the expenditure of $50,000,000 in developing one of the branches of the remote Kings River, a job that will require ten years. The Southern California Edison Company is developing several branches of the San Joaquin River in the same general section of the state at a total contemplated cost of $375,000,000, the bulk of which is still to be spent. As this is the most spectacular of any of the operations and, as far as can be learned, the largest construction job under active prosecution in the world today, if not the largest ever undertaken, it merits a somewhat closer examination.

This piece of work, known as the Big Creek development, has been under way for about ten years and will take from twelve to fifteen years more to complete. It is far back in the most remote portion of the Sierras, and at one time as many as 7000 men were employed. Rarely has the labor force been below 4000. Obviously such an undertaking under such conditions raises many questions of more than local interest.

In a previous article the conditions which obtain during the winter months were described, and reference was made to the camps which are isolated beyond the barrier of snow. But it may be said that the work, whether in summer or winter, partakes of the nature of a great military operation, long extended, far flung and exceedingly costly. It extends from a base at a comparatively low altitude far up into the higher peaks, a distance of some sixty or seventy miles quite a respectable battle front against the hostile granite. The actual cut will be longer than that of the Panama Canal. When the work is finished there will be eighty-six miles of tunnel, mostly through solid granite.

The Biggest Job in the World

ONE of the tunnels now under way, but requiring many more years to complete, will be thirteen and a half miles long. There will be nearly twenty power houses at different levels, one recently completed having cost $15,000,000. The generator which supplies the light for this power house and such power as may be needed within the building itself is as big as the whole first unit which the company used to supply its customers in its early days.

It is said that the company doing this work is the largest consumer of high explosives of any organization in the world engaged in the same class of work. Before actual construction could begin it was necessary to build long stretches of mountain roads, and they could not be started except by lowering men by ropes a thousand feet down the face of a precipice to drill holes. In other places freight can be carried from one range of mountains to another only by means of inclines, one of them 2000 feet in height.

Cutting a Roadway Across the Face of Cliffs in California

To carry on the construction job as a whole it is necessary to maintain sixteen camps, each with adequate transportation, housing, commissary, sanitary, medical, hospital and entertainment provisions.

Tunneling is perhaps the most nearly indispensable feature of construction. The rate of progress being of necessity very slow—at the most only a few feet daily—there is an enormous piling up of interest charges. Nor can the impounded waters in all their force be turned into reservoirs or into the turbines of power houses until the tunnels are finished.

It is really quite a job to build eighty-six miles of tunnels at a cost of something like $1,000,000 a mile through mountains of granite at elevations of from one to one and three-quarters miles above sea level.

But tunnel work is greatly facilitated by building lateral construction entrances, or adits, in from the sides. In this way the tunnel crews can dig out numbers of additional headings in which to work. The net result is a decrease in the length of time consumed and a large saving in ultimate expense, although the cost of the adits themselves is about $7,000,000.

These tunnel headings are quite naturally places of feverish activity. Only a few men can get into a heading at any one time, but there must be no delay or interruption in their work. No matter what goes on in the Ruhr or anywhere else in the outside world, the continuous five-year process of blasting and mucking out in these tunnel headings, far back in the wilderness, must never cease.

Blasts That Raise the Roofs

SUCH work depends largely upon the efficiency of drilling tools and high explosives. Apparently no method has yet been devised for firing off blasts in tunnels without a long subsequent wait before the workmen can begin to clear out the muck. Because of the terrific force of these blasts the locomotives which pull the trains of flat cars on which muck is carried out cannot be operated by trolley within the danger zone, but must shift to a storage battery. Tin roofs have been lifted from houses near the tunnel entrances, and an automobile carelessly left close to the opening has been thrown by the force of a blast to the bottom of a cañon far below.

But, after all, no great engineering work is of much general interest except in its human, its social and economic implications. The man who holds the drill, who places the stick of dynamite, who shovels out the muck, weighs heavier, or should weigh heavier, in the scheme of things than the materials among which he delves. Drillers, or drill operators, timbermen, muckers, trackmen, pipemen, electricians, steam-shovel operators and other trainmen, and tool sharpeners or blacksmiths—all these and many other classes of workmen are necessary to the building of tunnels.

It is probable, however, that the tending or removal of muck, or chuck, broken rock or earth blasted out, is more important than the actual mining and blasting of it, the reason being that mining operations have to wait upon the removal of material already blasted. Of the actual workmen the most important are really those who operate the steam shovels and trains of cars, and curiously enough these are the only ones whose union is recognized by the company.

The remainder of the thousands of employes are employed on a strictly open-shop basis, which is true also of the other big company, which has about 10,000 persons on its staff in all.

One grizzled old foreman told me that tunnel work is much easier than formerly because of the improvement in tools. "But lots of young men don't know how to take care of themselves," he added. "The good Lord must be awful busy looking after them."

Continued on Page 62

The Pitt River, Which Supplies Northern California and Central California With Much of Their Power

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

At Sight of Her, Tryer Caught His Breath and Gulped. She Was Vic Teller in the Flesh, and Yet Not the Vic Teller He Had Known

XXII

IT IS an incontrovertible fact that men do their best work for women; but they do it when the women are not around The construction of the cement plant progressed to completion with tremendous strides, and on a much smaller scale the immediate environs of the homestead began to take on a new air, for Connecticut Tom was one of those bachelors who abhor disorder, even though they can put up indefinitely with unwashed windows. He collected rubbish and burned it; trued the fences which abutted on the road; did an extraordinary amount of clever tinkering; stole bricks when the night watchman at the plant was asleep, and with them built new broad, shallow steps, pyramided to meet the narrow thresholds of the three doors of the house. By the coming of winter he had the place in better order than it had known for a hundred years; by winter, also, twenty-two thousand barrels of Rattler Brand cement had been launched on a rising market.

Compared with figures of only a decade later, the output of that first abbreviated fall season seems a mere bagatelle; but it was, in fact, a most notable performance. With cement selling at one dollar and twenty cents when the dollar was worth three times its present value and when labor was costing one-third as much as it does today, it can be seen that the actual returns were proportionately greater than the mill was ever to know again. The judge contributed in no small measure to this success, and by the time operations were suspended for the annual shutdown and general repairs, he and Mattis knew beyond a doubt that the Rattling Run Cement Company was on the highroad to success, and they with it. Neither Tom, Tryer, nor the judge ever spoke of Eunice except to inquire or report as to her whereabouts and welfare; yet Eunice, in the last resort, was the driving power behind all their endeavors.

She wrote seldom, and when summer came, contrary to natural expectation, she gave the farm a wide berth and took the children to the seaside, even avoiding the Jersey shore. This defection pleased Tryer and surprised the judge; but it deeply wounded Tom Bodley. He gave notice to find another caretaker, unwrapped his bundle of whips, washed and polished the chaise, rubbed Alexander's sleek hide until it shone, led him forth, hitched him up, climbed into the deep seat, took up the reins and clucked.

The horse did not move. Tom clucked again and again, said "Gid-ap!" over and over; dismounted, pretending he had forgotten something, returned briskly, jumped in and clucked again, all to no avail. He took out his bandanna to mop sweat from his brow and neck, called Alexander by name, talked to him, implored him, reasoned with him, but was held back by a sinking of the heart, coupled with a premonition of mutiny, from uttering the cabalistic cry of "Aleck!" So genuine was his fear that he sat within the somber shadow of the calash top for two hours rather than dare the ultimate test. Finally the sound of approaching rapid hoof beats forced his hand. He gathered up the reins and cried out sharply "Aleck!"

Alexander threw his rump two inches into the air in the absurd and insulting gesture which heretofore he had used only against strangers, and promptly settled down on all four feet as stolidly as though he were made of varnished wood. Tom gasped and his cheeks showed bright pink through his gray beard as the judge whirled in behind Gypsy, drew up, and presently began to laugh.

"Tom," he begged, "let me give him one genuine cut with a real whip."

"No," said Tom hoarsely.

"Just one lash under the belly where it won't show," persisted the judge.

"No!" groaned Tom, with a shrinking quiver of his own round paunch.

"He's the most colossal fraud I've ever known," continued the judge; "the only horse my fingers have ever itched to lick for the mere sake of licking, and by hickory, he's been asking for it all his life! Every time I see him I look around for a litter of pigs. If you should try out the lard from his carcass there wouldn't be anything left but hide—not a bone, a muscle or a single pound of honest flesh."

At the sight of the moisture which suddenly rose to Tom's kindly eyes the judge felt ashamed of himself. "Well," he concluded, "as I was saying, he's a fine horse, only a trifle too fat for my taste."

"I can't deny," admitted Tom, "that Alexander is a bit fat; but I like them fat. Then there's this about him: He isn't bunchy; he's fat all over—neck, withers, legs, barrel and rump; so that, just standing there, he cuts a fine figure. Give him his due for that, judge, but I do wish he could talk."

"Why?" demanded the judge.

"Well," said Tom, "I'd like to ask him if he's ever known an unhappy day."

XXIII

THE judge drove on, feeling a first touch of gratitude toward Alexander for saving him the trouble of installing a new caretaker. There was a smile in his eyes as he remembered the group he had left behind, standing like an exhibit awaiting shipment to a museum—the great sulking black horse, glistening as if grease had exuded on his well-rubbed hide; the antiquated chaise, hung in the graceful lines of a bygone day; the sheaf of whips, according to Tryer Mattis, approaching an equal symbolism; finally, Tom himself, urbane skinful of gentleness, of the philosophy of an unhurried age and of character, hand in hand with avoirdupois.

To turn from such a personality and enter the presence of Tryer Mattis was almost the equivalent of a physical collision. Tryer represented all those things which Tom denied. During these days he was the dynamic principle incarnated, driving himself and others to the verge of collapse; spurning the weak and battening upon the strong; loosing his fulminating thunderbolts within the entrails of the rock, and dominating the ponderous machinery to grind slowly and exceeding fine, as though he had commandeered the mills of the gods to do his bidding. No wonder he was glad of Eunice's absence; the longer she stayed away, the more would he have accomplished and the better would he be able to domineer. Achievement was giving him weight in his own eyes day by day; why not in those of another?

But when the second winter arrived, bringing with it a certain amount of enforced idleness, he sang a different tune. He grew restless, and envied the judge his magisterial duties, his love of books and his power of living within himself. He even envied Tom, and got out a cutter sleigh to plow through deep drifts to Rattling Run Fields for an occasional chat. When the snow began to melt he resurrected his discarded buggy, hitched up two draft horses and went wallowing through the mud on the same errand. Occasionally the judge would happen along, too, and the men would sit in Eunice's kitchen by the hour, sometimes talking, but oftener absorbed each in his own thoughts. Later, seated at the much-scoured deal table where Warner Sherborne had signed lease and will, Tryer and the judge would talk shop, covering sheets of paper with calculations, while Tom cooked supper for three and discoursed on the great folly of crossing now the bridges of the future or of counting one's chickens before they were hatched.

"Talk less and cook more, you old grayback!" roared Mattis, leaping up to stride the full breadth of the spacious kitchen and back again. "Who ever got anywhere without crossing bridges before they come to 'em? Who ever done anything without counting their chickens long afore they was hatched? The difference between you and me, Tom, is that you died day before yesterday and I live day after tomorrow. Burn your silly old whips or you'll have to tag 'em so folks will know what they was for. Talk less and cook more, I say, for the judge and me is hungry."

During the following week, the last in March, Tryer disappeared from his usual haunts. The last of the snow

was thawing fast, though the ground was still frostbound beneath the slippery surface of the earth. There was a smell in the air of coming warmth, and it warned Mattis that soon he would have no time for any thought unconnected with the plant. He took train for Camden, changed there to another which let him off at Trenton, and half an hour later was in the school village where he knew Eunice to be living.

As he strode along the single street, sparsely aligned with houses for a distance of over a mile, he tried to persuade himself that it reminded him of the hamlet of Greenwich, made unfamiliar, however, by the bleak prospect of the naked trees. To this unfamiliarity he attributed a faint uneasiness that had seized upon him since leaving Trenton; but the truth was quite other than that. With the capital of the state he had had frequent contact through past connections with public works. When he went there, in a manner of speaking, he projected his own atmosphere with him—the atmosphere of the three counties where the name of Tryer Mattis was like a pennant flying at the front of battle, where there was not a man but nodded when he passed, not a boy but knew him, and scarcely a woman who did not feel his presence as one feels the more active elements—sun, wind, invigorating rain. It was because he was aware of a sudden absence of background that he strove to connect this strange village with something he knew, and he felt uneasy because he failed.

He entered the general store, took refuge behind one of the encumbered windows and stared across the street. Through gaps between houses and the trunks of trees he could see the buildings of the great school, which held itself aloof in a closed circle. Buildings of brick, of sandstone, and one old one of granite were warmly splotched with matted patches of English ivy.

A bell clanged. Doors opened. Boys poured out in streams that opened fanwise and scattered. Out of the throng of hundreds only half a dozen individuals sought the village proper. Among them was the erect figure of Drake Sherborne.

Tryer watched the direction taken by the boy and followed him at a safe distance. He saw him turn in at the gate of a very small house of broad white clapboards, dignified only by its age, and hurried forward as if to join him, but at the last moment slipped behind the bole of a large elm. Drake whistled; Io threw open the door and flew out to meet him; Eunice came to stand for a moment on the narrow stoop.

At sight of her, Tryer caught his breath and gulped. She was Vic Teller in the flesh, and yet not the Vic Teller he had known. No; not that. He had it! She was what Vic Teller had promised to be before her youth had felt the blighting power of his hands, before he had driven her into the barren refuge of Warner Sherborne's arms and of the bleak emptiness of Rattling Run Fields. She was fresh of skin, renewed, lovely. He looked down at his hands now, at his heavy muddied boots, at his bagged trousers, and finally at the deep wrinkles which had pulled his sleeves high, disclosing soiled shirt cuffs and hairy wrists. Up went his eyes again to that trim high-headed vision on the narrow stoop.

He turned and slouched heavily away. What was he doing here? Who knew him? Who was there to whisper "There goes Tryer Mattis," with never a look or a thought for his baggy clothes? The shrewdness that had made him a figure to reckon with throughout the length and breadth of the three counties dawned in his face and eyes. Not here; or now. He would not come to her like a fish on land, gasping for its natural element. He returned to Trenton and walked the streets for an hour, waiting for a train to Camden.

Five weeks later a breath-taking transformation had swept across the fertile rolling country which centered upon Rattling Run. The startling pink flush of the flowering peach orchards had come and gone, giving way to sprouting leaf; but sweet-scented pear trees were still in full bloom, masses of white amid young foliage of bronzed amber. Bird's-foot violets covered the banks along the roads with a riot of vivid blue. Within the woods, buried beneath blanketing dead leaves, lay hidden the shy yet shamelessly prolific blossom known variously as Mayflower, trailing arbutus or hope of heaven, source of an ineffable perfume, throbbing, as it were, with the pain and joy of hearts in love.

Long ere this Tom had discovered that Alexander's refusal to draw the chaise applied only to the chaise with the sheaf of whips aboard. Were it left behind as an earnest of a return by nighttime to the sloth and epicurean luxuries of Rattling Run Fields, fat as he was, Alexander would consent to trundle the insignificant load of the small carriage up and down dale, and his master in it when grades happened to be propitious. Beholding the wonders of the newborn earth, Tom hitched up and drove into town to see the judge, whom he caught in the act of tearing open a telegram.

"Judge, you got to come out to the farm. It's so lovely to look at, my eyes can't eat it all. I need help; someone to see things at the same time I do. Ever feel like that?"

"Yes, I have," said the judge with a smile as he unfolded the slip of paper in his hand. "It's one of the decentest things about us menfolks, Tom, that we can't stand looking at anything beautiful alone. One of two things: We've got to talk about it or else we've got to have somebody around to love. That's the way it hits me."

"Me, too," agreed Tom fervently. "Will you come out?"

"One minute," said the judge. As he spoke the smile died from his lips, leaving them set and purposeful. "Listen to this," he added after a pause, and read the telegram:

Drake disappeared last night. Search shows he took trolley to Trenton. Come at once or wire me what to do.

The two men looked at each other for a long moment of silence, broken finally by Tom.

"How old is the boy, judge?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen and hard as nails. Well, walking won't hurt him. You go to Mrs. Sherborne and fetch her to Rattling Run Fields. I'm going to borrow something out of your shed."

"Wait a bit," said the judge, having kept pace with the thought in Tom's mind. "The boy has got to go back."

Tom's kindly eyes hardened.

"Not afore he sees the place he's headed for," he declared as he started around the house, presently to reappear, carrying the judge's best whip—a genuine implement of authority made up of slender hickory stock and rawhide lash.

"Why don't you take Gypsy?" asked the judge.

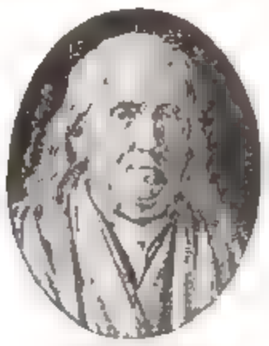
Tom pivoted, suggesting more than ever a barrel on end.

"I don't take Gypsy," he said, "because I'm afraid of her; and also because all I got to do with Alexander is to head him up the pike and say Elmer, Glassboro, Woodbury, Haddonfield, Bordentown, and he'll go to them places in the order named. Besides, lean him against an apple tree at night and he thinks he's in a stall."

Continued on Page 71

At That Moment the Morsel of Human Woe in His Arms Leaped the Bounds of Conception and Became Infinitely More Important Than the Breath of His Own Life

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2 00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3 00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1923

Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake

NOTHING in recent years has so shocked certain of our politicians as Secretary Mellon's plan to cut taxation in such a way that the burdens of everyone in the country will be lightened.

All through the long vacation these politicians have been sniffing the delicious odors coming from the Treasury Department. They have watched the slow baking of that spicy, fruity surplus and have been gladdened with glimpses of its toothsome frosting. The candles were lighted and were shedding a golden radiance over this masterpiece of the Treasurer's art. In anticipation the knife was already in the hands of the politician and the cake apportioned among a select list of guests—favored guests who, it was believed, would vote for the hand that fed them—when Mellon spoiled the party by inviting everyone, regardless of his voting strength, to cut himself a piece of cake. What promised to be a rather exclusive political function shows signs of degenerating into a block party with everybody in on it, including the help.

Mr. Mellon is proceeding on the theory, almost unique in politics, that everyone is entitled to a share of a surplus to which everyone has contributed. And it shows how far and how unresistingly we have slipped down the road to confiscation when almost everybody is astounded and incredulous over a proposal to reduce taxes. Yet taxation is increasingly the great city problem, the great state problem, the great Federal problem, and finally the great individual problem. It influences politics, dominates politics and corrupts politics. It would hardly be too much to say that it is politics. Any man who does not see this clearly, who does not understand the far-reaching consequences of every tax that is levied, who lightly consents to the imposition of new taxes, or who neglects any opportunity to lighten existing ones, is unfit for public office.

As a result of the war and the loose thinking and spending that grew out of it politicians the world over have been so busily engaged in increasing taxes that a proposal to lower them comes as an almost revolutionary idea. Secretary Mellon does not happen to be a politician—he is only just about the best Secretary of the Treasury that the United States has ever had. Coming into office unknown and under the awful suspicion of being a rich man, he has steadily been overcoming his handicap and gaining in popular esteem. Some bolder spirits are even beginning to say that perhaps a man experienced in handling large financial matters is a good one to trust with the handling of large financial matters. After all, the possession of qualities that have made for success in banking would seem to indicate a certain fitness for the position of Secretary of the Treasury, though not to that paradoxical political mind which regards success in one's private affairs as a disqualification for public office. The selection for Secretary of the Treasury of an experienced man, with the ability to make and conserve a fortune, caused much misgiving and headshaking.

The casual observer will note other curious political paradoxes. To handle private trust funds carelessly and wastefully is a serious matter and one is promptly fired for it; to handle public trust funds carelessly and wastefully may make one so popular that he will be returned by an increased majority. To get votes with five-dollar bills is bribery and one goes to prison for it; to get votes with legislation voting tax money to favored classes and localities is statesmanship and one goes to Congress for it. Vote getting is sometimes hard to distinguish from vote buying, unless one is trained to nice political distinctions.

Some of the comments on Secretary Mellon's plan were incredibly naïve, even for the politicians who made them. They had decided on a course of action that would have resulted in an increase, not a decrease, of taxation. Their first reaction to the Mellon plan was that it was a trouble-maker—for them. They viewed it solely from the political, not the economic angle. The plan is the more disconcerting in that it is unassailable from the standpoint of sound finance for the nation. Of course it will be assailed by the demagogues, the vote buyers and the radicals who are planning confiscation through taxation; but it does not take a particularly keen intelligence to see how it will benefit every man, woman and child in the United States. Particularly will it help those who do not pay a dollar in direct taxes, for they are the ones who bear a disproportionate amount of all indirect taxation.

The simplest illustration of the effect of taxation will suffice to make this clear. Everyone lives in a house that he owns or one that he rents, or in an apartment or a single room. Every time real-estate assessments are raised and taxes are increased the house owner pays them directly out of his pocket, and his cost of living is increased by just that much. The landlord who rents houses, apartments, tenements or rooms also pays his higher taxes and then raises rents to cover them, plus a little extra to make it even money. Exactly the same process takes place in the case of every commodity. The manufacturer adds his taxes plus to his costs; the wholesaler adds his taxes plus to his quotations; and the retailer adds his taxes plus to his prices. But this is not all. The man who draws his income from any profession or business finds it materially reduced, after he has paid his city, state and Federal taxes, so he presses for ever higher fees or salary and dividends to enable him to maintain his standard of living. These, too, must be added to retail prices and be paid in the end by the man who thinks that he is paying no taxes, as well as by the one who knows that he is.

Good roads, great public buildings, paternalistic departments, government ownership, with its overstaffed and inefficient bureaus, first aid to blocs and classes—all may seem desirable to you, but they all cost money, all raise taxes and the cost of living, your cost of living, no matter who you are or where you live. That huge bond issue for which you voted without consideration goes to swell the total, for it must be paid off by you or your children. In the meanwhile you must pay the interest on it.

Can you afford so much of these things and is it wise to buy so many of them on credit? It is not. You cannot afford so large a public charge account—for all these things are a part of your personal expenses.

The taxgatherer makes the installment-plan man and the loan shark look like amateurs. No matter who else waits, he gets his money on the minute. He is on hand to collect every time you eat, drink, smoke, dress, motor, telephone, play, work or sleep.

If Mr. Mellon can put over his program he will have done much more than have saved the country money—he will have saved it from a course that finally leads nations to turn to the Mussolinis and Riveras as their final hope of salvation from the politicians and the abuses that they have tolerated and too often fostered. We are still far behind Europe in these things, but not so far behind that we cannot catch up and will not catch up if we continue to stand for blocs, class legislation, waste and extravagance, with the confiscatory taxation that these things entail.

Present tendencies could easily be checked if our great inarticulate mass of so-called good citizens—home-loving, country-loving, law-abiding, church-going people—who do not vote, or who, if they do, vote for the set-up that the machine provides for them, could get it into their heads that protected vice, bootlegging, dope selling, banditry and too-high taxes can exist only with their tacit consent. If they would take as much interest in their taxes as they do in the baseball scores; look over their public officials as carefully as they do the big-league pitchers; go to the polls in as great numbers as they go to the football games; take as much trouble to register as they do to get seats at the Follies; feel as concerned over throwing incompetents out of public office as they do over throwing out josses in China; fight as hard to protect their incomes against foolish public expenditures as they do against foolish private ones, there would be something doing along the Potomac and various other rivers, estuaries, bays, branches and creeks on which capitals, cities, towns and farms are located. The only antidote for politics is politics.

On the other hand, we must not run away with the idea that all men or even a majority of the men in public office are incompetents and crooks. Many of them are only misfits; others are cheap men with low standards; still others are direct and indirect grafters; a surprisingly large number are honest, intelligent and competent—many of them working for smaller salaries than they could get in private business. But when the system—and that includes the indifference and ignorance of the good people—does not prevent them from giving the public the best that is in them, the machine politicians usually do. The same thing is true of the House and the Senate, though of recent years the number of able members has been decreasing and that of demagogic self-seekers increasing. The average voter, however, rarely knows who are the good and who are the poor public servants; rarely lets the good ones understand that he is behind them and the bad ones know that he is against them. That political get-rich-quick men—the demagogue, who appeals to passion and prejudice, the slick politician, who tells the people what they want to hear instead of what they need to know—are so often returned to office shows that we bite as easily on sucker political panaceas as on Wallingford oil literature.

Unless he gets a bill for direct taxes the average man does not even know how large a share of that direct taxation he is shouldering in his cost of living. If he did, he would sit down and indite a few burning lines to his senators and congressman, telling them to get behind Mellon's program for tax reductions. But the chances are that he does not even know the name of his congressman.

Yet it is this average citizen, working behind and supporting his representative, who is the hope of the country. That representative need not be a genius if he has honesty, common sense and practical knowledge. The world is suspicious, and rightly so, of its slightly mad geniuses and its self-styled intellectuals—no real intellectual ever calls himself one—because it is not strong enough to stand any more of their blunders. In happier times we may return to them for diversion, but today the men who can show us how to cut taxes, balance budgets and build up commerce should be our popular idols.

Taxation is imposed by both parties, but it is paid in nonpartisan dollars. Each party keeps pointing the finger of scorn at the other for raising taxes, and each is right. Each party in its platform is claiming credit for an intention to reduce taxes. Let us give credit to both and see that they merit it. There are both Democratic and Republican tax bills in our cost of living. That both parties should share the honor of reducing them is only fair. A party line-up on the Mellon program would strengthen the suspicion that petty politics and not sound economics is too often the deciding factor in tax legislation.

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

England's Struggle for Industrial Life

By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THE failure of peace in Europe and the inevitable decline of world trade owing to the financial downfall of Germany and its reactions on all surrounding states are going to hit one country above all with a crippling effect. That is Great Britain, still regarded by many European peoples as strong, rich, and immune from the decay which is overtaking their own commercial life. It is staggering already from such heavy blows to its industrial state.

The truth is that England, even more than Germany, is dependent for her national existence and main sources of wealth upon her ability to sell her exports of raw material and manufactures in the markets of the world, and that until those markets recover their purchasing value her hopes of trade revival, and even her ability to support her own people, are doomed to most tragic disappointment.

Her secondary source of wealth in the good old days of imperial prosperity was in the transport of other people's goods from one port to another. She dominated the carrying trade of the world. The British flag on British-built ships flew over foreign cargoes in every sea. Now immense numbers of these ships lie rotting in their docks because they cannot get cargoes to carry. So many ports of the world, once busy with merchandise, like Petrograd and Riga, like Fiume and Triest, like Constantinople and Smyrna, are now, as I have seen them, deserted and derelict, with empty warehouses and grass-grown wharves. British shipping is in a deplorable state of stagnation, and the shipping firms are living on capital to keep themselves out of bankruptcy, hoping to hold on until the tide turns.

Recent revelations of the actual position are staggering in their gravity. In prewar years the 40 shipbuilding establishments on the Clyde employed 96,000 men. Today there are 33,000 shipbuilders and 36,000 marine engineers out of work. There are 218 building berths in the Clyde yards. Recently there were 66 of these occupied by vessels in progress and 15 by vessels on which work has been suspended; 137 were vacant. The directors of these great shipyards, in a gloomy view of their position, state candidly that they can see no prospect of getting work for 50 per cent of their capacity during the next five or six years. Indeed they maintain that for 25 per cent of the men formerly employed in Clyde yards there is no prospect of ever again being employed in the shipbuilding industry.

Those few figures about British shipping throw a searchlight on the conditions of world trade and British trade. They show that the vital traffic across the highways of the sea is slowing down and dwindling. It is not that other nations are capturing British shipping. It is that cargoes are not being carried to anything like the extent needed for healthy international prosperity. It means, especially to Great Britain, that the world is not asking for anything like the old quantity of her cotton and woolen goods; not clamoring for the same amount of her steel and tin plates; not exchanging raw material in the same brisk way for the porcelain of the potteries, the silver plate of Sheffield, the fine fabrics of Bradford; not placing many orders for the boots of Leicester, the screws of Birmingham.

Since the war ended I have been in many countries that were once good markets, directly and indirectly, to Great Britain. Russia was one of them, but although Russia is exporting grain once more, her people have no margin of wealth to buy even the full share of life's necessities, to say nothing of those half necessities or small luxuries which maintain a standard of civilization and fertilize world trade. Those 98,000,000 peasants are glad if they can keep the wolf from the door, and there is no longer a great middle class or aristocracy which used to furnish the houses and shops of Moscow and Petrograd with British-made goods.

Again, the old Austrian Empire was a world's fair of trade from which England gained profit directly and, much more, indirectly. Because Austria bought from Hungary, Germany, Russia, Sweden and many neighboring states, those other countries could buy English goods. The wheel of trade turned round busily. Now half its spokes are broken, its axle, which was Germany, is rotten, and it is side-slipping downhill. The very fine, complicated and delicate machinery of international commerce has been wrenched to bits by the financial crash of Germany and by a gradual lowering of the standard of life and civilization over a wide area

(Continued on Page 50)

OLD HOME WEEK

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

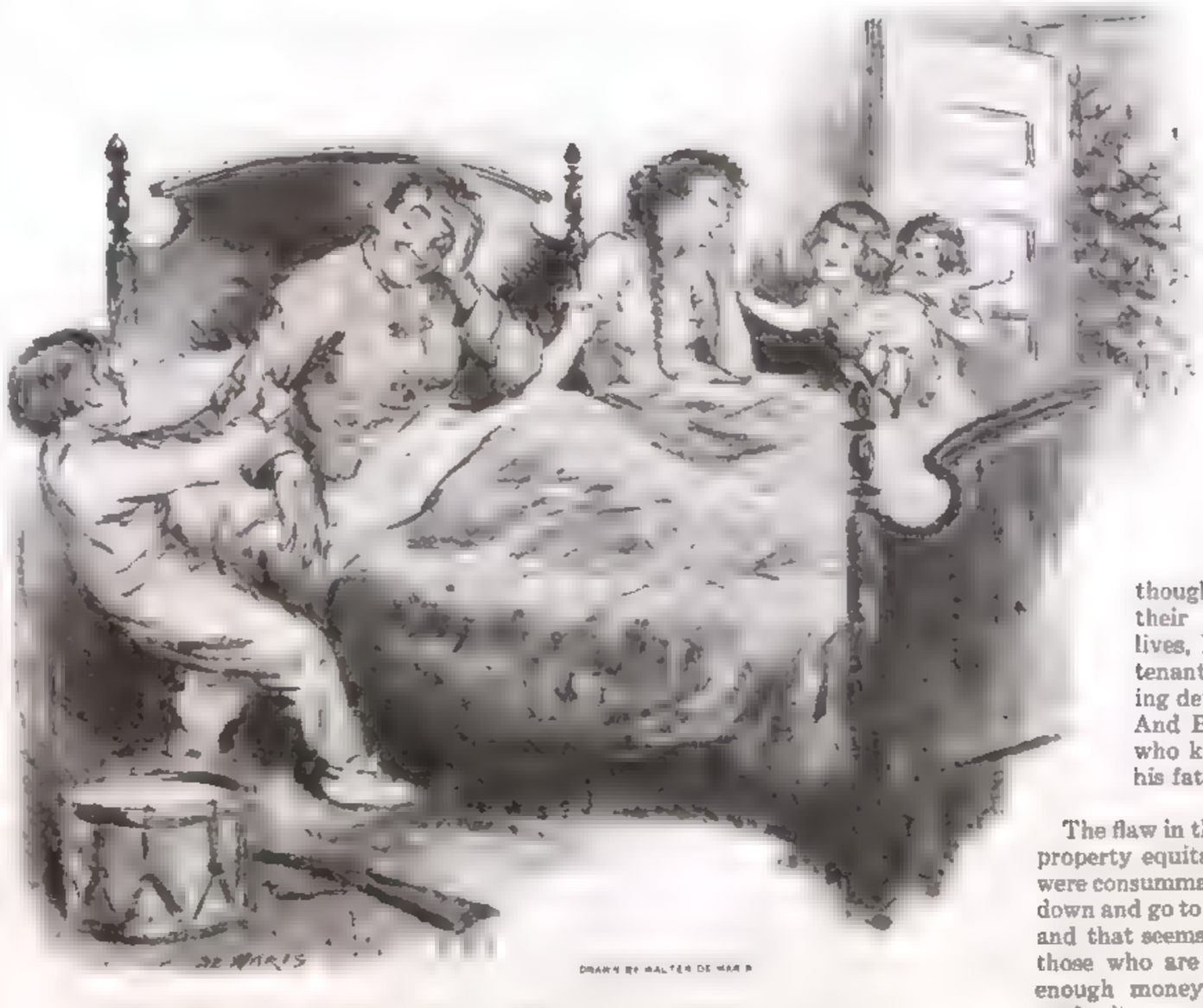
Rude Mary and Gentle Genevieve

A BRUSQUE young maid was Mary Agnes Whiting;
Her ways were rude, her manner sharp and curt;
She was constantly making nasty, unpleasant remarks about people, for her tongue was rather biting.
And she didn't care a hang what she said nor whose feelings were hurt.
In fact she was a regular Scrooge, was young Miss Mary.
And at parties and festivities, when the other girls were having a good time, she usually was bored
And as for those polite little amenities that add so much to the pleasure of social intercourse—of them she was exceedingly chary;
She didn't believe in giving Christmas presents, and the birthdays of her nephews and nieces and other relations she invariably ignored.
Still, despite the fact that she never gave a present,
And her manner still left much to be desired,
I always thought that Mary was not nearly so unpleasant
As her younger sister, Genevieve Ruth, who was extremely popular and universally admired

For Genevieve was one of those attentive creatures
Who are always bringing sunshine into someone's life,
And she used to think nothing of walking in uninvited on some poor family with a basket of hand-embroidered bedroom slippers, and a look of holy benevolence on her girlish features;
And she was constantly butting in whenever some honest, hard-working victim of her philanthropy happened to beat up his wife.
She was never known to forget an anniversary;
And she kept a card index of the dates upon which her friends' birthdays would fall;
And it used to be extremely annoying for someone whose acquaintance with her was merely slight and cursory,
To wake up on the morning of his birthday and find in the mail a hand-painted calendar or some such thoughtful remembrance from Genevieve, and to realize that he had forgotten her birthday, and hadn't sent her anything at all.
But Christmas was the season in which Genevieve used to revel.
No one was too remote to receive some tender token of the Yule;
And on Christmas morning several hundred people would receive a card or gift from Genevieve, which would naturally make them feel like the devil,
And they'd have to rush out immediately and send her something, just as though they had thought of her all the time, and I needn't tell you that that sort of thing always makes one feel like a silly fool.

And so, though Mary's wit would bite and blister,
And though her ways were frequently uncouth,
I much preferred her to her younger sister,
That sweet and amiable paragon of all virtues, Genevieve Ruth.

—*Newman Levy.*



The Cold, Gray Dawn of the Morning After the Night Before Christmas

Comment of a Country Editor

SIM FURNESS and Bent Magruder met in Sim's office Thursday afternoon and nominated next year's Republican county ticket. Two places were left open. Sim wants a candidate for county clerk from Chatham Township, in order to strengthen the ticket in the southwest part of the county, and hasn't yet picked his man. Bent thinks there should be a woman on the ticket, and the plan now is to permit the voters to nominate her at the primary. In the old days of boss domination, before political power was lodged by legislation in the hands of the people, the county ticket seldom was nominated until the fellows who controlled the delegations from the various townships got together in the Sun Dial Hotel the night before the convention. But now that every voter has a voice and a vote in the selection of the ticket, it can be nominated any time Bent comes to town.

Bradford Jinks, who saw last season's prize play in New York awhile back, came home from his trip to the city greatly troubled. He says the hard, bitter, unlighted existence of the rural folk depicted in the play impressed him as he had seldom been impressed, and he is more than ever determined to do something for the masses. As his first step, and with the thought of letting a little sunlight into their cheerless and artistically starved lives, he has decided to give each of the tenants on his father's farms an oil painting depicting some phase of life in Russia. And Brad is a man of his word and one who keeps his impulses. He will do it if his father will let him have the money.

The flaw in the plan to divide the money and the property equitably among the people is that if it were consummated everybody would have to buckle down and go to work. If leisure is the end sought—and that seems to be the thought in the minds of those who are demanding a division—there isn't enough money and property in the country to confer it.

Bib Thompson, who was down from the city last week visiting relatives and friends, has been a great disappointment to the people of our community. Bib never amounted to much here at home and it was confidently predicted, when he went away, that the city would whip him in ninety days. But he seems to have done very well. He has made some money and is spoken of as a coming man. Our people readily forgive those who trespass against them; but they find it exceedingly difficult to forgive those who succeed.

Those who wish to take statutory cognizance of its use, base their fight against tobacco on the ground that it is harmful to the human system. It is plausible conjecture that the real animus lies somewhat deeper. Those who use tobacco find it comforting and mildly stimulating. They derive from it solace and enjoyment. Nothing so infuriates a certain element of this country's citizenry as the spectacle of an individual enjoying himself in his own way.

When Pen Fifield went East three years ago he neglected to advise the community as to the nature of the employment which has since kept him in New York and Washington most of the time. On his occasional visits home Mr. Fifield was reticent. Neighborly inquiries as to the nature of his business elicited unsatisfactory replies. The town has been much interested in the matter, and at times,

(Continued on Page 52)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

A Close-Up of Mrs. Beans—On Waking and Realizing Beans Hadn't Been Home All Night

Slow-cooked Digestible

That's what makes Campbell's Beans so remarkably wholesome, both for the children and the rest of the family. Thousands of people always insist on getting Campbell's Beans because they are so delicious in flavor and so easily digested. Beans are splendid food—rich in nutrition, builders of muscle, energy-makers. There's good health in every can of Campbell's Beans!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TEMPORARY PIRATE

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE time had gone well into August. The halcyon days had come, when for weeks the water lay like mother-of-pearl, and the sky was like gray silk, and the thin tender haze of smoke softened the land, and many things had fallen silent. The gulls sat lightly atop their own reflections, saying not a word; the hermit thrushes alongshore had gone about their business, which was now other than song; the crows and ravens had ceased their obscene wrangling and assumed, belated, an air of seemly wisdom. Only the salmon, on their way to the spawning grounds, leaped gloriously, casting themselves recklessly two, three or more feet straight out into the air. All else in this noon of the year took its repose, lying not so much asleep as day-dreaming.

The Kittiwake cruised idly through multitudes of little islands on the outer fringe, searching out tiny coves, or curved sandy beaches from which to swim, or points boldly jutting out over a placid sea where her crew built evening friendship fires and lay on their backs and looked upward at mellow stars. The days were growing shorter. It was now dark by nine o'clock. But they, in harmony with sea and sky and land, seemed to have slipped away from time. Dates and hours no longer existed for them. They lived a vagrant life in a pearl-gray world, where were neither beginnings nor endings nor the thought of other days. The barometer stood immovably at 30.15.

Early one morning Betsy and Marshall, with Noah in the prow, set out in the dinghy for an all-day expedition, which X. Anaxagoras declined. The objective was an elusively glimmering strip of shore, apparently of white sand, which offered possibilities of bathing or clams or both. They were well supplied not only with food but with water, for in these outlying islands was no such abundance as farther inland.

Marshall swung into the oars vigorously, for the day was young. The sea was, as usual, glassy smooth, and the air still. Once beyond the compact group of small islands where the Kittiwake lay at anchor, he found himself bearing against the strong northward set of a current. All went well for perhaps a third of the distance. Then a vagrant little breeze wandered along, rippling idly a small patch of water and fluttering Betsy's hair as it passed. So unusual was this that Marshall stopped rowing and bared his head to it.

"That feels rather good for a change, doesn't it?" he remarked.

And suddenly they found themselves in a dense fog!

It formed all about them with bewildering rapidity, seeming to come from nowhere in particular, not even from the surface of the water about them; but to materialize in all space, like a thickening of the atmosphere. In five minutes the whole world was blotted out, except for such of it as might float within twenty feet of the boat.

They discussed what they should do, and decided it would be better to return to the yacht. No beach could now possess much attraction, for with the fog had come a chill, slight but sufficient to take the joy out of bathing. Marshall turned about and began to row back.

"Look here," he said after a considerable interval, "we ought to be among the islands by now."

They Shouted in the Hope That Their Voices Might Arouse an Echo That Might Guide Them

"Let's listen," she suggested. "We ought to be able to hear the swell against the rocks."

They strained their ears, but heard nothing. They shouted in the hope that their voices might either get a reply from the Kittiwake or arouse an echo that might guide them.

"The current has been carrying us north," reasoned Marshall. "We are probably above the islands a little."

"Then if we row south we'll strike them," said she.

Marshall pondered.

"Or miss them. There's a lot of ocean in the Pacific. I think Canada is easier to find. It isn't very far. I believe it would be safest to row straight for the mainland and wait there until we can get our bearings. Otherwise we might drift heaven knows where. Out to sea, perhaps."

"It seems impossible to miss that big group of islands!"

They discussed the question for some minutes, but finally decided on Marshall's plan. He picked up his oars.

"What is it?" she inquired, at the expression of his face.

"Which way do you think the mainland is?" he asked.

"Why, over there," she stated confidently. "It seems to me in that direction."

After disputing this point they agreed that they did not know.

"I'm a triple ass!" he cried. "An empty-headed nincompoop! Why didn't I think of it! While we were talking we swung about in all directions! I haven't the slightest idea of where we are headed right now!"

There was no sun: the breeze that had announced the fog had fallen flat; the slight swell that breathed beneath the ocean's surface seemed to have no direction, but merely to rise and fall.

"The current sets north," recollected Marshall.

But they could not make out its direction. If they moved with it—why, so did all other objects on the water's surface. In vain they tried to recollect what lay north of them on the chart. Neither of them had even looked at the barometer that day.

"Well, I'm a fine sailor!" exclaimed Marshall disgustedly. "I feel like a fool! I suppose there's some nautical method of orienting ourselves, but I don't know it."

"You tell the north by the moss on the trees," said she.

"That's helpful!" he snorted.

"Well, I offer my best," said she meekly.

He shipped the oars. "One thing about it," said he with decision, "we won't add to our troubles by rowing ourselves off the map. The drift can't be very rapid. Perhaps it will clear. Perhaps your brother will blow his whistle."

They were uneasy, but not yet frightened. At this time of year there was every reason to rely on the steadiness of the weather. Marshall voiced this thought.

"Including fog," supplemented Betsy dryly.

They settled down to wait. Nothing whatever happened. Then Noah, who had maintained his position in the bow, spoke up.

"Land ho!" he shouted.

"What are you miaowing about, Noah?" said Betsy.

A moment later the outline of imminent trees showed ghostly, dead ahead.

II

MARSHALL rowed in. They landed on what proved to be a rocky islet not more than an acre in extent, with rocky shores and a little central patch of fir trees.

"At least we're going to stay in one place!" he cried.

They hauled the dinghy out on a shelving rock to above high-water mark. The relief from the uncertainty had put them in high spirits. It had become a lark.

"Cast away on a desert island!" cried Betsy. "What do we do now? Oh, yes; hoist a signal of distress."

"What for?" objected Marshall practically. "Who could see it?"

"It's the proper thing," insisted Betsy impatiently. "And then we explore the island, and fight the savages, and tame a goat."

"You might first look for that moss on the trees and determine our position," suggested Marshall sarcastically.

"I have. We are at the South Pole. It's north in all directions. They're covered with moss."

"One thing," observed Marshall, who had been taking stock. "For the first time in my life I'm glad of the feminine propensity to bring enough picnic lunch to feed a regiment. We may need it."

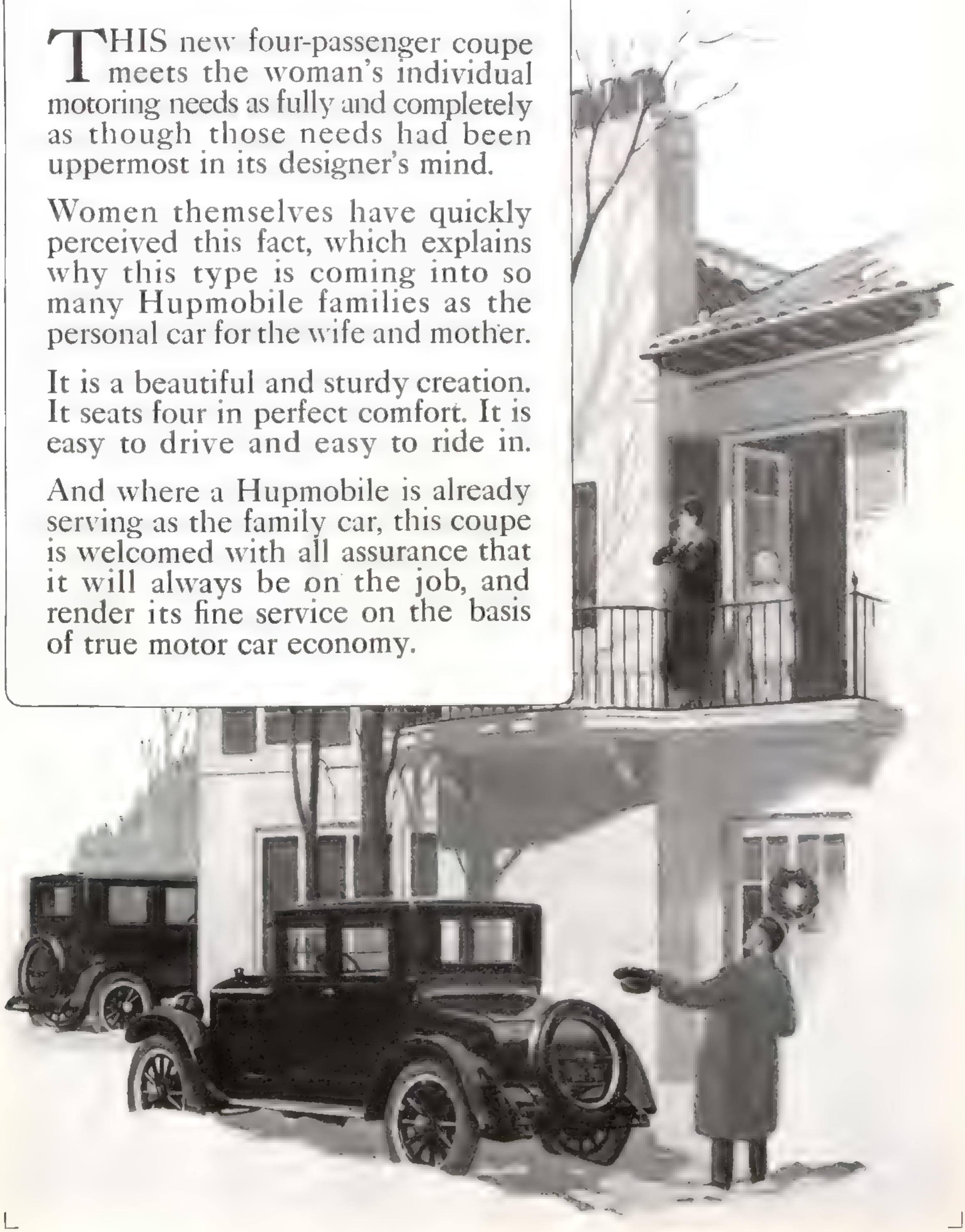
(Continued on Page 26)

THIS new four-passenger coupe meets the woman's individual motoring needs as fully and completely as though those needs had been uppermost in its designer's mind.

Women themselves have quickly perceived this fact, which explains why this type is coming into so many Hupmobile families as the personal car for the wife and mother.

It is a beautiful and sturdy creation. It seats four in perfect comfort. It is easy to drive and easy to ride in.

And where a Hupmobile is already serving as the family car, this coupe is welcomed with all assurance that it will always be on the job, and render its fine service on the basis of true motor car economy.



(Continued from Page 24

"Shellfish!" cried Betsy delightedly. "And we make a fishline by unraveling your socks if we can find out how; and a fishhook out of a hairpin. And we draw lots."

"What for?"

"How do I know? We'll have to decide on that. Come on; I'm going to explore."

That did not take long. Their resources, outside of those they had brought with them, proved to consist of sixteen stunted fir trees, a couple of million barnacles, a large mussel population, and an army of small and distrustful crabs. They returned to the boat, where they spread their rugs and made themselves comfortable.

The hours passed, but not so the fog. At noon they ate a sandwich apiece. Both had the same idea, though neither expressed it. These fogs had been known to last for several days, and to clear with a high wind. In spite of themselves they could not keep from speculation, nor from frequent quite useless examinations of the weather.

"I hope your brother won't worry too much," Marshall broke a long silence.

"He'll do all he can, but he won't worry," said she.

They fell silent again. Noah, after calling their attention to the lack of milk, had curled up on one of the rugs.

Suddenly the sound of oars in rowlocks became clearly audible.

Electrified, they sat up and shouted. The rowing ceased for a moment, then resumed. A small boat glided around the point of the islet.

The occupant stepped ashore and made fast to a projecting rock. He was a young man, very dark, very pale under a coat of tan, with deep burning eyes. He wore a peaked cap, a checked shirt and knickerbockers. The cap he raised politely on catching sight of Betsy.

"I beg your pardon," said he in a cultivated voice, "but can you tell me how far it is to Canada?"

His intonation and manner were quiet, but with an underlay of nervous tension, as though some great excitement were with difficulty held under.

"It's about five miles," Marshall told him, "but I haven't the slightest idea in what direction. We are lost in this fog, and are waiting for it to clear."

"It is in that direction," the stranger pointed confidently. "I have a boat compass. Are you hungry or thirsty? I have provisions in my boat."

"Thank you; neither. We have a picnic lunch. Where are you from?"

"Forty-seven twenty-three north latitude, and one hundred and fifty-one west longitude," replied the stranger promptly.

Marshall looked dazed for a moment. He had no precise knowledge of their present position, but it was over fifty north, and he vaguely remembered Vancouver as being about one hundred and twenty-five west. In other words, the man claimed to belong something under a thousand miles westward and two or three hundred miles to the southward. Marshall knew that a degree of latitude equaled about seventy miles, but was uncertain as to the value of longitude.

"No; I mean just now." He recovered himself. "Where is your ship?"

"At the point I named."

"But ——"

"I am a castaway," explained the stranger. "I have been twenty-eight days in that boat."

"On the open Pacific!" exclaimed Betsy.

"Yes, but the weather has been fine. I was well provisioned. I have suffered no hardships except a certain anxiety of mind. But even the Pacific in a storm would have been preferable to what I left behind me."

The last words were spoken with a fierce energy. It was as if an inner fire had flared up, to be instantly smothered.

"Your ship was wrecked?" inquired Betsy eagerly.

"Worse," said the stranger somberly.

Marshall started to speak, but Betsy imperatively motioned him to silence.

"Won't you tell us?" she begged, fixing the stranger's attention entirely upon herself. The latter shifted uneasily. "Please do!" she pleaded: "I should so much like to hear."

"You would not believe," he expostulated. "It is too terrible."

But at last his reluctance was overcome. He accepted a cigarette from Marshall and sat down; but he sat tense and without ease.

III

"I AM," he began, "in a way a victim of the war. Though I came through without major wounds, the effect on one of my temperament was profound. It was as though the cords of my being had been struck to so swift a vibration that nothing could still them. All other means of relief failing, I was at length advised to try a long trip on the water, quite cut off from all contact with the world."

He paused and passed his hand vaguely across his brow.

"I forget who advised that, and I forget in what manner or through whose offices I made my arrangements. My memory up to the doings of the past six weeks is somewhat uncertain; due, I suppose, to my condition. It does not matter. The important thing is that I arranged—or someone arranged for me—so that I took passage on a two-thousand-ton tramp steamer bound for the Orient. The length of the voyage, combined with the fact that I would be utterly divorced from all human contacts except those of the captain and crew, I hoped would aid my condition.

"Parenthetically, I may state, in that respect my hopes were justified. My memory has cleared, and my command of myself has been resumed. Had it not been for the circumstances which I am about to narrate, my cure would have been complete. As it is, I am still a little nervous.

"The ship was a small iron affair, of the typical tramp sort. My quarters—which were, of course, aft with the officers—were small, but clean and adequate; and the fare, though coarse, was wholesome. I had an abundant supply of books. Had it not been for the captain and the men under him, I should have been quite happy. He was a complete brute, and with one exception the men under him were like the master. The captain's name was Amos Barkeley." Again he passed his hand across his forehead. "I wish I could remember how it happened that I selected that ship!" he said. "No choice could have been more unfortunate!

"Captain Barkeley," he resumed after a moment, "was a resolute man, of great physical strength, domineering and brutal in character, vindictive in disposition, primitive in intellect, and of abysmal ignorance. His first mate was a worthy second to such a man. The fourteen members of his crew were a profane, rough, lawless band, quarrelsome, reckless, little better than so many dangerous beasts. The captain and his mate went always armed. They ruled by sheer brute force. Though I must confess," added the castaway thoughtfully, "that such was perhaps the only possible method with such men.

"I could naturally have little intercourse with them that could be pleasing to me. Unfortunately Captain Barkeley

(Continued on Page 28)

"The Ship Was Held Against the Island by the Magnetic Attraction, and the Tide Rose and Fell Against Her Side"

FISHER BODIES

Out of Fisher's long-time leadership in body design and building has grown the buyer's recognition that he has chosen most wisely when he purchases a car which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 26)

seemed to look upon me as the only person on board with whom he could converse on terms of equality. His discipline was perhaps necessarily—so rigid that he held himself aloof even from his mate, except in matters of the ship's business. Me, however, he singled out for his company; and many weary hours I had to endure in listening to his crude theories, his violent prejudices and his equally violent hatreds. With these I shall not weary you. Suffice it to say, he was a curious combination of anarchist, of bolshevist and of individualist. No existing human institution had his approval, to no class other than his own did he accord the smallest virtue. Nevertheless, he looked with envy on those more fortunate than himself. He seemed to consider in some strange way that he had been defrauded of all that others possessed, and that therefore he was fully justified in taking any unscrupulous advantage to redress the balance. He was restrained by nothing but his conviction of superior force. I am convinced he would have made an excellent pirate had he lived two hundred years ago.

"The exception I mentioned was the second mate. This young man was as much out of place in that company as myself. He was a thorough seaman, active in all his duties; but he was, in addition, of an ambitious temper and had a tolerable education. I think that in any walk of life he would have been called a fine young man. I would have found much pleasure in his society had not the captain's jealousy, disguised under the maintenance of the ship's discipline, held us almost wholly apart.

"We took, as I understand it, the northern circle. Our speed was very slow. For many days we had sailed a tenantless ocean. Then early one afternoon a transoceanic liner passed us.

"She was a beautiful sight, with her graceful lines, her flawless paint, her fluttering flags and pennants, her white bow wave curling away from her prow. But Captain Barkeley chose to see in her only a text for one of his diatribes. Everything about her displeased him—from her speed, which was thrice our own, to her cost of maintenance, her luxury, even the waves of her wake in which for some moments we bobbed about. He shook his fist after her in an ecstasy of rage, exclaiming blasphemously that she and her like carried riches that rightly belonged to himself. In fact, he acted like a madman, stamping around the deck."

The stranger paused for some moments in deep reflection; then shook his head.

"Did you ever hear of the birth of an island?" he asked abruptly. "One of those volcanic upheavals that suddenly appear in the open ocean?"

"I've heard there are such things," assented Marshall.

"Just before we sailed," added Betsy, "I saw in the paper an account by some ship's captain of having seen one of them rise. I think it was somewhere in the South Seas."

"Well, within five minutes of the liner's passing us we saw that happen. It came up rather suddenly, a jagged peak of bare rock, a good deal like the appearance of something in the Hippodrome tank. There was a dull rumbling sound, and an agitation of the water like that in a teacup violently shaken, only, of course, on a great scale.

"The liner was nearer than we, and was considerably tossed about. Then she held off on her course, but apparently under reduced speed, probably in fear of underwater pinnacles.

"'Look at the fool!' Captain Barkeley remarked bitterly. 'Why doesn't he sheer off? Any idiot would know enough to give the thing a wide berth!'

"And, indeed, his criticism seemed well deserved. The Maru—for that was her name—seemed to be edging closer and closer to the newborn island.

"'He's willing to take any chance just to gratify idle curiosity and make a show!' cried our captain. 'And he'll get a lot of credit by reporting it in!'

"We watched for some time. Shortly the Maru actually drew up alongside the precipitous shore and came to a stop. Captain Barkeley's contempt and anger at this it would be impossible to describe. But soon his attention was drawn to his own concerns. We ourselves, in the absorption of the spectacle, seemed to have drifted rather closer than was desirable. Under command the helmsman turned our bow a point or so outward. But soon it became evident that though we progressed through the water, nevertheless the distance between ourselves and the island was slowly decreasing. Some strong current seemed to be setting us in that direction. As soon as he became aware of this, Captain Barkeley headed directly away.

"'We'll leave the thing astern!' he cried with his customary oaths.

"But soon we found that this would not do. We did not gain. It became evident that the disturbance that had thrust up the island had also set up a current of extraordinary strength. Captain Barkeley ordered the helm down.

"'If we can't go against it we'll go with it,' said he, 'and pass the thing to port.'

"As soon as we were headed in the opposite direction we drew up on the island with great rapidity. It almost seemed to fly toward us, and we bore straight at it.

"'Keep her off! Keep her off, you fool!' cried the captain to the helmsman.

"'She's hard over now, sir,' called the man, frightened.

"The captain with one bound was himself at the wheel. It was as the helmsman had said. The rudder was hard over, but without effect. At terrific speed we were bearing down on the island, but on the opposite side from the point where lay the Maru. Another five minutes must bring us to a disastrous collision, unless the set of the current changed, as seemed most unlikely. Captain Barkeley promptly ordered the engines reversed. This instantly relieved the danger of the situation, though not its character. Instead of helping the current, the engines now worked against it. As a result our speed was checked, but we still continued to be drawn slowly but inexorably toward the rocky cliff.

"At this moment the cook, who was a negro of gigantic size who had always followed the sea, burst wild-eyed from the galley shrieking madly something about his pots being bewitched and flying through the air.

"The captain, being full of anxiety and resenting this disturbance, snatched from the rack an iron belaying pin. As he raised it to strike, it seemed to be jerked from his hand and to go sailing away through the air as though possessed of life and wings. We watched it, paralyzed with astonishment. It flew, light as a feather, overside and away; and though we followed it to the limits of vision, not once did it falter in its flight.

"All was now confusion. The cook fell on his knees, howling that he was bewitched; those of the crew who had witnessed the incident ran about the deck bewildered. Captain Barkeley stared for a moment at his open hand. Then he leaped to the deck and with heavy blows knocked the panic-stricken sailors to their senses. He roared that whether the devil were back of it or no, a collision was imminent and that they should take measures accordingly. Some semblance of order was thus obtained. Fenders and rope balls were hung overside. In a few moments, our screw still turning violently in reverse, we sidled up to the steep rocky side of the island and came to a stop. Luckily there were no under-water rocks. We were held there by the force of the pressure, apparently as securely and rigidly as sometimes you may see a stick held against some obstruction in a mountain stream."

The stranger paused and looked about him a little vaguely.

"I wish," said he, "I could remember why I elected to go on that particular ship!"

Marshall offered him another cigarette, which he accepted; and after a moment resumed his tale.

"We had hardly come to rest when the cook, who had been babbling prayers, uttered another yell. His eyes were fairly sticking out of his head. We looked to where his trembling finger pointed. There against the cliff was our belaying pin. It stuck straight out from a glassy, smooth, perpendicular surface of rock.

"At this new evidence of witchcraft it seemed likely that the cook would go stark and staring crazy, and that the crew would fall into an utter impotence of terror. Even Captain Barkeley's iron nerve was shaken. But the phenomenon that so terrified the others had illuminated my own mind. I took my knife from my pocket, held it out and opened my palm. Straight as an arrow it flew from me through the air, hit the cliff with a faint smack and clung quivering alongside the belaying pin.

"It was now only too evident what had occurred. The whole newborn island was nothing more than a loadstone, a monstrous magnet. Our ship—and the Maru—being constructed of iron, had been drawn to it irresistibly."

"Good heavens!" cried Betsy.

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Marshall.

"Nor I. But there we were. As quickly as may be I explained the situation and abated the alarm of those aboard. But though this removed the element of the supernatural, it offered no practical solution to our difficulty. We were there hard and fast, and my scientific education was too slight to enable me to offer suggestion. It might be possible that the Maru might be better informed, but when we attempted to lower a boat with the purpose of visiting her, we found this impossible. The boats, too, were of metal construction.

"I shall not weary you with an account of the next few days, nor more than suggest the petty annoyances to which we were forced to submit. Portable objects of metal had either to be lashed down or handled very carefully. At the least carelessness they flew overboard. Of course we could always recover them from the cliffs, but it was a great nuisance. Inside the ship it was not so difficult, as all such things simply plastered themselves against the walls on the side toward the island, whence we could pluck them as needed. The cooking had all to be done in brass or copper pots. We had to keep a very firm hold on such iron or steel implements as we used. I remember that Captain Barkeley, relaxing carelessly his hold on his table knife, cut the side of his mouth while eating canned green peas.

"However, as is usual in strange circumstances, we adapted ourselves very quickly; and in a short time we were leading what might be called a normal life, disturbed only by speculation as to how we were to release ourselves from our predicament.

"Now in this enforced leisure Captain Barkeley's active mind had its opportunity. Early the first evening he had set men to work building a raft of wood, by means of which he purposed visiting the Maru, which was, of course, unaware of our presence. His intention, I am convinced, was at first merely to seek superior knowledge, but his evil genius soon suggested an opportunity.

"The afternoon of the fourth day I was lying on my bunk when I heard the captain and his two mates descend the companionway. They were either unaware of or indifferent to my presence, for they talked freely, with no lowering of their tones.

"To my horror I soon learned that Captain Barkeley was proposing no less than piracy. He pointed out the riches to be acquired in taking over the Maru, dwelling in his usual fanatical and vehement manner on what he considered his rights and wrongs. He called attention to the fact that the liner was quite helpless and at their mercy. The disparity of numbers he dismissed with contempt.

"'One of my bully boys is worth twenty of those milk-fed sops,' said he. 'We are armed and we have the advantage of surprise. If we can't handle that lot, I miss my guess.'"

The castaway turned courteously to Betsy.

"I paraphrase his language in deference to yourself," said he apologetically, "but the substance is as stated."

"Go on; do go on!" begged she breathlessly.

"He proceeded to unfold his plan in detail. I will admit that from a military standpoint it was excellent, and could hardly fail of success.

"'Will they join, think you?' he asked at last.

"'To a man!' growled the mate.

"'And will they stick?'

"The first mate answered for that. But then Mr. Hardy, the second mate, and my friend, spoke up. He hesitated, and was evidently guarding his words.

"'But, sir, if so be it we do succeed in this venture, how do you plan to get away to the enjoyment of the loot?'

"The captain cursed his lack of education.

"'But if our milksop of a passenger cannot remember his college well enough to find a way, surely in so large a ship's company are some who know the ins and outs of this magnetism,' said he. 'Except in the way of resistance there must be strict orders that no one is to be killed until after all have been questioned as to their attainments. I only fear lest some such may already release the Maru before our attempt. But we shall know that, for we could not fail to hear her engines were she to get under way. I will offer his life to anyone who can get us free. I shall not say how long he can keep it,' he added with grim humor.

"'And the others?' asked Mr. Hardy in a small voice.

"'Dead men tell no tales,' replied the captain. 'Do you take me for a fool?'

"I could hear Mr. Hardy leap to his feet.

"'That would be massacre!' he cried. 'There are hundreds aboard; women, children too! Would you kill them in cold blood?'

"'How else?' demanded Captain Barkeley coldly.

"'It is a crime! An incredible, monstrous crime!' cried Mr. Hardy excitedly.

"'Aye? And is it so with you?' I heard the captain's voice drawl.

"There followed instantly the crack of a revolver shot; a groan. Then after a pause someone laughed.

"Shortly I heard the conspirators ascend to the deck. I ventured into the cabin. Poor Hardy lay where he had fallen, half across the table, shot through the head. I heard from forward the cheers of the crew as they greeted the plan. Shortly there were footsteps on deck returning, so I reentered my cabin.

"Here I gave myself over to serious thought. It was only too evident to me that my own life was not worth a penny. Indeed, I doubted not that I should by now have shared Hardy's fate were it not for Barkeley's hope that I might possess some knowledge by which he might escape away from the island. I heard through the partition sounds accompanying the removal of Hardy's body, and an attempt to clear away traces of the crime. Shortly after, I was summoned to the noon meal.

"I called on all my resolution to meet the criminals as naturally as might be. It was manifestly absurd to pretend ignorance; so I took the bolder course. I heartily approved of the whole plot, demanded eagerly a share both in participation and plunder, and even made one or two suggestions—God help me!—which earned the captain's approval. Whether he was deceived or not I do not know. At least he pretended to take my statements at their face value. Especially did I throw in a lot of balderdash concerning polarization and depolarizing which I hashed up in a kind of Sunday-supplement fashion, in the implication that I might still be of use. At least I was not murdered as I sat!

"After dinner I ascended to the boat deck to try to think. If only warning could be conveyed to the people on the Maru, the project must fail. But how? The cliffs of the island itself were like glass and almost perpendicular. All our boats were of metal, even to the jolly-boat, which was the only one small enough for me to handle alone. The wooden raft was not yet overside, and in any event it was both cumbersome and under observation. The thought came to me that I might try to swim; but I am a poor swimmer, the water was cold, and the distance to the Maru around the island could not be less than a mile. A life-preserver might help; but that thought was soon crossed from my mind by the sight of at first one or two, then dozens, finally hundreds of dorsal fins cutting the water. I verily believe in all history no such concourse of sharks has ever taken place. Possibly the disturbances leading to the upheaval of the island had attracted them in hope of prey. Perhaps in the mysterious labyrinth of Nature's ways some prescience had come to them, some glimpse of instinct into future events, some foreknowledge of a dreadful feast not yet prepared."

Noah at this moment leaped from the top of a near-by rock into Betsy's lap. She screamed.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried. "He startled me. Do go on!"

"While I was still at a loss," the castaway continued, "one of the men came by and opened the door of a little closet known as the paint locker, evidently in search of something needed on the raft. My eye fell on something that gave me an idea. No sooner was he gone than I proceeded to put it into execution. From the locker I took the can that had attracted my attention, together with a paintbrush. With them and a belaying pin I retired behind the jolly-boat. The belaying pin I carefully coated with the compound from the can. Then, my heart in my mouth, I released my hold on the bit of metal.

"It fell to the deck!

(Continued on Page 30)

ON Saturday of this week and Monday of next, thousands of women will choose for their Christmas dinner meat wrapped and marked as pictured below. A whole Premium Ham! Enough for everyone and to spare, meat assuredly fine and tender, yet secured at a saving per pound—there is in this purchase a satisfaction for the hostess as well as for her guests

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Swift's Premium Ham

(Continued from Page 28)

"Don't you see?" he insisted a little excitedly, as the others failed instantly to respond. "It did not fly to the loadstone; it fell to the deck! All that remained for me to do was to paint the jolly-boat with the same compound, to release it from the fatal attraction."

"What was the compound?" asked Marshall.

"Rubber paint. Rubber is an insulator, as you know. I spent the rest of the afternoon treating the boat, in deadly terror lest I be interrupted and my purpose inquired into. Fortunately all hands were very busy in preparation for their act of piracy. I also made it a point to appear among them from time to time lest a too protracted absence should be noted. Each of these excursions served a double purpose, for I managed on every occasion to smuggle back some provisions. My intention was to warn the Maru; but I foresaw that if this should fail I must provide for myself. It took some time to stock the boat, and I had several narrow escapes from discovery. Each lifeboat habitually carries water breakers and pilot bread, so all that was needed as far as they were concerned was to transfer a sufficient supply. However, other articles had to be brought up from below. My mind was working very clearly and accurately. In my twenty-eight days of voyaging I have lacked for nothing in the way of health and comfort. I even, as you perhaps noted, took off the latitude and longitude from the chart room.

"But, this task completed, I was at a loss. It was manifestly impossible for me to put the jolly-boat overside without being instantly discovered; nor could I invent a pretext for doing so. In fact, if my insulation worked—of which I was not yet certain—that would merely place her at the disposal of their designs. I could see nothing for it but to await the event; and to my growing horror I began clearly to realize what was the fact—that I would have no chance to warn the Maru.

"I hardly know how time passed. But near midnight the expedition left the ship. They were seventeen strong, for even the negro cook went along, and they were armed to the teeth. Indeed, I was the only man left aboard. For policy's sake I expostulated.

"'You'll get your share,' Captain Barkeley told me gruffly, 'and I don't intend to leave my ship alone.'

"This of course suited me to perfection. I barely waited until they were safely away before I was on deck loosening the lashings that held the jolly-boat in place. To my great joy she did not stir in her chocks. I hoisted on the falls. She hung from them vertically, without the slightest sway in the direction of the huge magnet alongside. My insulation was successful!

"I lowered away as rapidly as I could. But you must understand that to do this successfully, single-handed, from an upper deck, and without oversetting the contents, must be a slow job. It was accomplished, but it consumed a heartbreaking amount of time. I tumbled in and seized the oars.

"For a new thought had come to me. The Maru, as nearly as I could guess, was directly opposite us on the other side of the island. The pirates had gone around to the left. I would row around to the right. The raft must be very slow; perhaps its sluggishness would make up for my delay in launching; perhaps I might arrive before them!

"I laid to my oars and rowed with a will. The distance proved farther than I had anticipated, and I found a current against me. Indeed, as I at once understood, that was the reason the raft had taken the direction it did. Nevertheless, I made good time, and at length rounded a point from which I could see the lights of the Maru. But almost at the same instant those lights went out, and a burst of rifle shots was succeeded by a dead silence, which in turn was followed by a confusion of sound. I was too late!"

The stranger paused, overcome by the recollection.

"For some time," he resumed, "I lay on my oars, hoping against hope that the attempt might have failed, that the people of the Maru, though surprised, might have gained the upper hand. Then I heard Captain Barkeley's hoarse voice bellowing orders. The lights all went on again. There was a succession of splashes as of heavy objects thrown overboard. More orders were given. Little by little the confused hubbub died down to silence.

"I think," said the narrator, "that I might have lain there indefinitely or until discovered, for I was paralyzed with horror. Then a woman screamed—a long-drawn quivering shriek, suddenly stifled. It brought me to myself. I rowed away."

He seemed to have finished his narration, for he made as though to rise.

"And then? What then?" cried Betsy.

"I rowed a short distance, then rested until daybreak, which was only an hour or two away. Through the dark, at intervals, screams quivered and were stilled. It was rather horrible."

"I should think so!" shuddered Betsy.

"When daylight came I was perhaps a mile or so away. I was soon discovered, of course; but as to that I was careless, for I knew I could not be pursued. They trained a gun upon me, but it was a small affair, and I easily pulled out of its extreme range.

"Then, as I watched through the glasses with which I had provided myself, I noticed that the Maru seemed to have settled somewhat in the water. The red water line, which for ornamental purposes had been painted considerably above the level of the water, had disappeared. I trained my glasses on her draft marks. Soon there was no doubt that she was slowly sinking in the water. Had the pirates already loaded the raft with what booty they desired, and then scuttled the ship? That hardly seemed credible. Then the reasonable explanation occurred to me. It was simply the rising of the tide. The ship was held immovably against the island by the magnetic attraction, and the tide rose and fell against her side as against the rock itself. Curious how amid all that tragedy this obvious phenomenon interested me!

"But after a little I suddenly realized that it would not do. No tide, save in a confined space, ever rose as this tide was rising. It covered steadily one after the other all the draft marks, it rose to the rub strake, it covered that. Now it was lapping away at the closed lower ports. And all at once I understood what was happening.

"The island was sinking as it had arisen; and the two ships, fastened to its sides, were sinking with it!

"After the first shock of this discovery I watched as at a spectacle. I think there are tragedies so great—as there are wounds so deep—as to benumb. Black figures ran to and fro, indulging in vain activities. A swimmer struck out for the raft, which had gone adrift. He was sucked down in a whirl of sharks. It did not seem to me to matter that they were human beings. The spectacle was so much bigger than they were. The ship and the island went down slowly and calmly, without haste and without turmoil. Again it was like a Hippodrome spectacle. The waters seemed to rise placidly and inexorably. The hull, the various decks, the funnels, the topmasts vanished quietly. One by one the peaks and spires of the island withdrew. Finally the waters closed over the last of them all. I was alone on the sea."

So absorbed had the two been by the castaway's story that they had not noticed a change in the weather. The fog was lifting and a light air was ruffling the water to the westward. And now they discovered that the islet on which they had waited was in fact one of the group that sheltered the Kittiwake. They recognized the island behind which she lay not over a quarter of a mile distant.

This short space they covered in a brief time. X. Anaxagoras received them placidly. As the weather had been calm, the mere fact that they had been befogged had failed to alarm him. The newcomer he greeted with cordiality, which speedily quickened to interest when, under Marshall's and Betsy's eager urging, he repeated the story of his adventure. He listened with deep attention to every detail.

"You have had a most extraordinary experience!" he said when the story was finished. "And I can see that you have suffered profoundly both physically and mentally. I am by way of being a physician. What you need is a complete relaxation first of all. If you will follow me into the cabin I will prescribe for you."

He was gone for some time. Marshall and Betsy conversed excitedly in low tones concerning the tragedy they had heard narrated. At length X. Anaxagoras reappeared, carrying with him the Coast Pilot and a newspaper. They pounced upon him with eager desire for his comment. He led the way to the forward deck.

"Sit down, children," he said in his ordinary cheerful tones. "What do you think of it? Oh, you needn't lower your tones. He'll sleep now for some hours."

He listened to their varied comments, nodding from time to time.

"You apparently believe all that," said he, when they had finished.

"Don't you?" demanded Betsy.

"I'll stake my last cent he isn't lying," struck in Marshall with conviction.

"Oh, he's sincere enough, poor chap. But as Sherlock Holmeses you are a pair of Dear Watsons. Didn't you notice anything?"

They cast their minds hastily back, but had to shake their heads.

"Well, for one thing he must have shaved aboard his small boat; his face is perfectly smooth."

"Well, why not?" demanded Betsy indignantly. "It may not be usual to do so when cast away in an open boat; but I know an Englishman who dresses for dinner when he's bear hunting."

"Quite so," agreed X. Anaxagoras equably. "Possibly you noticed his breeches? The tailor's crease mark was still plainly visible. I suppose he pressed his clothes regularly in an open boat."

"It is not inconceivable that for some reason he has changed recently into a second pair," said Betsy scornfully.

"Quite so," repeated her brother. He opened the blue-bound Coast Pilot, fluttered the leaves for a moment. "Listen to this: 'The effect of magnetic masses external to the ship diminishes so rapidly with distance that it would require a local center of magnetic force absolutely unknown to affect a compass ½ mile distant.' 'To affect a compass,' mind you, it says; and a compass is a delicate instrument."

"Heretofore absolutely unknown," Marshall pointed out, but with uncertainty.

"Oh, quite so; granted! I might go into the scientific aspect further, but it is unnecessary. I would call your attention to one fairly obvious matter you overlooked in your quite pardonable excitement. His boat is not a ship's jolly-boat; it is a St. Lawrence skiff. It is not of metal painted with rubber paint; it is of wood painted with white lead. And just to shorten discussion, read this." He handed Marshall the newspaper. "Observe it is the latest paper we got at Haldane. Today is the nineteenth of August; the paper is dated the thirteenth—six days ago."

Marshall eyed the indicated paragraph, then passed it silently to Betsy.

"Arrived," it said briefly, "Yokohama Harbor, S. S. Maru."

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of stories by Mr White. The next and last of the series will appear in an early issue.

STRAIN AT A GNAT

(Continued from Page 7)

well-drained shoulder of the main ridge which still lifted above him, he marked a group of oak trees, straight and clean, and forty feet to the lowest branch; and as he went on his thoughts were busy with the task of finding a use for them.

By and by the wooded land gave way to scrub where birch and poplar had sprung up along the fringe of an old pasture, the young trees now serving to shelter the seedling pines and spruces which had already taken root. Through this fringe he pushed on, emerging into rocky pasture land where low juniper grew, and blueberry bushes clustered here and there. As the rise of ground brought him above the level of the tree tops he paused and sat down on a bowlder to look back at the wider panorama now outspread below him. The woods hid his own farm; but he could see across the Whicher Swamp beyond, where moose browsed on the cedars, to the hills whose colors in the brighter light of late morning now assumed sharpness and definition. The clear air between hung a faint blue veil against these hillsides, enriching them with an added hue. He identified the loftier hills, those which the nomenclature of the countryside dignified with the appellation of "mountain"; Frye Mountain, and Hogback, and Haystack, and the long rampart of the Sheepscot Ridge to the southwest. When he should have climbed a little higher, reached the crest of the ridge on which he stood, he knew it would be possible to see still loftier peaks, northwest, west and southwest; the White Mountains themselves, unless low clouds on the horizon obscured his view.

He rose at length to go on. As he did so his eye fell upon a dead stick, curiously shaped, lying across a near-by ledge and weathered by the seasons to an even gray. He picked it up and used it as a staff while he continued to climb. Now and then, with this stick, he switched idly at a flower or a tuft of grass. It suggested a golf club; and he reminded himself that the nine-hole golf course south of East Harbor would soon be ready for play and that he must go in some afternoon and try a round.

It was an easy transition from this thought to the conception of building a golf course upon the open land along the crest of the ridge, which he was now approaching. The thought, no more than a germ at first, developed almost instantaneously into something sufficiently definite to be called a project. At once the man's characteristic enthusiasm awoke, he hurried forward to the crest of the ridge and stood there, too much interested to sit down on one of the many bowlders that offered, surveying the land in each direction with his eye. The ridge ran for ten miles toward the south, but half a mile or so away a gaunt ledge broke through the thin soil and Somes knew this solid rock, sparsely covered with grass here and there, extended far enough to put an effectual bound to expansion in that direction. About the same distance behind him, the ridge dropped down toward Fraternity Village. There thus remained a tract of high land perhaps a mile long, reasonably clear of trees for a quarter mile down the western slope, moderately clear in some places on the eastern side of the ridge. He began to vision individual holes, delighting in them. There should be three or four following the very crest of the ridge so that hook or slice would slide away downhill into trouble, there must be others diagonally uphill or down, there should be at least two which crossed the ridge, so that the drive would be uphill, the approach down grade into punchbowl greens.

A bare ledge perhaps a hundred yards wide a little north of where he stood caught his eye; he imagined a tee at the border of this ledge, so that a topped drive would strike the naked rock and bound eccentrically.

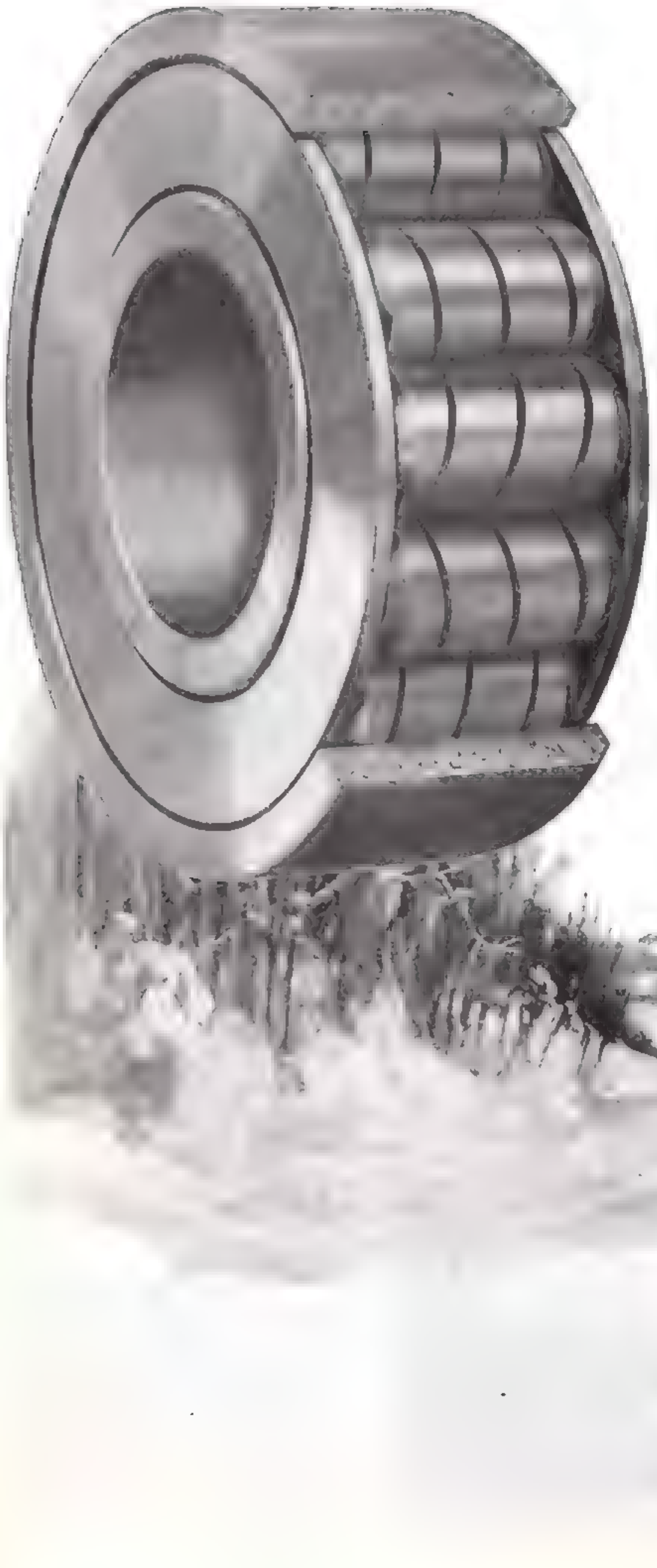
A dozen little wooded runs cut the slopes here and there; he pictured holes calling for a pitch or a drive across these runs, and laughed with delight to think of the trouble into which a man might plunge himself with a badly played ball.

"A course to suit my game," he told himself. "A course for dubs. Built for the man that does well to break a hundred. That's the ticket." He fidgeted to and fro, intoxicated with his own plan. Such a course would not be unduly expensive. The ground was already clear; much of it was meadow land. It would not be difficult to grade and seed and mow it. Only the greens would require time. His eyes swung around the horizon. From where he stood he had an unobstructed view in every direction. The deep valley of the Georges lay behind him, with Moody Mountain and Levenseller beyond, and a glimpse of the distant bay through a low pass in the hills. Glints of silver marked the position of a dozen lakes and everywhere the rich carpet of the woodlands lay. The soft wind bathed him where he stood. "Lord," he cried, "what a place! What a place! Not a course I ever saw to touch it for beauty. Yes, sir, I'll do the thing!"

Somes was, as may have been guessed, a man of quick decisions. The first step would be to buy the farms along the ridge. Not difficult, he decided. Two or three of them were abandoned, could be purchased for a song. One, to the south, was now inhabited; he saw a small flock of domestic geese beside the barn. But the nearest, only a little way north of where he stood,

(Continued on Page 32)

Building Durability Into Your Motor Car



No road is too rough, no weather too severe for your motor car if it has Hyatt roller bearings in the motor, transmission and axle.

These bearings with their durable, high-grade steel rollers, their positive self-oiling action and their ability to prevent noise and vibration assure you of:

1 Years of dependable operation without need of bearing adjustment or replacement.

2 A quiet running car on all roads, in all kinds of weather.

3 Minimum repair costs.

4 Maximum pleasant, economical transportation.

When the manufacturer of your car builds in Hyatt roller bearings, he builds in these desirable features for you.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
NEWARK DETROIT CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Worcester Milwaukee Huntington, W. Va. Minneapolis Philadelphia
Cleveland Pittsburgh Buffalo Indianapolis

HYATT
Quiet
Roller Bearings

E60

(Continued from Page 30)

was Mat Pouncy's. He was on Pouncy's land. He decided to go down and see Mat and get an option right away.

Five minutes later he had told Pouncy his errand, and Mat had replied that his farm was not for sale.

This man, this Matthew Pouncy, was in every way the antithesis of Dave Somes. The physical difference was marked, for Pouncy was small, and seemed frail, and he was by some sort of protective coloration as inconspicuous as a man can well be, while Somes attracted the glances of strangers in any gathering. Pouncy had lived on this farm since boyhood; he and Somes had known each other thirty years before. He was ten or fifteen years the elder; a stooping little figure with an indolent and straggly mustache and heavy brows beneath which his eyes lurked timidly. Even the garments which he wore had an inoffensive, shrinking quality about them. He worked all day long on his farm; and in the evening put on his coat from the nail behind the door and drove to the village. This coat was old; and it had hung so long upon the wall that below the collar in the back there was a little cone-shaped hump where the cloth had stretched across the nail head

Their lives had been as different as the men themselves. Somes had met the world face to face, with a laughing and confident demeanor, and made it yield him all that he desired; he had fought the world and conquered it. But Pouncy had lived by escaping attention; he had never tempted fate, never drawn the notice of the gods toward his poor self. He never farmed more land than his own hands could till; never cut more hay than he could handle alone. He ventured nothing, yet in his own person belied the truth of the saying: Nothing venture, nothing have. For Pouncy had his farm, had a wife, had two children; and he had life and sufficient to support it. From the point of view of Somes, Pouncy's was a miserable existence; but Pouncy existed, and that contented him. His reach would never exceed his grasp; he contented himself with shyly laying hold of those things which he found beneath his very hands. Somes, as he strode along the ridge toward this man's house, gave no thought to the question whether Pouncy would be willing to sell. If he had thought upon the matter at all he would have said that Pouncy would snatch at such an opportunity. He found the little man in the farmyard, humbly grinding an ax, manipulating the stone with his foot upon a rude treadle while he pressed the edge against its circumference. When Somes spoke to him Pouncy nodded without raising his eyes, and stood in a posture of humility, waiting for Somes to tell his errand.

The big man was abashed for Pouncy's sake at the other's bearing. He said heartily, "Pouncy, old man, I want to buy your farm."

Pouncy received this announcement without comment, without even a movement of surprise. Only his eyes beneath the heavy brows looked for an instant upward.

Somes explained: "I'm going to put in a golf course along the ridge here, and build a big clubhouse, and perhaps a hotel. Bring people here. Do you realize, Pouncy, that this is the most beautiful spot in New England? If people knew about it you'd have a procession of cars along the road all the time. When I get through, people will talk about Fraternity the way they talk about Poland Springs now."

Pouncy, by way of reply, spat mildly against the stone and began to grind his ax again.

Somes resumed: "So I'll be wanting to buy all the farms from here along for half a mile or so, and back toward the village. I'll want you to give me an option. What's your price?"

Thus directly questioned, Pouncy replied, "I never put a price on the farm."

Somes laughed. "Naturally. No market for a farm like this, I know. What's it worth? Fifteen hundred? Two thousand? I want to pay enough so that you'll be glad to sell. Say five thousand. That's about twice what it's worth, anyway." He drew a notebook from his pocket and opened it and wrote rapidly and tore out a leaf. "Here's the option. Just sign at the bottom there."

Pouncy did not even look at the option. He ground his ax. "I never figured on selling," he replied mildly.

"I suppose not," Somes agreed. "Well, you don't need to feel that you're sticking me. It's worth that to me. I'd better give you a hundred for the option too. Here." He opened his bill fold.

But Pouncy said slowly, "I'd have to think about it."

"Why, you'll sell at a price, won't you?"

The little man replied, in his thin and reedy voice, "I dunno. I guess the farm's not for sale."

Dave Somes had not become what he was without encountering obstacles and overcoming them. Now and then he had suffered a check; but always in the end he had been able to drive over, under, around or through. Pouncy's diffident statement that his farm was not for sale did not discourage him.

He laughed in the utmost good humor, told Pouncy they would discuss the matter again, and walked down the flank of the ridge and home to tell Mrs. Somes his plan and explain to her all its beauties. Whatever she might have been able to do if she had caught the idea in the seed, she perceived that it was useless to think of changing her husband's purpose now. So, as her custom was, she entered into his enthusiasm

All that afternoon and evening Somes devoted to elaborating the details. Next day he had an attorney from East Harbor at work looking up titles to the lands he wished to buy; had a surveyor preparing a contour map of the tract he thought desirable. He lent so little weight to Pouncy's attitude that he had not even mentioned it to Mrs. Somes. Within the week he had a professional architect of golf courses on the ground to consider the possibilities of the land along the ridge; and by the end of the same period he had acquired options on all the farms except that owned by Pouncy. The little man's land lay like a saddle across the ridge; it was absolutely essential. The high point above the house, where Somes had stood that day his plan was born, was the logical location for a clubhouse. Somes went to see Pouncy again.

He had, during the interval, considered their first discussion and decided that his manner had been too abrupt, that he had taken too much for granted. This time he was more tactful. He chose a rainy day when Pouncy would be in the house with no tasks upon his mind, and when it was probable that Mrs. Pouncy would hear their conversation.

Pouncy opened the door to him, and Somes said in a friendly tone, "I'd like to come in for a while, Mat, and talk to you about buying your farm."

Pouncy might have refused, but the physical bulk of his visitor overbore him and they went into the dining room. Mrs. Pouncy was there, and Somes—in default of a word from her husband introduced himself to her and addressed to her what he had to say. He told her what he wished to do, and that he was anxious to buy the farm.

But when he was done she looked inquiringly toward her husband, and Pouncy merely said "It ain't for sale"

Somes laughed. "Now, Mat," he began, using the other's given name in an effort to emphasize the friendly spirit in which he came—"now, Mat, you know and I know that most things are for sale. It's just a question of getting together. A meeting of minds between buyer and seller, as the lawyers have it. You say your farm isn't for sale; but I say it's just a question of price. If Mrs. Pouncy here were desperately ill, and I could cure her, and demanded the farm in payment, you'd give it; so you see I'm right. The price is the difficulty. Well, Mat, the price needn't be any difficulty here. We both know what the farm is worth in the market. I'm not going in with my eyes shut. But I tell you frankly that I'm willing to pay more than the market price. A good deal more." He chuckled. "Mat, you can stick me hard. I'm willing. What do you say?"

Pouncy replied, "I didn't figure to sell."

But Somes did not lose patience. "You and Mrs. Pouncy haven't realized what this means," he suggested. "I'm not going to urge you, today. I'm just going to say that I'll go as high as ten thousand dollars. That's enough to buy half a dozen farms somewhere else; or it's enough to take you anywhere you want to live and get you started there. Or I'd agree to pay you so much a year as long as you live. Enough to give you the things you've always wanted." He chuckled. "Lord, Mat, I know you folks around here think I'm a fool to spend money as I do; but money breeds money, Mat. I can afford to waste some to get what I want here. And I'd like right well to see you people have things you've wanted for years. Mrs. Pouncy, you talk to him." He got to his feet. "You talk it over together. I'll see you again in a day or two."

He told Mrs. Somes that night of Pouncy's reluctance to sell his farm; and she asked, "Won't that spoil your whole plan, dear?"

Somes laughed confidently. "He'll come around," he prophesied. "The idea is new to him, that's all. He'll sell in the end."

Her doubts may have persisted; but she hid them. As for Somes, he had no doubts. He proceeded to put through the purchase of the other farms involved, as confidently as though Pouncy were already persuaded. The value of the land was slight; but Somes wished to be generous, and paid more than he need have paid. About that time a matter of business, the necessity of rearranging an investment or two, called him to New York; and he arranged with an attorney in East Harbor to go to Pouncy again and complete the purchase.

"He doesn't know yet that he wants to sell," he admitted. "You'll have to persuade him." In the matter of price he gave wide latitude.

He was detained in New York longer than he had expected; but he sent the course architect to get a gang of men at work clearing up the land already purchased, then forgot the enterprise for a day or two in meeting the situation involved by a sudden shrinkage of values in the stock market. He was a little surprised to find that his cash withdrawals during the past fifteen months had been so large; they had resulted in some losses, and some present embarrassment; but at the end of a week he was satisfied—Somes was always an optimist—that conditions would shortly improve.

He had renewed old friendships during these days, and to some of his friends he told the story of the golf course he projected along the ridge above Fraternity. His enthusiasm awoke a response in them; before he went north again half a dozen of them had promised to come and play a round with him when the course should be completed.

Somes returned home to find the preliminaries of the task begun. Here and there a clump of alders had to be uprooted or a group of birch saplings removed; here and there a depression had to be filled or a bowlder blasted out. The work of plowing and reseeding the meadow lands in order to convert them into fairways was already well started. The architect was busy staking out greens and tees. But Pouncy had still refused to sell his farm.

"I went as high as I thought reasonable," his attorney told Somes. "He didn't weaken any. I thought you might want to put some pressure on him, so I made some inquiries; but he doesn't carry a mortgage."

Somes shook his head good-humoredly. "No, no; that isn't necessary. He'll sell when he sees it in the right light. I don't want any hard feeling in this business anywhere."

Nevertheless he began to be impatient to close up the matter; and at his first opportunity he went to see Mrs. Pouncy, humorously excluding Pouncy himself from their conference. The little man humbly accepted his banishment, went out to the barn and busied himself with chores while Somes talked to Mrs. Pouncy. Somes talked well; he projected some of his own enthusiasm to her, till her eyes shone at the picture he drew. But she could give him no encouragement.

"Mat don't want to sell," she said. "You can't go back of that?"

"Is it more money?" Somes asked, and at her faint embarrassment he cried, "That's all right. He's right to ask as much as he can get. What does he want?"

"It ain't money," Mrs. Pouncy assured him earnestly. "We've always saved some. He just don't want to sell."

"A sentimental attachment?" Somes asked. "Here!" His face lighted. "Suppose I move this house somewhere else for him, anywhere he says? And all the out buildings?"

"I dunno as it's that," she replied.

"I'll tell you!" A new enthusiasm had him in its grip. "I'll even grade the ground up so that it will look the same. Move these trees you have here. You won't know the difference." He got up, took his hat. "There's a farm down the ridge, at the other end of the course, you can have. Or I can put you at the end nearer the village. You'll have the same view, and just as good a farm, and the same house."

"I don't figure he wants to sell," said Mrs. Pouncy. "And anyways, you'd have to talk to him."

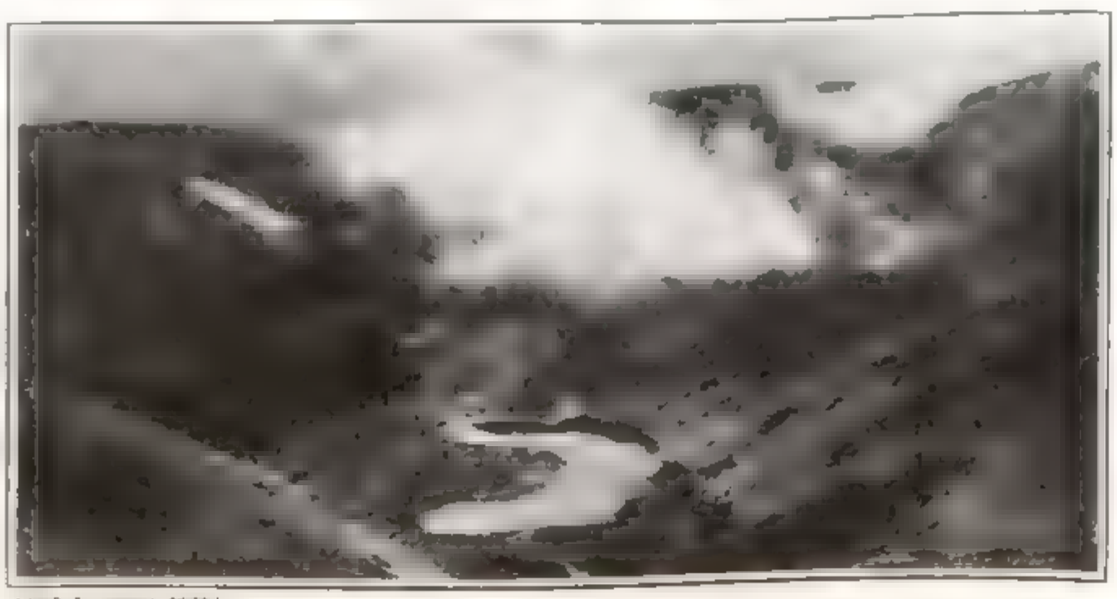
Somes did talk to Pouncy. He elaborated upon this plan for moving house and outbuildings entire. Pouncy listened humbly enough, declined as mildly as before, and Somes at last decided he would have to put off his persuasions to another day.

He was perfectly certain success with Pouncy was only postponed; and when he saw the little man that night at the store he spoke of the matter before them all, in the most friendly way. Pouncy sat in his accustomed chair, inconspicuous in the darker corner toward the stair, and made no reply. His half-hidden eyes had a curious, almost triumphant malignity in them; but they were so well concealed that Somes could not see. Even if he had seen, he could hardly have believed; for so innocuous a figure as Pouncy was bound to be, in any malignant rôle, utterly unconvincing.

So the work went on, and Somes bided his time, and assured himself and others that Pouncy would some day come to terms. He gave this assurance to a group of New York men who came to see what he was doing. Somes had abandoned his original idea of financing the whole enterprise alone. It involved more expense than he could easily bear, and he had decided to sell stock to those who could afford it. The scheme had been worked out in some detail. The large clubhouse—it would be begun as soon as Pouncy could be persuaded to release the chosen site—was to serve as a center for a group of summer homes along the crest of the ridge. There would be a water supply, an electric-light plant, every comfort—and all around to the horizon the incomparable panorama of valleys and more distant hills which Somes found so beautiful. Somes counted on enlisting a sufficient number of subscribers to show a profit on the enterprise. He needed this profit; but he derived pleasure not only from this anticipation but because he expected the project to be a boon to Fraternity, believed it would bring money into the town and awaken it from somnolent stagnation to a more active existence. Somes was proud of the village and the town, and wished it well.

So now he showed his visitors the location he had chosen, and they caught some of his enthusiasm and made tentative pledges of support. They could not help observing that there were two zones of activity along the ridge, with an untouched area between; and they asked questions.

Continued on Page 34



Like a Puddle in the Fog-Shrouded Mountains—Horseshoe Lake, Carson National Forest.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

The richly-colored floral motif shown above is Gold-Seal Rug No. 530. In the 9 x 12 foot size it costs only $18.00

A sensible rug at last! One that is easily cleaned—

"Easy to clean" means so much to the woman who does her own work. For, of course, an easy-to-clean floor means more leisure time—a chance to do the many things she enjoys. A few strokes of a damp mop, and a Congoleum Rug is spotless. Dust and ashes can't sift into its firm, smooth, durable surface. Neither water nor grease can harm it.

And ease of cleaning is not the only thing that women like about *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs. The patterns and colors are unusually artistic and harmonious. For practically any room in every home, there's an appropriate design that will add color and attractiveness.

These rugs are made all in one piece and they lie flat on the floor without gaping seams or turned-up edges.

You must see these rugs to appreciate their beauty. Your dealer will gladly show them to you. Their prices will be a revelation in economy.

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. It is your protection against imitations. Look for it!

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25	3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75	3	feet x 6	feet	2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"Beautify your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs," is an interesting folder showing all the beautiful patterns in full color. A copy will gladly be sent to you free on request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis
Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Pattern No. 396 *Pattern No. 518*

836

(Continued from Page 32)

"A man named Pouncy," Somes told them confidently. "He's a quiet little chap, the sort who's afraid of the world in general and every man in particular. He hasn't the courage to uproot himself. I'm talking him around. It's only a question of time. By the time the financing is done he'll be ready to sell, all right."

Someone suggested that there were ways of applying compulsion; but Somes shook his head. "He's all right," he assured them. "I don't want to crowd him."

If they were not so confident as Somes they did not express their doubts to him. When he had put them aboard the train at Rockland he drove back to Fraternity sure of their support. In spite of the man's natural optimism this certainly was a relief to him. His investments, speculations, call them what you will, had been disturbing him of late. But on this proposed basis for financing the golf club he would get back his money, and a fair profit besides.

That fall, and during the following winter, he wished it might be possible to realize this profit more promptly. The work was at a standstill, since deep snow covered the ridge save where the scouring wind had swept it clean. In mid-December Somes and Mrs. Somes and the children went to New York for two months or so; but when they returned about the first of March Somes began to perceive that Pouncy was decidedly more important than he had at first appeared. Somes had been forced to sell some securities at a loss in order to protect his speculative holdings; and there were hours when he regretted—with as much bitterness as was possible to the man—the enormous sum he had put into the renovation of his home farm and the project on the ridge. He saw Pouncy at once, and told himself there was some relenting in the man.

Toward the middle of June his affairs came to a climax—a climax that had been two years preparing. A mischance here and a disaster there, coupled with a steadily declining market that made a mock of his habitual optimism, brought Somes to the point where he was in definite need of money. When the pressure began to make itself felt he sought to arrange for a mortgage loan on his farm, and was astonished and to some extent angry to discover that he could borrow scarcely one-tenth of the amount of his investment there. To complete the financing of the golf course became a pressing necessity. He decided to turn it over to a syndicate instead of carrying it through on his own account; and to that end summoned again from New York a group of men whom he wished to interest.

He had word that they would arrive about the first of July. But a letter from one of them forced him at last to face the facts of his position.

"We think you have a good proposition there," the writer said. "Golf is a good investment; golf clubs are a good investment. The pressure on the existing clubs is increasing all the time, and will continue to increase. Also, the average big club is built for the par golfer; and as you point out, it is dubs like you and me who support the game, and we want a course to fit our speed.

"It's no fun to play a friendly foursome with a bunch of young cracks always hanging around, waiting to get through. I hate golf balls rolling around my heels. It puts me off my game. I'd give a good deal to see a course where my foursome could take all day to a round if it chose. So we're with you in this, all right.

"I remember there was one farm you hadn't landed last summer. You'll have to get that, of course, before we can get together."

Somes read this letter, full of satisfaction as he perused the earlier passages; but the last paragraph brought him up with something like a start of doubt. For the first time he felt a little uncertainty; he had suffered so many buffets during the past two years. Mrs. Somes saw this when he put the letter in his pocket, and offered him the sympathy of her eyes.

He would not disturb her; said simply, "I guess I'll drive up and see Pouncy this afternoon."

She nodded. "Shall I go along?" she asked. "Wait in the car for you?"

He hesitated, then assented. "Thanks," he agreed. "I'd like you along."

His tone was light; yet each of them understood that the approaching interview would go far to determine their future fortunes. Perhaps because of this understanding they ignored the matter during lunch; and afterward, whirling through the village in the car, spoke of everything else in the world.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they drove into Pouncy's farmyard, and Somes got out and knocked at the kitchen door. Mrs. Somes, in the car, saw him admitted; she watched him disappear into the house, and there was a lump in her throat, and something like tears in her eyes. She looked about the miserable farm with a bitter anger in her glance. Women are not so philosophical as men, where their own menfolk are concerned; this seemed so wretched an obstacle that threatened to destroy her husband's cherished plans.

It chanced that Mrs. Pouncy was at the village this afternoon; Pouncy let Somes into the kitchen and waited, an inoffensive and humble figure, to hear what the big man had to say. Somes, his eyes as clear and friendly as though they had not already looked upon the spectacle of ruin, said in his hearty tone, "I came up to try once more to persuade you to sell this farm of yours, Mat."

Pouncy made no immediate reply; and Somes went on: "Don't answer me right away. Suppose we sit down. I've got a good many things I'd like to say."

The little man, at this, led the way into the dining room, and Somes dropped his cap on the table and chose a chair. Pouncy also sat down, with a movement almost furtive; and his eyes did not meet those of the other man. If he found a secret pleasure in this hour it left no outward sign.

Somes leaned his elbows on the table and spoke earnestly. "I want you to look at this thing as plain business, Mat," he said good-humoredly. "Here's the situation: I saw a chance to build a golf course along the ridge here that would be a wonder; and it's well under way now. I know the game doesn't mean much of anything to you; but it does mean a good deal to many men. Men who can afford to pay well for a chance to play it as they choose. To build this golf course is good business on my part, and I can afford to pay you well for your farm as a necessary portion of the club's lands. I want you to know what we intend. We want to build a big clubhouse on top of the ridge, over yonder on the knoll. It will be a fine-looking building, verandas all around, beautiful views in all directions. Your farm will be cleaned up somewhat. We'll have to move your house; and I'm willing to move it for you to a new locality, start you off right where you stand now, with a good farm around it. We'll make this spot even more attractive than it is now; you can stay near by, and come here when you choose."

He added, after an instant's pause: "Now I'm sure when you think it over you'll agree to sell. It's good business for you, and good business for me. And if you are reluctant because you're fond of this house and this farm we'll make that just as easy for you as we can. People have told me that you wouldn't sell, but I've been sure from the first that you would in the end, and I believe you're ready now." He challenged: "Come, now; what do you say?"

Pouncy said just what he had said all along. "I don't figure to sell," he replied.

"Why not?" Somes asked agreeably. "Tell me how you stand, Mat. What's your idea?"

"My idea is to hold on to this farm," Pouncy said slowly.

There was a faint edge to his tones, but his posture was as mild as it had been from the beginning. He was so small, so insignificant, like a dried leaf on an autumn day, that Somes had a moment of impatience, a momentary feeling that he could blow the other away with a breath. But he held his temper.

"I know how you must feel about your home," he agreed. "But I believe we can make you forget that."

"I don't figure you can," Pouncy replied. "We can set you up in a place so like this you can't tell them apart, and pay you well besides, Mat. You can use the money, can't you?"

"I've saved all my life," Pouncy answered. "I don't need the money."

Somes laughed, a faint irritation in his eyes. "I don't know how much you've saved," he said, "but I'll undertake to triple it if you'll do what we want."

Pouncy stirred in his chair with a slow movement which Somes thought curiously like the sluggish uncoiling of a snake. The big man said apologetically, "You know, another fellow might try to drive you, Mat; but I'm not trying to do that. I want you to be satisfied."

Pouncy finished his uncoiling and lifted his head and met the other's eyes. "You rich folks think you can have everything," he said slowly. "I've read about it. But if you try to crowd me you're going to be sorry."

Somes spread his hands in a frank way. "I don't intend to crowd you, Mat. If you say 'No,' that ends it, as far as I'm concerned. But I don't believe you're going to say 'No.' Now here"—he leaned forward more intently—"Mat, just listen to me for a while. I'm not going to say anything about myself. It's true I've sunk a good deal of money here, because I counted on your seeing eye to eye with me in the end. But that doesn't matter. I just want to suggest another side of it to you. I'm mighty fond of this country around here, Mat. I'm proud of it; and I like to bring friends up here to see how beautiful it is. I love this town too. I like the folks here. Now, Mat, here's the way of it. If this club is built it's going to bring a lot of money into the town. There'll be people here all summer. There'll be a good market for all the vegetables and chickens and eggs and butter you can raise, and good prices. You'll all make money. Your wives can sell all the preserves they can put up. There'll be work for a lot of men, at good pay. There'll be a good road built from here to the village. Why, in five years you won't know the old place, Mat. I might want to claim it all as my doing, but it will be yours too. If you say 'No,' it means the whole thing falls through, and things will go along the same way, and the whole countryside gets a black eye. But if you'll let me buy your farm—we won't even talk price at all; you can have anything you want—you'll see people coming in, they'll go home and tell about how beautiful it is here. Everybody will know Fraternity."

He paused; and Pouncy caught the pause and made it his own with a phrase: "We're all right as we are. We git along."

"Get along?" Somes protested. "Half the farmers in town—all the farmers in town are losing money. Making less than they should make. Don't you see that would be changed?"

"I don't want any change," Pouncy replied.

Somes sat back, baffled, ready to surrender; the armor of the little man, apparently so thin and vulnerable, had turned aside his every attack. Pouncy must have his weakness; there must be some avenue by which he could be reached. But Somes could not find it. For the first time he admitted to himself the possibility of a failure; and he laughed a little at the thought, found in it a certain exhilaration. It was a long time since he had failed in anything; failure now, here, in this small room, would be a blow out of all proportion. It would mean that he must start the long fight all over again, begin where he had begun twenty years before. His blood beat more warmly at the thought.

It was rather the voicing of his own thoughts than any notion of pleading with Pouncy which led him to say, "You know, if you stick to that it will break me."

The words were innocent enough; they were uttered almost abstractedly. But they acted like a spark on tinder, and Somes instantly perceived this—perceived that Pouncy had turned to him with eyes at last fully revealed, with a countenance full of venom, with lips drawn back above his teeth.

And the little man burst into an abrupt tirade, his arms lifting, his eyes burning, his voice unnaturally shrill.

"Break you?" he cried. "Well, who cares if it does? Don't you come saying I did it, though. Don't you go to do that. I'd do it in a minute, and serve you right; but you done it yourself. You come up here the first time, and I told you 'No,' and you was so sure of yourself you wouldn't believe I meant it. I tell you, you busted yourself; and it's a wonder you didn't do it a long time ago. Must be bigger fools than you in New York, I guess. That's all. But we ain't fools around here. No, sir. You're the only fool in these parts. Pouring your money like water, into barns and silos and henhouses and dog kennels. Dog kennels!" He spat the word. "Them dogs of yours has a nicer house to live in than any man in this town. It ain't as if you didn't know better. Your paw got along on that farm without any dog kennels. The rest of us git along here without such truck. But not you! Oh, not you!"

His eyes were full of scorn, while Somes watched him and listened with a faint wonder at this astonishing outbreak. "No, sir; you had to spend money first before you'd made any. You put a hundred thousand dollars into an old farm that wan't worth two thousand. You spent like water, with nothing coming in, nor nothing that could come in. Three or four automobiles, and cows so fine it took a man in a stiff shirt to milk 'em, and dogs in houses with men to take care of 'em and pick up after them and fix pillows for them to lay on, finer than folks has. Folks told you you was a fool. Everybody told you. But you was so dinged sure of yourself you wouldn't listen to a soul. Went bulling right ahead. Spending money as if it wasn't hard to come by. Spending it like pouring water on sand. More money than better men than you could earn in a lifetime. And you wasn't satisfied with that, but you had to come up here and turn a lot of farms that used to be good ones into croquet grounds, so a lot of fat soft fellows in knee pants could bang little balls around. Yes, sir, you had a lot of big ideas. And little old Mat Pouncy, he didn't amount to a thing. Him and his farm. Buy it up, says you. Give him anything. Five or six times what it's worth. It don't matter. Kick him out of the way. Choke him with money and get rid of him. Turn his wife against him. Pick up his house by the roots and put it somewheres else. It's a wonder you didn't burn me out. I wouldn't been surprised if you had, but I guess that took more insides than you've got. All you know is spending money. Making it out of fools and spending it like a fool. Well, you'll have a chance to make some honestly, maybe. Break you? I hope it does break you. It might teach you a few things. You ain't fit to be loose, running around the country. You ought to be in the asylum somewhere. Why, listen ——"

The little man had worked himself to such a heat, he presented a spectacle so appalling, that Somes was afraid he might burst with his own passion. Pouncy's eyes were staring, his mouth twisted, saliva dripped from his lips; his hands on the table trembled, and he banged them up and down in a weak and futile fury.

Somes got to his feet, tried to quiet the other, said at last in a low voice, "It's all right, Mat. You don't need to say any more."

Pouncy, too, came to his feet. "Git out!" he cried passionately. "Git out of here. If you bust, good riddance! You'll have a chance to learn something. Learn the way to work, and sweat, and save; learn to live decent and thrifty and right. I'm through with you. Git out of my house and stay off my place. For good and all."

Somes repeated thoughtfully, "Learn to live?" He smiled a little; and he said in a gentle, almost pitying tone, "Why, Mat, living is fighting and trying and reaching out and struggling. To live isn't to hide in a corner and snatch your next meal and gulp it like a dog. Live? You don't know the meaning of the word, old man."

He had, to this small measure, the honors of the interview; for his words left Pouncy gasping and choking with emotions beyond speech, and before the little man could recover Somes went slowly out into the yard.

Mrs. Somes had no need to question him. He got into the car and they drove away. Her hand rested on his knee. His shoulders were square and his eyes were the proud eyes of one going into battle. Even in this hour of defeat there was some glory of victory about the man.

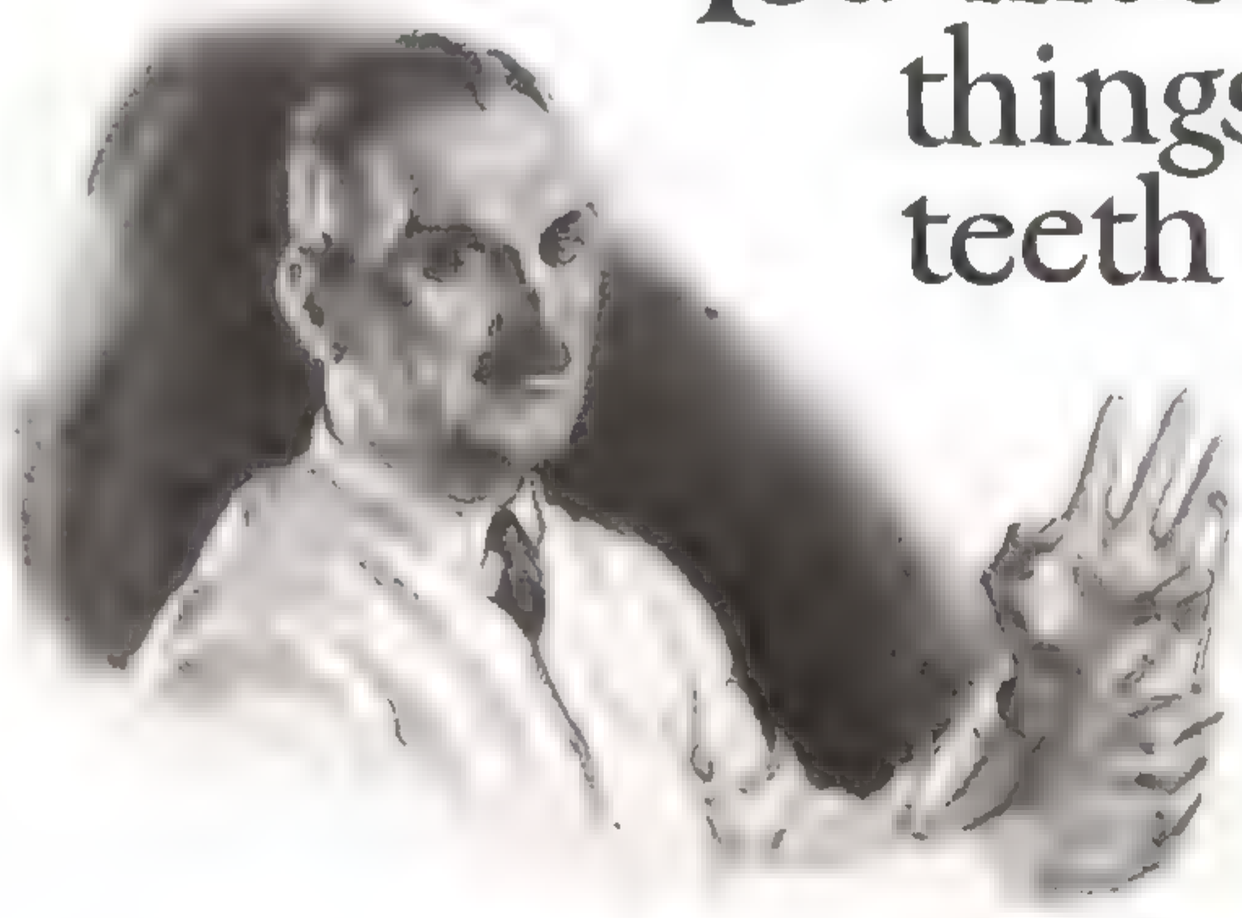
Pouncy told me about it, in his own way, long afterward; and I did not interrupt till he was done. He was as inoffensive a figure as he had always been, stooped and inconspicuous and mild, but I saw that his lips as he spoke were wet with appetite, and I knew that he liked the savor of the tale. When he had finished I asked him what happened afterward.

He chuckled in a shrill way. "Why, his place went under the hammer, the way everyone knowed it would," he replied. "It didn't fetch hardly anything at all. I bought his upper woodlot. There was some good pine on it, and some oak, and I cut them off and made a good thing."

"What became of Somes?" I inquired.

"Him? He went back to New York," he replied. "He was here last summer. In a big car. He's made some more money likely." He chuckled triumphantly. "But I tell you he ain't likely to come up here and try to tell us how to do again."

You must do three things to keep your teeth clean!



YOUR teeth are naturally divided into two sections, upper and lower. For the purpose of brushing, each section—upper and lower—is considered as being divided into three zones—outside, inside front, and inside rear. Brush each section—upper and lower—separately. Brush the two inner zones—front and rear—in a way different from the outer zones and from each other.

Brush the outer—or cheek—side of your upper teeth downward. Place the bristles of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush on the gums, and brush down over the gums and teeth. This removes dental mucin from both gums and teeth, massages and stimulates the gums, and carries food debris away from the gums and out of crevices between the teeth. For the lower teeth, reverse the brush, and brush upward. This will clean the outer or cheek side of all the teeth.

For the inner—or tongue—side of the front teeth, place the long end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush against the roof of your mouth, and draw forward over your gums and teeth. For the inner side of the lower front teeth, reverse the brush, and brush away from the floor of the mouth.

A third operation is necessary for the backs of the back teeth. Here, too, brush away from the gums with the long end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. For the grinding surfaces of the back teeth, brush with a rotary motion.

This correct method of cleaning teeth is prescribed by leading dental authorities. It is the Pro-phy-lac-tic way. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush performs correctly all three necessary operations of cleaning teeth. You cannot see crevices between your teeth, nor the backs of your back teeth. To make sure they are clean and undecayed, see that the name Prophylactic is on the handle of your tooth brush. And remember, a clean tooth never decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Three sizes—adults', youths' and children's, made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft*

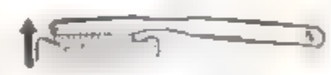
FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

© 1923, Florence Mfg. Co.

What happens when you brush your teeth

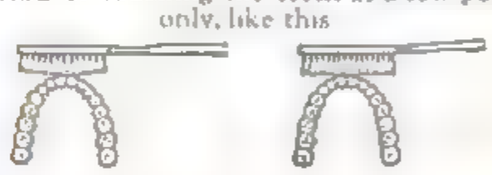
Brush your upper teeth downward.

Brush your lower teeth upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this.

Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this



With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:

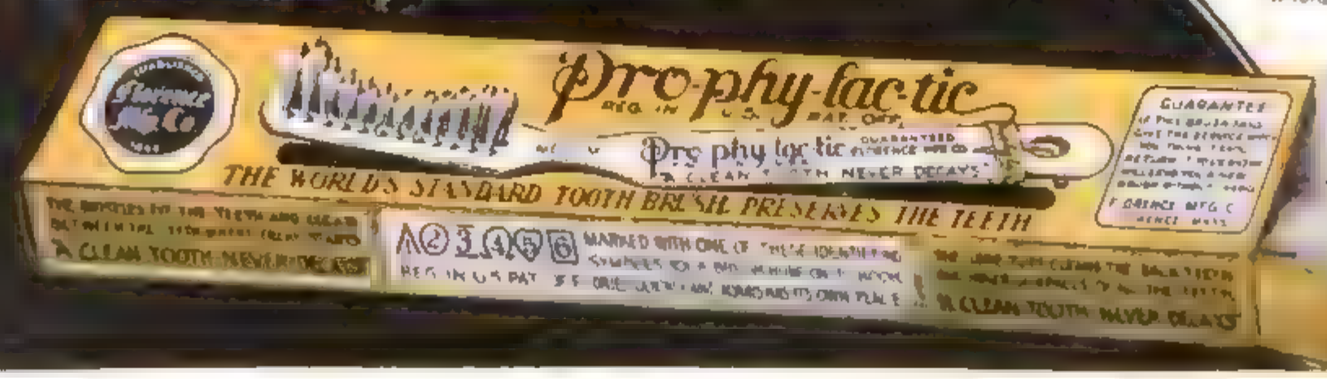
The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this

Wrong Way

Right Way

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



Always Sold in the Yellow Box

A Clean Tooth Never Decays

The Button of Welcomed Service

Welcomed, because it is the identifying mark of 5,037 Fuller Men, each schooled in matters of Cleanliness and Sanitation. Welcomed, because these men suggest to the woman in the home better, quicker and less tiring methods of doing practically all her cleaning work. Welcomed, because they render this Fuller Service right in the home, where the housewife best knows her own cleaning problems. Welcomed, because they are gentlemen; courteous and considerate of the reception accorded them in thousands of homes, every day. Welcomed, because representing one of the largest houses of its kind in the world, and therefore received with absolute confidence, everywhere.

Fuller Brushes are sold only in this home-demonstrating way, by the Fuller Man, who is a resident of the community he serves. You will always know your Fuller Man, when he makes his regular calls, by this identifying mark, the Fuller Button, and by the Fuller Red Tip Tag and Fuller Trade Mark on every brush he shows you. If your Fuller Man has not called on you recently, write to The Fuller Brush Co., 1070 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.) Also ask for a copy of the "Handy Brush Book"—it's free, just send a postal.

Welcome him, and the Service he brings.

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this Red Tip Tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!

Fuller

FULLER BRUSHES

© The F. B. Co.

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

THE THIRTY-SIX HAIRPINS

(Continued from Page 11)

"What do you mean?" the younger asked uncertainly.

Glory's father smiled.

"Remming," he said slowly, looking now up toward the ceiling, "I suppose all of us have limitations things we're chained to, things that keep us littler than we really are. It's hard to express it, but I've done a lot of thinking about it. I've had to. We're funny animals, we human beings. We go to the menagerie and feel superior because we're out, walking around, while the other animals are caged in. We feel particularly superior because we're told that they don't mind being caged, those other animals that they become accustomed to it and actually like it, and that if they were released they wouldn't know what to do. We read of convicts let out of jail who beg to be taken back—and we smile. Isn't that so, Remming?"

"Yes. I knew a fellow once down in Arizona who told me one night—he was full of *aguardiente* -that he cried like a baby from loneliness for two whole days after being turned loose from a ten-year stretch."

"Well, that's more or less true all through the run of humanity, Remming, if you stop to think about it. When I was a boy I ran away from home. My grandfather was a severe man—crabbed and sour on the whole world, including me. I lived with him. My father was dead. Well, I hated it. The place that I called home was worse than a prison, all discipline and restrictions and silence and unhappiness. But do you think I stayed away? Not much, I didn't. I got homesick and sneaked back. Yes, Remming, we grow to love our chains, whatever they may be."

The younger man started to speak, but the other waved him to silence.

"Just a second, son! I'm getting somewhere in a blundering sort of way. I'm trying to say two things at once, and probably I've put the cart before the horse. Anyway, my first point is that we all wear chains of one sort or another and that instead of rebelling at them we tend to grow fond of them, more and more as the years go on. We'd be completely lost without them. That's my first point." He laid his palm flat upon the arm of his chair.

"My second," he went on without pausing, "is that these chains, oddly enough, are almost always of our own making. We fetter ourselves and take pride in it, just as women periodically fetter their feet and legs with inordinately tight skirts which trip them at every step. The rich fetter themselves with possessions—houses and motor cars and jewelry until after a while the possessions are the masters of those who originally owned them. The poor often fetter themselves with a sort of intolerance, which may or may not be born of envy. Men fetter themselves with a habit like drink. And men and women both fetter themselves with vanities petty vanities, all out of proportion to the slavery they cause."

"I never thought about that," said Remming soberly.

"Well, it's true. And these fetters are actual chains, as real as if they were forged of iron or brass. The interesting thing about it is, Remming, that except in exceedingly rare cases we don't make any effort to burst these bonds. We like them, as I have said, even though our intelligence may tell us we would be far better off without them. A man is forced to stop drinking -by social pressure or by threat of disease. So he stops and is much happier. But would he stop if he wasn't made to by some power outside himself? Have you ever known a confirmed drinker who quit without being jolted into it?"

Remming shook his head.

"Neither have I. And that's only one example. Another is the familiar story of the millionaire who suddenly loses all his money and is forced to live simply, like other men. Strangely enough he finds himself much happier, he and his whole family. It has actually happened, you know. But if either you or I were millionaires, would we give up our luxuries voluntarily in order to enjoy the advantages of rubbing elbows with life? You bet we wouldn't. Do you see what I'm driving at, Remming?"

"No, sir, not entirely."

"I'm driving, my boy, at you and Glory. Actually, I don't imagine she's much different from any other normal human being, except that the manner of her fettering is rather more clearly marked than perhaps yours or mine. She has beautiful hair, as you know—exceptionally beautiful hair. Of course, her mother has coddled her about it; but probably that's natural enough too. Anyway and you'll learn it soon enough the fact is that Glory is a slave to that red topknot of hers. Why, man, she was named after it! She has been taught all her life to live by it and for it. And if you're going to get along with her happily, as I hope you are, you've got to take that fact into account, just as much as she'll have to take into account the fact that you—I hope—are a slave to your professional honor."

"I'm Going to Jane Chandler's Tea—Yes, I Am!—This Very Afternoon. And I Bet I Knock 'em Dead"

The younger man laughed.

"Well, that makes us even, doesn't it?" he asked.

The other shook his head

"Not exactly even. You'll have to work it out for yourself, son. Be as patient as you can, but try to remember everything I've said. I've had a good many years to think it over. Personally, if I were marrying Glory ——"

"Yes, sir? '

"If I were young and marrying any woman, Remming, I'd do everything in my mortal power to let nothing on earth come between us and our happiness. I don't know how, but I'd try."

"You can bet I'm going to try," Remming vowed.

The older man laid a paternal hand upon his knee.

"Some day," he said, "it is not inconceivable that you may need to know what I am going to tell you now. Remember that I love Glory. She is a fine girl, Remming. She is sweet and generous and sunny. She has intelligence, balance. So I have been tempted, sorely tempted, my boy. There have been a score of times when I have had to hold myself from walking into her room in the middle of the night with a pair of sheep shears—to cut off that damned hair of hers and throw it down the sewer. That's what I've been trying to tell you, because I hope from my heart that you may never come to feel the same way."

Remming tried to laugh.

"My Lord!" he said. "I hope not!"

By the time he climbed into bed that night Douglas Remming had it all straightened out in his mind. Now at last he was able to laugh with some degree of lightness.

"Funny old duffer!" he said to himself. "Hypped on that one subject, of course. Well, I suppose any man gets ideas as he gets along in life."

He sniffed contemptuously at the thought that Glory's hair, that wonderful hair which he had pressed with reverent lips not half an hour ago, could ever come between them and their happiness. What ridiculous bosh! He went to sleep smiling.

It was on their honeymoon that she first proved to him the truth of her statement that she could, indeed, have played Lady Godiva. She did it with the naïve delight of a child. They were at Santa Barbara, in a suite redolent with blossoms, their broad windows overlooking the blue of the sea. Remming had thought at first that a camping trip back in the redwood country would be more fun and would bring them closer together, but he had not even proposed it after hearing her own breathlessly radiant statement that Santa Barbara was the honeymoon spot to which she had looked forward all her life. What did he care, he reflected, as long as she was happy?

Dressing for dinner, with the long evening sunlight slanting in and painting the far wall with gold, Douglas Remming smiled blissfully to hear Glory singing gayly in her dressing room, the one beyond the bath. How wonderful it was to be the cause of someone's happiness, particularly when that someone was dearer to you than all else in creation! Suddenly the singing hushed. He heard her light step in the bathroom, then the click of the latch as the door swung open. He looked up. His mouth sagged open.

"Didn't I tell you?" she chanted, clapping her hands delightedly. Then, "Don't gawp that way, Doug. I left my stockings off to fool you, but I've a bathing suit on underneath it."

"My heavens, you're beautiful!" he breathed.

With a sweep of her two hands she parted the curtain of copper waves which had hung about her like an enveloping cloak.

"You see, I'm all dressed," she caroled. "I fooled you, didn't I, Doug? Do you really think it's beautiful?"

"You're beautiful, Glory—all of you."

She stamped her foot.

"But don't you think it is?"

He stood up quickly and went over to her.

"Oh, Glory, dear," he said, looking deep into her eyes, "why do you ask me such absurd things? You know it's beautiful as well as I do, and I love it. But I don't love it for itself, dear. You wouldn't want me to do that. I love it because it's part of you." Satisfied, she raised her lips and kissed him.

"But look, Doug," she added, turning away quickly, "I told you it came below my knees. See? Doesn't it?" She began whirling slowly, then faster, until the rippling lengths fanned out about her in a drooping, rolling circle of living bronzed flame. Then she stopped with a twist of her head, laughed happily and said, "I'll be ready in an hour, Doug. Not much more than that anyway."

"But, Glory, dear, I thought we'd shoot out for a little ride before dark. Couldn't you "

"You old silly! I've got to bathe and dress, Doug, and I can't possibly do this"—she prettily lifted two heavy strands—"inside of a full half hour."

"Great Scott!" he said, and stared at her. Then he added, "Well, do the best you can, old thing," and turned to his mirror as she danced out of the room.

Later that evening, at bedtime, Douglas Remming was duly initiated into still another solemnity. Glory, who had disappeared into her own room, presently called "Doug!" He found her seated before her dressing table, diligently tearing a piece of white material into short, narrow strips. She looked up with a smile.

"Old linen," she explained. "It's softer than cotton, you know."

"But what's it for, dear?"

"I'll show you pretty soon, Doug. They're to keep me beautiful You won't mind, will you, as long as I wear a boudoir cap?"

"Of course I won't mind," he scoffed. "You're talking Greek to me though."

"Funny man!" She resumed her careful tearing of the strips. "I'll come in after a little while," she said over her shoulder. He took the hint.

Glory's little while lengthened itself wearily. Her husband smoked a cigarette, another, and a third. He walked about the room, picked up a railroad folder, thumbed it through. Then the door swung open and she stood there in a beruffled dressing robe of shimmering yellow taffeta. Over each shoulder, down toward the floor, hung a long ruddy braid. Upon her head snuggled a lace-frothed cap of golden satin.

"Like me?" she asked.

"Do I?" He whistled soundlessly. Then, pointing to the twisted ends of her braids, "Oh, are those the little white jiggers you were making?"

She laughed musically.

"I braid it tight," she said, "and fix the ends—so." She held them out. "That does it awfully well," she added.

"Does what, Glory?"

Again she laughed.

"Oh, Doug, I suppose you've got to know! It's my deep secret, though, and don't you ever dare tell a soul."

Gingerly she lifted the fluffy yellow cap from her head. He looked at her.

"Curl papers!" he whispered.

"No, Doug, no! Not curl papers at all. Papers hurt your hair—make it kinky."

"But, Glory, I always thought ——"

She pinched his chin.

"Men find they have lots of things to learn when they get married," she told him.

He almost answered with "I'll say they do," and was swiftly ashamed that the words had even entered his mind. So he said, cautiously, "Of course, dear, you don't have to go through that bother every night?"

"But I do, Doug. I don't mind. It only takes twenty minutes extra. I'd have to brush it anyway. If I didn't wave it this way I'd look like a drowned rat—and then what would you think? It's really the simplest and best way to do it, Doug."

Later he made a suggestion. They would hop into the car on the morrow and take

their lunch with them and drive back into the hills for an all-day picnic, all by themselves. Glory clapped her hands in delighted assent. Then, abruptly, her face clouded

"Oh, botheration," she broke out petulantly, "I can't!"

"You can't? What do you mean, you can't?"

"It's Thursday," she enlightened him, her lips pouting.

"Well, what of it? Thursday's as good a day as any other. We only have nine days left to ourselves now, honey, remember that."

"But, Doug, don't you understand ——"

"What, dear?"

"Thursday's the day I always have it washed—always, Doug. You'll have to remember that. It's filthy now, too, after the drive down. I've already ordered the man to come. He'll be here at ten o'clock. We could go out about four, Doug."

He grimaced.

"The man!" he echoed. "Do you have a man wash your hair for you, Glory? Do men do those things? Do you have to have a man?"

She said with dignity, "I always get a man when I can, Doug—when there's a good one. It takes a man to handle my hair."

"But you handle it, Glory."

"Oh, Doug, you just don't understand!" she said, and sighed.

During the nine remaining days of their honeymoon Douglas Remming began to understand how Glory's father could have felt as he did about his daughter's crown of loveliness. Glory had brought riding clothes with her, a crisp linen habit and well-cut boots, but she smilingly declined to wear them upon the back of a horse.

"I haven't ridden for three or four years," she explained ingenuously. "It shakes it down."

"But why did you bring the clothes then?"

"Oh, I might want to wear them around sometime. I look rather ducky in them, Doug."

She played golf with him, but he could visibly note that she held back on her swings. He spoke to her about this and suggested that she throw herself more loosely into her strokes. She told him she would try, but she didn't try, and he knew the reason. Tennis she would not play.

"I couldn't!" she exclaimed, as if in horror at the thought, and touched her fingers instinctively to her loftily coiled tresses.

At the beach she went into the water only to her waist, expounding to her husband with childlike candor that no matter how many rubber caps she put on, the salt water still found its way in.

"I like it just splashing around," she added. "I have just as much fun."

"But I don't, Glory dear. I'd like you to swim with me—do lots of things with me."

She studied him, frankly puzzled. Then a light of comprehension came into her eyes.

"I know," she said without rancor. "Douglas Remming, you're actually jealous of my hair! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She splashed him gleefully. He swam slowly out through the lifting waves.

"The funny thing," he mused, sweeping the water behind him with strong, steady strokes—"the funny thing is that she doesn't get the idea at all herself. The old man was right, all right. Gosh!" He shook a slap of spray from his head. "Gosh! There's a job ahead of me, right enough. I swear it would be easier if she wasn't so darned sweet about it."

Upon their return to San Francisco, however, the copper cloud which had lifted its head above Remming's horizon seemed actually to be dispersing of itself. They hunted for an apartment, found one, moved into it gayly. Remming was keeping office hours now, but Glory met him every noon for a hurried luncheon and then a breathless forty minutes of hand-in-hand exploration up and down Market Street, even into the alleys of Chinatown. For there were many, many things to be bought, and the buying was a delight. In the evening, when Remming reached home, he found Glory waiting for him, always dressed, always smiling, always lovely to look upon. True, when bedtime came she would inevitably go through the sacred rite revolving about the tiny strips of white linen, but she never failed to cover them with an adorable cap, generally golden and smothered with lace.

Then in close succession there befell two occurrences. The first of these was on a Sunday morning. Now Sunday was the only day of the week that Remming could call strictly his own, and like most men nowadays he counted every minute of it that could be spent out of doors. Today Glory and he were driving to Sacramento to see some friends. Anxious to be off, he had awakened her early, then dressed himself. Now he sat upon a chair in her dressing room and with the patient eyes watched the hairpins as one by one they found their circuitous way into the steadily heaping mass of hair.

Finally he said, too casually, "Ten minutes of nine, dear."

She inserted a hairpin into her mouth, then mumbled something as she felt with her fingers for a coiling strand.

After a while he grinned and asked, "What number pin is that, Glory—the one you just jockeyed in?"

Her face from the mirror glowered at him

"Please leave me alone," she said half ersly. "You make me terribly nervous, Doug."

"Well, dear, you make me nervous too. It's getting later every minute, and you've been pretty near half an hour already. Isn't there some quicker way, honey—some way you can whang it around and let it go at that? You won't have to take your hat off today anywhere."

This time she faced him.

"Doug, if you don't leave me alone I won't go with you at all."

He rose.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it!" he said as cheerfully as he could, and strolled out of the room. A moment later he heard his name.

"Doug," she called out to him, "why didn't you tell me? It's raining."

"Only sprinkling a little, honey—just here in the city near the bay. It'll be all right inland."

She was standing in the doorway.

"Doug, you go ahead alone. I just can't, Doug, you know that. The rain'll ruin it."

Remming did not have to ask her any more what she meant by "it."

"Do you mean to say ——" he began, and checked himself at the flash in her eyes.

"Please, Doug, don't use that tone. You know I don't want to be selfish, but you know perfectly well I never go out when it's wet. It isn't any pleasure to me," she added, a shade of hurt creeping into her voice—"it's no pleasure to me to sit around the house all day with my hair done up in rags"

"But, Glory, dear, they're expecting us."

"You can telephone them, can't you? And anyway, you can go, Doug."

He seated himself heavily.

"Glory," he said after a moment, "don't you really think this is carrying it a little too far?"

She whipped her head back.

"Carrying what?"

"This—this hair worship, Glory. It makes me feel just sick to have it come ahead of everything else this way. Please try to understand what I mean, dear. I'm not being critical. I simply think you don't realize ——"

"Don't realize what?" Her voice was deadly level.

"I think you don't entirely realize what a—well, slave you are, honey—a slave to your linen rags and your thirty-six hairpins and all the rest of it. You miss so much fun, Glory. And you make me miss fun, too—normal fun that a husband and wife ought to enjoy together."

She said, "If I spoil your fun, why did you marry me?"

"Because I love you, Glory."

She sauntered to her mirror, making no answer to this, nor did he say anything further, but sat staring straight before him. After what seemed a long time he said quietly, "Glory, dear, do you love me—as much—as much as you always wanted to love somebody?"

Suddenly she knelt beside him, buried her face in his lap.

"You know I do, Doug," he heard her whisper

"Then, honey, won't you sort of try to get things in their proper place" What's it matter, after all, if your hair does lose its wave for one day?"

"Not much, I suppose," she conceded, her head still bent. "But, Doug, just the same —"

"Then won't you please be a good little sport and come along with me today?" he pursued. When at last she nodded her yes he leaned down and caught her up into his arms.

It drizzled all day. Glory said not a word about it or about her hair, but all the way to Sacramento and back he could read her misery. When they reached home she smiled feebly and then went into her own room. An hour later when Remming quietly opened the door he found her at her dressing table, her head upon her arms, her hair drooping to the floor about her in a cone of straight, stringy threads. As she raised her head, startled, he saw that her eyes were red and swollen.

"By gosh, you are a little sport!" he told her, laying his hand upon her shoulder with sudden tenderness.

"I'm never going to be again," she quavered. And then, as his arms went about her, "Oh, Doug!"

That was Sunday evening. Tuesday noon Remming telephoned to her excitedly and came bounding home with news.

"Goldfield!" he announced with boyish jubilance. "Inspection work! Three months! Just like a honeymoon! We can do it in the car if we get off tomorrow. Make it in four days easy. Oh, honey, aren't you happy? Three months all to ourselves in the most wonderful wild country you ever saw!"

She drew in her breath.

"Where's Goldfield, Doug?"

"Nevada—sagebrush and desert. We'll work down into Arizona too. Get a little shack for headquarters, you know, and then work out from there. Have it as a home to come back to. Gee, I'm happy, honey! Getting awful sick of this office grind."

"Doug!"

"What, sweetheart?"

"Is Goldfield a—a city? I mean, would they—do you think—are you sure, Doug, that there's a good place there?"

"Sure—we'll find a place, all right."

"But, Doug, you know what I mean—a place for my hair—a hairdresser's?"

He was still riding in the saddle of his enthusiasm.

"Don't be silly, peaches. How do I know? Probably there is. I don't know. But you'll have all the time in the world to fuss yourself up to your heart's content."

She made a little face. Then she said, "But tomorrow's only Wednesday, dear."

"Sure—what of it?"

"My shampoo, Doug. You never stop to think of me at all. I just can't miss it—I can't, Doug, don't you see? Especially after what happened to it Sunday. If I could go at all—well, we couldn't possibly start till Friday." She shook her head thoughtfully and added, "Anyway, that'll give me a couple of days to think it over."

Douglas Remming could only stare at her. A leaden weight seemed to have come into place inside him.

He said steadily, "This is business, Glory. I have to leave when they tell me to."

"I don't see why I'm any more selfish than you are," she retorted.

Still he stared at her. The leaden weight had become icy cold. He was not shivering, but he felt as if he were.

"I've got to go tomorrow," he informed her painfully. "I'm sorry, dear, but there are times when business has to come first. I wish you'd try to understand. Oh, honey, I can't go without you! I'd be deathly lonely. I don't know how I could bear it. I know it upsets your plans, dear, but you'll come along—won't you? You'll love it, once we're started. We'll have such fun!"

She laughed, a short, nervous laugh.

"Doug, you're trying to boss me, as you did the other day." Now she shook her head with decision. "No, I won't go rushing off like that. Really, that's asking too much."

In a daze he stumbled back to the office. He did not go home for dinner that evening. Instead, after telephoning that he would be delayed, he walked out alone through Golden Gate Park. There, sitting motionless on a bench and straining with unseeing eyes out over the sea, darkness found him. It must have been nine o'clock when he finally mumbled, "Yes, I love her enough!" Then he shook himself, rose stiffly to his feet and strode off toward the city

He did not go directly home. First he called upon a physician, a man of his own age whom he had known for many years. To him Remming talked earnestly for perhaps a half hour. At the end of that time the doctor nodded somberly and reached for the telephone.

Presently he said, "She'll be there, sitting outside in a taxicab, from eleven o'clock on. She's middle-aged and the most competent and reliable nurse I've ever known."

"Good," said Remming.

Then he headed for home, but on the way he stopped in a drug store and bought a large, substantial pair of office shears. These, after they were wrapped, he tucked away in the inside pocket of his coat.

Glory was waiting for him, sweet and serene. Never before, thought Remming, had she looked so utterly lovely. Her dress was long and clinging, a filmy, cloudy thing of soft brown georgette with high lights of satin showing through. And her hair—ah, it truly was lovely, a glowing nimbus of copper wavelets, pile upon shimmering pile. Remming's heart caught him sharply.

"Had dinner?" she asked. "I've missed you, Doug."

He lied to her, told her he had snatched a bite and then run back to the office.

"Got to get off first thing tomorrow morning," he added. "I have to have the car or I wouldn't take it, honey. I hate to get up at dawn, but anyway I won't need to wake you, dear. Get all my packing done tonight, just the automobile trunk and a suitcase." He studied her. Then, "Oh, little sweetheart," he burst out, "won't you please change your mind and come along?"

She shook her head demurely.

"I've thought it all out, Doug. I don't want you to be mad at me and I don't want you to think I'm selfish—because I'm not. Really I'm not, dear. What do you think I care how I look, except for you? See, we're thinking about different things. You, being a man, are thinking about the temporary fun we could have on a trip into the desert, and all that. I, being a woman and loving you—for I do love you, Doug, just desperately—I have to think of the years ahead, and of keeping myself attractive and beautiful for you, so you'll always think of me as you thought of me first. Don't you see, dearest?"

He said quietly, "Aren't you kidding yourself a little, honey?"

"Oh, Doug, how could you?"

"All right." He exhaled wearily. "Want to come in with me while I pack?"

The packing took a long time, and when at length he carried the chunky little trunk downstairs Glory was yawning. To his suggestion that he sleep on the couch in the living room she assented drowsily.

"If you come in and kiss me good-by in the morning," she stipulated. She smiled. "I get so sleepy, Doug. Oh, If I could only flop right into bed!"

He followed her into her dressing room, and as she seated herself to take down her hair he began to tell her of his plans for the days ahead. One by one the hairpins came out. Coil by coil the lustrous copper waves cascaded down her back.

"Thirty-six!" she finally announced, and shook her head free. "Oh, Doug, I do wish I could go with you! Maybe—if you promise to write me the absolute truth about how it would be for me there—maybe I can come a little later."

At midnight Douglas Remming got up from his improvised bed and went to the window. Yes, a taxicab was standing in front of the house. He straightened himself to his full height, took a deep, long breath and began to dress.

"I feel like a murderer," he whispered to himself. "I feel like a murderer, but I'm doing right."

He fumbled for the package in the pocket of his coat, tore open the paper slowly and drew out the shears. A bar of light fell upon them from the street lamp across the way. They glinted wickedly. Remming settled them firmly in his right hand. Then gently he opened the door of Glory's room.

When he came out his face was expressionless. He seized his suitcase and walked downstairs softly. Outside the front door he approached the taxicab.

"Come upstairs with me," he directed the woman who sat within. "I'll show you where to sleep. I want you to keep your ears open and not let anything happen to her. Poor kid, she's got a hard time ahead. Doctor Riggs told me I could count on you to the limit. You'll take care of her, won't you? See—here you are." He was whispering now. "She's right in this next room, through that door. And—oh, yes, here's my itinerary, so you can keep in touch with me, by wire."

For a moment, as he stepped again into the street, Douglas Remming stood irresolute. A sort of nausea gripped him, left him shivering. He clenched his hands tight. A little sound that might have been a moan

(Continued on Page 41)

Another Seventh Day of Rest

...for every Woman

Happiness—in washday!
Sounds impossible—but it's true!
For now, through a phone call to the laundry, washday becomes another seventh day of rest.

A whole day of leisure every week—time for some of the many things you've always wanted to do. Time for the books you've wanted to read, for the plays you've wanted to see, for the club you've wanted to join. Time, too, for the little attentions that you've realized the children need and deserve.

Steam, fuss and bother of home washing—all are banished. Instead, just a bundle that the laundry representative calls for—and washday is over.

The wide range of laundry helps offered enables you to select one that not only meets your family's needs but fits the requirements of your household budget, too.

If you wish a complete, all-ironed service, you may have that. If you prefer only part of the ironing done, there are semi-ironed services to fulfill your wishes. And if you would rather do all the ironing at home with just the washing cared for by the laundry, you may have such a service.

Today—telephone a modern laundry and have them explain the services they offer. Then choose the one that suits you best and try it.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati

PRIM-PREST
A finer laundry service. Everything carefully washed in many changes of rainsoft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed, ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

HO-MESTIC
A most acceptable medium-priced service. Everything is tastefully ironed and folded. Because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

ROUGH DRY
Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

FLOAT-IRONED
A low-priced ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists and house dresses will require a little touching up with a hand iron at home.

THRIF-T-SERVICE
Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed and carefully folded. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching

WET WASH
Everything washed in mild suds, and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of rainsoft water. The excess water is removed and the bundle returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or starch and hang up to dry

The enclosure that is enclosed—
The promise that is kept—
The appointment you don't forget

HERE are three different uses of printed forms. Each form insures something being done right that otherwise might be forgotten or done wrong.

Nearly every situation that arises frequently in business can be handled most easily by a little printed piece of paper.

The present generation of business men has come to see this simple truth. We observed this trend in business methods and began to develop in Hammermill Bond a paper that would exactly meet the needs for all this class of printing.

Forms have to be re-ordered at frequent and irregular intervals. It is not convenient to shop for paper at such times. Business men wanted a paper they could order without hesitation, knowing that in quality, in price, and in promptness of delivery it was everything that could be desired.

We have made Hammermill Bond that paper. Hammermill Bond is a good-looking paper, clean and firm, easy to write on, to type on, and to read from. It has the strength and durability to serve for records that must endure. The proper use of forms demands that their color should identify their character at a glance. Hammermill Bond is made in twelve distinctive, uniform colors as well as white.

Modern methods of manufacture and distribution make it possible to sell Hammermill at the lowest price asked for any standard bond paper. It is known to all good printers, who have or can quickly secure any quantity in any desired color from our appointed agents, who carry stocks in all the larger cities.

Careful purchasers of large supplies of forms and stationery have found it convenient to standardize all their office printing on Hammermill Bond. If there is work in your office you would like to see more promptly and more accurately done, write for our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

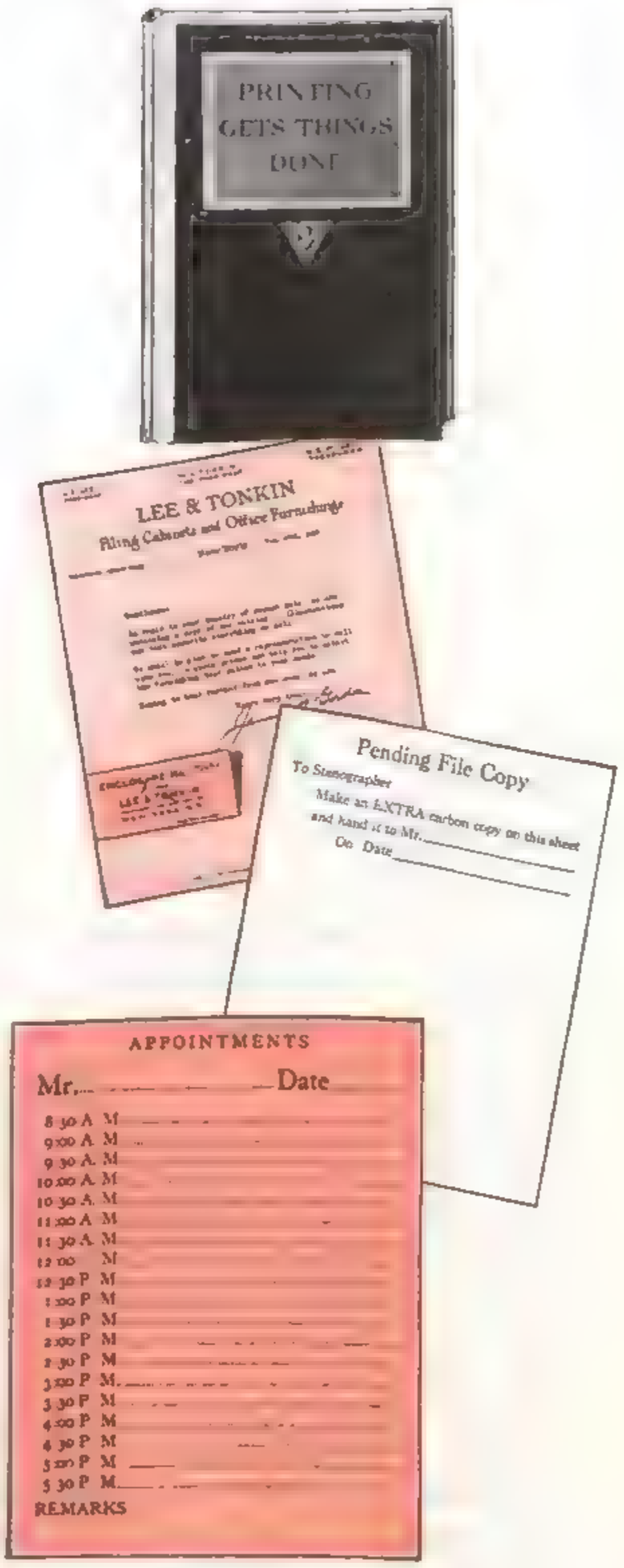
HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Send for Our Book
"Printing Gets Things Done"



THE enclosure form identifies the enclosure and makes sure it gets in the proper envelope. The pending file copy form serves as a reminder of what you intended to do or have done. The appointment form is a simple illustration of how a standard form serves as a reminder and keeps you from forgetting. When filed it is a rough diary of where you were and what you did on any given day. These are typical of the interesting and useful forms shown in our free book, "Printing Gets Things Done."

(Continued from Page 38)

escaped his closely pressed lips. Then he said aloud, "Oh, damn!" and set off for the garage.

It was broad daylight when Glory awakened. She yawned luxuriously. Then she remembered. Douglas was going away. A pang smote her heart. Poor old Doug! Of course he hadn't gone yet. He couldn't have gone without waking her. She sat up. Her head felt strangely light. What in the world ——

Glory reached quickly up toward the back of her neck with two shaking hands. She dropped them, looked at them bewilderedly as if to make sure they were there. She reached upward again, fumbled helplessly for a sinking second. Then she began to scream.

A strange woman's face was staring at her from the doorway.

For three days Glory did not leave her room. On the fourth, after a telephone call, she appeared at her father's office and informed him tersely that she must see him alone. He dismissed his secretary and faced his daughter amiably.

"Dad," she began, her voice strangely flat, "I want the name of the best lawyer in California. I'm going to get a divorce."

Her father's jaw sagged abruptly. Then he grinned tentatively.

"I'm not fooling, dad. I mean it. I—he—oh, dad! Oh, dad! I'll never be able to look anybody in the face again."

Suddenly the tears were streaming down her face and she was blurting out the story against his rough, woolly shoulder. He listened attentively, murmuring comforts, but presently a puzzled expression crossed his face and he held her back from him.

"Just a second, daughter," he said. "Let me get this straight." He was scrutinizing her now. "I thought you said he cut it off. It looks all there to me—looks the same as it ever did. You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Oh, dad, don't you see? He—he left it on the floor, dad, those two darling braids! I—it's just stuck on—just stuck on, dad. Oh, it's too horrible! My lovely, adorable hair!"

"But, Glory ——"

She was sobbing again.

"When I hold it in my hands, dad, it's just the same as if—as if I were holding a corpse. It feels like that, truly. To be able to face the world I have to—I have to wear a dead thing on my head. Oh, dad, no man could ever understand!"

He nodded deliberately.

"I think I do understand, dear. Anyway, I'm awfully sorry for you." He paused. "I'll think over the lawyer. We don't want to go off half cocked in a matter like this. Where did you say Doug was?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Don't ever mention his name to me again."

"Glory honey, don't you think you'd better move over and live with us—for the time being anyway? It'd sort of take your mind off things, and then ——"

"Nothing can ever take my mind off it, dad. Twice a day, every day of my life, I have to look at myself in the mirror and—and see myself like a picked chicken. Oh, you've no idea how hideous I look! Just ghastly—like—like a joke." She began to laugh hysterically.

"There, there! Take it easy, dear. Let me think it over a little. I'll take care of you. And now rest up a little, daughter. You've got rouge on, I know, but your face looks worn."

"What do I care? Oh, dad, don't tell mother; not quite yet, anyway. I couldn't bear it."

"I won't," he promised.

For two hours Glory's father sat solitary in his office. He smoked a long cigar to the butt, then lit another. Halfway through the second cigar he began to nod. He reached for the telephone, called a number.

"Hall of Justice? Judge Marson's chambers, please."

Then, "Is this Judge Marson? Hello, Ben; this is Harry Garritson. Got something important I want to see you about. Can I come right over? Good!"

He rose briskly, seized his hat, told his secretary he might or might not be back, and went down to the street.

Glory's father spent a half hour closeted with Judge Marson. When he came out the judge came out with him, dressed for the street. Still talking earnestly, the two men walked together through the corridors to police headquarters. There, after a short wait, an orderly announced, "He'll see you now."

The man referred to as "he" was dubious, even after both the judge and Mr. Garritson had expounded to him at length. He conceded that the point they made sounded sensible, but he feared difficulties.

"Well," said Judge Marson, "I believe that the time to stop trouble is before it starts. We may be wrong, but I think we're right."

The official's eyes twinkled.

"I think you're right too."

"Then, damn it, man, you know perfectly well it can be done."

The official pressed a button.

"Send Garvey in here," he directed as the door opened. He smiled at his visitors. "I'll put the thing up to Garvey, and if he says he can find a man he can. It'll be breaking and entering; but, after all, it won't be real burglary. I guess we can fix it somehow."

Garvey, who wore a derby hat made for another man, listened with his head on one side. Then he said, "Sure, chief. I got enough on a dozen of 'em to ask a little favor like that."

Said Glory's father, clearing his throat nervously, "I want it done, yet I hate to think of a man going in ——"

"Get you a lady," stated Garvey genially. "There's lady crooks aplenty can do a little trick like that."

"Go ahead and get her," said Henry Garritson.

At 8:30 next morning, while Glory's father was at breakfast, the telephone jangled a peremptory summons. He jumped to his feet, strode to the instrument. The voice was Glory's, tense and shaking:

"Oh, dad! Thank God it's you, not mother! Dad, the most terrible thing has happened! I'm simply crazy! Oh, it's hideous, dad! Don't ask any questions. Don't tell mother—not a word. Just get into a taxi and come over as quick as you can. Oh, dad, I don't know what to do!"

Glory was waiting for him in a kimono, a lace cap over her hair, and around the cap, turban fashion, a wide pink ribbon. Her head, it struck her father forcibly, looked strangely small.

"Dad, I've been robbed. They came in the fire-escape window. And"—her voice rose in a sudden wail—"and they took my hair!"

"What?"

"I don't care what else they took—just a couple of pins and some earrings—they didn't find my jewel box—but they took my hair—my hair! Dad, please"—she clutched him by the lapels of his coat—"please, I've got to get it back. I've got to, dad. I don't know what to do. Oh, dad, I've got to get it back!"

"Sit down, dear," he said quietly. "Give me a chance to think. Have you telephoned the police?"

"What? And have it get in the papers that I've lost it? Can't you see everybody laughing, and all the cats saying it wasn't really mine anyway? Oh, dad, I've been humiliated enough—but not that!"

"Glory."

"What, dad?"

"We'll try to find it, honey. But I want you to start thinking. Suppose we don't?"

"I'll drown myself," she stormed passionately.

Her father took her hand, began stroking it gently.

Then he said, feeling gingerly for his words, "Would you want to give him that satisfaction?"

"Who?"

"You told me never to mention his name?"

"Do—do you think he wants me to?" Her eyes were wide.

"Drown yourself? I shouldn't think he would; but whatever he wants or whatever he had in mind, I can't quite picture a Garritson lying down and showing the white flag. Can you, dear?"

She stared at him, her mouth drooping open.

"But what do you want me to do?"

He shook his head.

"I don't know, dear. But whatever you decide, I don't believe you'll want people to think that your hair, lovely as it may have been, was the only thing that made you the most beautiful girl in San Francisco County."

Her eyes widened. Now her father chuckled.

"By gosh," he exclaimed, "I'd be willing to bet that if you bobbed it and had it curled—have it done right, you know—and walked down Market Street as if you'd done it because you wanted to—I'll bet you'd have half the girls in this town crazy with jealousy inside of fifteen minutes! Of course," he added hastily, "I'm not suggesting that."

He was watching her eyes. For a fraction of a second he saw them glint.

"Well," he said hurriedly, "I've got to rush. I'll get a private detective, dear. How'll that be? I'll call you up from the office?"

On the street he let out his breath as if he had been under water and holding it.

But Glory's father did not call her up. Instead, just as he was putting on his hat to go to luncheon, she called him.

"Dad," she said—and her voice was quivering as if with something suppressed—"dad, I've thought it over—a lot. After you left I just sat down and thought. And at last I decided you were right. I couldn't let people think I was licked. Besides—oh, dad, the man has just left, and I'm crazy about it! It looks perfectly darling. Please come over right away and tell me. It fluffs out all around, and it's so soft. And do you know what I've made up my mind to do? I'm going to Jane Chandler's tea—yes, I am!—this very afternoon. And I bet I knock 'em dead. Hurry over, please, because I've got to get a new hat."

As Henry Garritson hung up the receiver his eyes were peculiarly moist.

At six o'clock that evening Glory stood fumbling in her purse for the latchkey of her apartment. Her color was high from excitement; she was breathing quickly. In truth, as she herself had phrased it, she had knocked them dead. All afternoon she had been the center of a chattering, marveling feminine throng. She smiled faintly at the breathless phrases yet ringing in her ears. How alike they had been! First the incredulous, "Oh, Glory, my dear!" Then the tentative, "Why, I love it!" And next the inevitable, "But how on earth were you ever brave enough to do it? It must have felt like committing murder."

Glory smiled more widely at memory of her own casual reply: "I just made up my mind I wasn't going to be a slave a minute longer, that's all. Besides, I've always been crazy to have it bobbed. Don't you really think it's cuter?" That was what she had said.

She found the key now and let herself in. The apartment was dark and very still. She switched on the lights quickly and walked into her bedroom. There before the mirror she lifted off her hat. Instinctively her hands reached up to straighten the heavy coils that were no longer there. She sat down, suddenly weary. Yes, it had been exciting enough all afternoon; but now, here, all alone! She looked about her helplessly.

What was there to do? This was the hour that had always been consecrated to the tender care of that silken glory for which she had been named. Her fingers yearned to fondle its firm, glossy mass. Ah, she wanted it back!

She lifted her head, alert. She smelled something. With a swish of skirts she darted to the kitchen door.

"Doug!" she gasped.

He wheeled sharply from the frying pan which he had been holding over the stove.

"Glory!"

Abruptly he dropped his hands, held them before him. "I couldn't stand it any longer," he told her miserably. "I came back. What did I care about my job! Oh, honey, is there anything on earth I can do to make up for it? I was a dog. I'm just—plumb ashamed of myself."

She was standing very straight. She hadn't the faintest idea what she was going to say until she heard her voice asking, "Doug, do you like it?"

She saw him peering agonizedly at her hair and heard him mutter, "Oh, Glory!"

"Doug!" sharply. "I asked you if you liked it."

His face began to change. Line by line it relaxed. A trace of a smile quirked the corners of his mouth.

"If you want to know the truth," he said at last, "I think it's great. Dear, you're—gosh, you just don't know how pretty you are that way!"

Still she stood there erect. Then abruptly she laughed, her eyes suddenly soft.

"Doug," she said, "isn't life crazy? I hate you. I've hated you for five days. But if you really think I'm pretty—oh, Doug, all my life I've been beautiful and I've been so darned envious of girls people called pretty! Do you really think I am?"

"Do I really? You bet I do." He took a step toward her.

"Well, Doug," she tossed her head, "so do I—rather. Listen—if we left tonight, couldn't we get back to that old desert place in time?"

"You mean ——"

"Yes, Doug, I'm afraid I do. I didn't think I would, but I do." She grinned impishly. "And the only baggage I think I'll take is something we'll go and bury in the deepest old mine in Arizona or wherever it is."

He creased his forehead in perplexity.

"Oh, you goose!" chanted Glory. "Wouldn't you love to bury a little package with thirty-six of them inside it? Please let's—way down deep! Doug, are you going to stand there like a goop all night, or are you going to kiss me?"

PHOTO BY ASAHEL CURTIS SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Crevasse Near Summit of Mt. Baker, Washington

THE WORLD STRUGGLE FOR OIL

(Continued from Page 9)

other, for constructive results are meager. Analyze at least three of them, and San Remo in particular, and you find that oil not only vied with reparations in importance but was the only subject that precipitated action.

The point to be emphasized in this connection, however, is that the Anglo-French oil coalition—principally Anglo—against American interests at San Remo stirred Washington into action and gave us a look-in on Mesopotamia. Whether we now have a share in zero, or something more tangible, is yet to be proved. In any event, the closed door to at least one undeveloped oil region has creaked on its hinges.

A definite, coherent and consecutive narrative of world oil progress is a baffling and well-nigh bewildering task. It is almost as difficult as keeping track of the reparation mess. I have already indicated the kinship between those two vital problems in their perversion into nationalistic politics abroad. Europe, however, has no corner upon the capitalization of petroleum for political purposes.

In the United States—and it bears directly upon the present so-called gasoline crisis—the favorite target of the self-seeker who aspires to public office is the corporation, and particularly the oil company or the railroad. When all other issues fail, here is the unfailing stand-by that can be counted upon to provoke the populace into more or less righteous indignation, inspire costly investigation and pile a few more laws upon the already burdened statute books.

The only law which should be considered, and which is ignored, is the law of demand and supply.

Waste

An intelligent comprehension of the international oil problem is impossible without an understanding of the domestic situation. Ten years ago they were separate and distinct entities, because we had the supply and the rest of the universe had the demand. We have been exhausting our stores while other nations conserved theirs at the American expense. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell.

Likewise, the formulation of that much-desired firm and consistent American foreign oil policy hinges upon the extent to which Americans rise to the emergency. Unless, for example, they realize that oil production in all its phases is not a monopoly at home, neither they nor their Government can get behind the American oil producer abroad. This does not imply the indiscriminate underwriting by the public of oil shares for exploitation in alien lands, but it does mean a whole-hearted national support of an organized offensive with which is inseparably linked the fate of our trade, transport and industry.

I use the words "organized offensive" advisedly, because one reason for the waste in the oil industry in the United States lies in the mad rush of everybody to a field where oil has been struck. The average American producer has gone on the theory that if the other fellow is there, he must go. The same mistake is likely to happen overseas, with costly consequences. The possible participation of an American group in Mesopotamia shows that in one section abroad the mistakes at home will not be repeated. The larger benefit is to be derived from coördination rather than haphazard individual initiative.

With the controversy over the American invisible oil reserve we are not concerned just now, because such discussion must be left for the American series. Whether we have ten, twenty or thirty years to go—and these are the variously estimated periods as doped out by the geologists—the fundamental fact to be borne in mind in approaching the foreign situation is that the oil reserves in the United States are more nearly exhausted in their relation to demand than any other economic mineral.

Vast as have been our oil resources, they have been more fully developed than those of any other part of the world. Just as we pioneered the world, so have we supplied the universe. The principal drain, however, has come from our own phenomenal demands, born of American temperament, initiative and expansion. Though many other countries—and they include China, Japan, Burma, Russia, Galicia and Rumania—were ahead of us in the commercial utilization of petroleum, we—and it is typical of our instinct for waste—have gorged ourselves with the product, with the inevitable result.

You have only to take a passing glance at the statistics to realize why a foreign oil supply is essential to our industrial well-being. In 1922 the crude oil production in the United States was 551,197,000 barrels. The domestic consumption was 592,283,000 barrels. If we had not imported 126,000,000 barrels from Mexico we should have had a shortage. In the face of these figures you can readily understand that all our oil exports are at the expense of the native output. It means further that if we are to maintain our growing oil business abroad we must depend upon new sources.

A forecast of the 1923 production will give you another angle. It is estimated to be about 710,000,000 barrels. Many eminent government geologists maintain that the supply of oil in the United States subsoil does not exceed 7,000,000,000 barrels. There is, of course, a vast reserve of oil in what is known as oil shales, which exist in many American states. These, however, do not figure in present-day oil estimates because the production costs are high.

A more striking illustration of the inroads on the oil supply is in a parallel between oil production and the motor vehicle. In 1911 we had 315 barrels of crude oil for each car; in 1912, 219 barrels; in 1913, 194 barrels; in 1919, 50 barrels; in 1920, 48 barrels; while for 1922 the figure was a bare 43 barrels. Of course the almost miraculous increase in the number of motor vehicles has considerable to do with the shrinking ratio. This increase in motor equipment is bound to go on, while the oil supply, with the prodigal drain on it, will not. That the ratio is bound to be a shrinking quantity is evident from the forecast of motor manufacture. For the next five years there will probably be an average annual production of 3,500,000 motor cars, or a total of 17,500,000 new vehicles by the end of 1928.

Now you can begin to understand why America must look beyond the seas to bulwark the fuel which is absolutely vital to our productive life. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the axiomatic fact that just as oil is the first aid to the pursuits of peace, so it is equally essential to the conduct of war. War today is a scientific business of destruction waged with machines, and those machines are mainly propelled by gasoline. The aëroplane, the submarine and the tractor that hauls the big guns have revolutionized the bloody business of war. Lord Curzon once said that "the Allies rode to victory on a flood of oil," but he overlooked the important detail that much of it came from the United States. But for those Yankee tankers that sailed unafraid through the perils of the deep, the result in 1918 might have been different.

Right here you have, all protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the real reason why Britain regards the domains that fly the Union Jack as a closed oil corporation. It explains also why the British Admiralty acquired a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. This, however, is a later story.

Until 1921 only three European powers—England, Russia and Holland—were factors in the overseas oil situation so far as big production is concerned. Various American oil aggregations operated more or less extensively in Rumania and in various parts of Central and South America.

Our world contribution, however, was first in the standardization of the industry, and second in the widespread merchandising of the refined products of crude oil, most of which came from Mexico and the United States.

The World War emphasized civilization's almost acute dependency upon oil. More than one Allied fleet had to hug its harbor and scores of offensives in France and elsewhere were either halted or postponed because of the lack of fuel to drive trucks, tractors and aëroplanes. With the signing of the Armistice, European powers—and especially England—dedicated themselves to the task of making themselves independent of alien sources of oil supply.

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Castle of Ur of the Chaldees, Which is Supposed to be the Oldest Temple in the World, Viewed From the Southwest

It was no new idea. Fully a decade before William Hohenzollern signed the death warrant of his empire, the late Lord Fisher, the picturesque if verbose watchdog of the British Navy, started the movement to give the Admiralty a definite oil connection that would guarantee the adequate mobilization of an all-British fuel for the royal fleets. The net result was the historic deal made in May, 1914, between Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, through which the British Government acquired a controlling interest in this company, with its immense fields in Persia and elsewhere. The complete story of this deal, as well as the narrative of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, will be told in the next article. I refer to this transaction here because it is a necessary part of the prologue to the international contest for oil supremacy, in which England plays the leading part.

With the end of the war, England lost no time in translating her ambition for oil control into actuality. There were two pressing reasons: One was what might be called the political, and related to the national defense. The British Navy is now 90 per cent oil-fired, as compared with 45 per cent before the war. The other was purely economic. In each you find the accentuation of nationality by the war a driving motive.

Coastal Coal

The explanation of the political provocation is obvious. Behind the other is the interesting story of Britain's evolution from a coal into an oil civilization. The history of British coal mining is in reality the history of British industrial progress. That storied British might largely rests upon island isolation and the further happy coincidence that most of her coal fields are near the coast. Someone has well said that "coal has supported the whole edifice of British material prosperity." British ships have gone out laden with coal and returned with full cargoes of the raw materials and products essential to home and factory. In other words, the British merchant marine has always had a full load both ways.

During the past ten years the prestige of this key export has been menaced. Reductions in hours of labor, fantastic increases of wages, strikes that disorganized output and gave opportunities to foreign competitors, political and legislative interferences, the advent of the petroleum age—to say nothing of possible railway electrification—have combined to make inroads in that one-time impregnable bulwark of prestige and prosperity.

Economic self-defense was not alone in the dictation of some degree of nationalistic mastery of a huge oil reserve. Aside from the impairment of the coal industry, Great Britain is, next to the United States and in normal times Russia, the largest consumer of oil in the world. Her home resources consist of one well in Derbyshire which produces a ton a day, and the Scotch shale fields which yield about 155,000 tons each year. She therefore had to bestir herself in foreign domains.

Immediately after the Armistice, England cast her eye over the world for available areas in which to launch her petroleum offensive. At that time the Entente was well oiled and working. The phrase "well oiled" suited the situation, because John Bull took on France in a combination for commercial control of oil resources as a political principle for Allied action. France

(Continued on Page 44)

In All the World No Car Like This

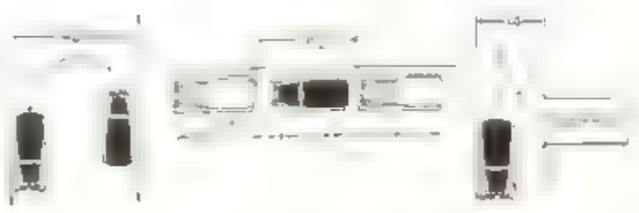
The ideal combination of roomy comfort and convenient size—sturdy construction—wonderful power—amazing performance—Moderately Priced

THE New Jewett Six is the final type of car for the average motorist. Most people want a car of roomy comfort for their average load—of convenient size that lightens the driver's task in traffic—a car so sturdy repair bills are rare—and powered to give satisfying performance—big six performance.

Roomy Comfort

	FRONT SEAT Leg Room inches	Width inches	REAR SEAT Leg Room inches	Width inches
Brougham	40	*Driver* 18½, *extra* 18½	44	46½
Sedan	38	46	46	46½
Touring	42	44	46	46½
Roadster	41	46		

The above sketch shows Jewett's roomy comfort whatever body style you may select. Few cars have more body room—and those are far higher priced. Jewett's rear seat is comfortable for three. Many owners carry six—with three in front. Sit in the Jewett—note its ample room.

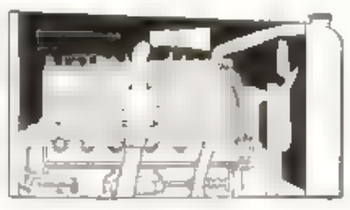


Traffic Advantages

Here is shown how ably the New Jewett Six manipulates in traffic. Turn around in a 42-foot street. Park Jewett in a 16½-foot space at the curb. Jewett easily enters your garage from a 14-foot alley or driveway. Larger cars force you to back in turning around, keep you away from many a choice parking space and require a larger garage and more driveway. Think of the advantages of a car that handles so conveniently and still has the ample passenger room we told about above.

Rare Sturdiness

Look at the New Jewett's sturdy construction. It has a 6-inch-deep frame, extra cross-braced and weighing 184 lbs.—a superb foundation for a long-lived car. Paige-Timken axles front and rear. All-steel universal joints, with sealed-in lubrication good for 15,000 miles. Jewett weighs 2805 lbs.—far more than "light" sixes. Serves long because it's strong.



Big Six Power

See Jewett's motor. You are amazed when you lift the hood. Expecting the ordinary size motor, squat and low, you see that Jewett's motor nearly *fills the hood!* It's a SIX, with tremendous energy—full 50 horsepower. High-pressure oiled, like the Paige and other highest quality cars. Jewett's cylinders are 3¼ x 5 inches—249 cubic inches piston displacement—20% to 40% more power than "light" sixes.

Thrilling Performance

But the New Jewett's performance gives all owners their greatest thrill. Passes most any car on any hill. Like the strong man handling the weight, compared with the weaker—Jewett's powerful 6-cylinder motor easily handles the sturdy 2805-lb. Jewett. Jewett climbs hard hills slowly, in high, which cause other cars to stall or shift. Jewett picks up on hills. Drive Jewett from 2 to 60 miles an hour, or more, in high, easily.

Quick Get-away

See the ordinary horse struggling to start a load—then watch the stronger horse walk easily away with it! Jewett's most power for weight accounts for its extraordinary quick-footedness. In get-away, Jewett's 50 horsepower gives you every advantage. Jewett is away first at the officer's signal. Picks up from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. (Try that with ANY other car!)

Easy Handling

All women like the New Jewett because "it just seems to drive itself." Steers with finger-touch guidance due to ball-bearing steering spindles. Test Jewett's clutch pedal with your hand to know its gentleness. Then, while driving, let it in with a jerk to be amazed at its smoothness. Gear changing is effortless, and quiet. Rarely a "miss" or clash. Shift from high to second at 30 miles an hour.

In all the world no car like this. It's true! No other car offers you Jewett's combination of roomy comfort and convenient size, sturdy construction, wonderful power, amazing performance at Jewett's moderate price. Ask the Jewett dealer to let you drive this car. (600)

Touring . . . $1065
Sedan 1495
Brougham . . 1325

JEWETT SIX

PAIGE BUILT

De Luxe Roadster . $1195
De Luxe Touring . 1220
De Luxe Sedan . . 1695
Prices at Detroit. Tax Extra

(Continued from Page 42)

got the mandate for Syria in exchange for the British right to exploit a combination Anglo-Dutch oil business in France.

England's desire was to consolidate herself in the Near East, with the Mediterranean region as the oil reservoir for both war and peace, while France's objective was a similar consolidation in Galicia and Rumania. Great Britain, let me add, had always stood for a copper-riveted nationalism in oil fields in crown possessions like Trinidad and India. She had become an expert in what might be called the architecture of the closed door.

As a matter of fact, ever since 1918 England had been widening her sphere of oil influence. Costly as was the World War to her in blood and treasure, it gave her some compensation in the shape of immense petroleum areas. In accepting the mandate for Mesopotamia she acquired a vast amount of expenditure and trouble, but at the same time she got her hooks, politically and otherwise, into some of the richest potential oil areas anywhere.

Britain's Oil Diplomat

With Mesopotamia, we arrive at the scene in the international oil drama where the United States makes her initial appearance. It was not altogether pleasing to our British friends, and for a time it well-nigh imperiled good feeling between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. We appeared in the rôle of objector—both conscientious and consistent—and the interrupter of the proverbial good thing is seldom a popular individual. Because this episode marks the entry of America into the broader field of world petroleum under the ægis of what must be the Magna Charta of our whole overseas economic endeavor, the complete story must be told in all its illuminating details.

To get the first chapter we must go to San Remo, that lovely Italian spot where Prussia's Red Prince, Unser Fritz—later the second Kaiser—suffered in his last days, and where, in April, 1920, the Allied Supreme Council met to bolster up peace and make some further distribution of the spoils of war. Just as Spa will rank in post-war history as the scene of what is called the coal conference—it was here that Stinnes first flouted the Allies—so will San Remo be known as the oil gathering. It fairly reeked with petroleum, but it also savored of some other things. Chief among them was the Anglo-French oil coalition. Though it was not aimed directly at the United States, we should have suffered from its consequences had we not made the representations which ultimately let the bars down and made us a member of the international oil club.

Although Lloyd George, Millerand and Nitti held the center of the stage so far as the spotlight is concerned, the dominating figures in the allocation of oil territory were Sir John Cadman, K. C. M. G., who appeared as oil adviser for the British Government, and Philippe Berthelot, director of political and commercial affairs at the French Foreign Office. Between them they framed and signed the historic agreement which sought to clamp the lid down on some of the richest oil fields in the world. With the exception of the Versailles Treaty, no other state document of recent years has provoked quite so much international discussion. As a fomenter of diplomatic notes it runs second only to German reparations.

In Berthelot we have only the transitory interest which attaches to the accident of his holding a particular diplomatic post at the time of the San Remo Conference. A few years later he passed from the official scene. With Cadman it is a different matter. Not only has he loomed large in the British petroleum perspective but henceforth in this article and in those to follow he stands out as a star, so to speak, in the world oil drama. It is well, therefore, to know who he is.

Sir John Cadman is a striking illustration of how the Great War gave the scientist the opportunity to emerge from the twilight of academic aloofness into the full glare of world events. In 1914 he was merely Professor Cadman and known only in those circles that specialized in coal and oil mining. On the day the Armistice was signed he had behind him the achievement of having been oil controller of England during those years of blood and slaughter when oil was almost as precious as human life itself. Today he is regarded as perhaps the foremost petroleum authority in the world. Likewise he is the most accomplished of oil diplomats. I have never met a more persuasive person.

Like Stinnes, he comes from a coal family. His people in Staffordshire have mined the black diamond for generations and he was trained for the scientific side of it. His first contact with oil was with the Scotch shale industry. Subsequently he was sent by the British Colonial Office to Trinidad and elsewhere to make official investigations. It was while occupying the chair of mining at Birmingham University that he first realized the value of oil in world economics. He therefore started the department in the university which conferred the first degree in oil engineering. Meanwhile, as expert investigator, he carried out missions in Burma and Rumania, and was in Trinidad on one of these expeditions when the Great War broke.

Cadman hurried home. After the Second Battle of Ypres, where poison gas was added to the horrors of war, he was put on the staff of British scientists charged with the task of devising a counter terror. But the oil instinct was strong in him. He saw the various British government departments bidding against each other for the precious liquid whose supply was being menaced more and more by the inroads of the German submarine. At that time Walter Long—now Viscount Long—was a member of the government. At a cabinet meeting he told Lloyd George that the petroleum situation was precarious and that something must be done to coördinate the supply. Victory hung in the oil scales.

Lloyd George's reply was, "Very well, I put the task up to you. Whom have you to intrust with this vital work?"

"I suggest Professor Cadman," was the reply.

At the mention of the word "professor" Lloyd George's usually animated face fell. He has never had much use for academic folk, being largely on the unacademic side himself. It will be recalled that Clemenceau once declared that the little Welshman was the most uncultured man he had ever met in public life. Therefore the reference to Professor Cadman conjured up the vision of a prosy and whiskered person, more the student than the doer. However, Lloyd George sent for him.

Instead of the ponderous and academic scientist, he was confronted by a brisk, alert and energetic man of medium height, whose smooth face had almost a boyish look. This smoothness of face is matched by a corresponding smoothness of manner in dealing with difficult situations. The premier was not only impressed with Cadman's personality but gave him a free hand to stabilize the vexing petroleum question.

Sir John in Action

Once in action, Cadman vindicated the confidence that Long had promised for him. As controller he organized petroleum in precisely the same way that he would have organized a huge corporation. He budgeted the needs of every department, and this included the army, the navy, munitions and trade.

It was one of the most difficult, as well as one of the few unsung, achievements of the war. To the confines of a single sheet of paper he reduced the balance sheet of a monster activity whose ramifications led to every battle zone on land and sea and touched every available field not controlled by the Germans.

Cadman became chairman of the Inter-Allied Petroleum Council which rationed Britain, France, Italy and all the other Allied powers and provided the oil they needed. As the war petroleum overlord he established his first contact with the American industry, for, with our entry into the conflict, we set up the National Petroleum War Service Committee, with A. C. Bedford, of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, as chairman. The two groups coördinated their efforts. In the United States, as in England, all rivalries and interests were buried in the one great desire to win the struggle. The coöperation of those years of stress and travail was to be followed by an intensive competition for the very product which had been mobilized for a common victory.

Now you can understand the knowledge and experience that lay behind Cadman when he stepped upon the scene at San Remo. Meanwhile he had become Sir John Cadman, K. C. M. G., his knighthood having been a merited appreciation of conspicuous war service, and was still director in charge of his majesty's petroleum department. It was this latter post that clothed him with the authority he now began to exercise.

Although the German reparations problem persistently knocked at the door of every European conference, the specific subject that focused attention at San Remo was petroleum. It is significant of the importance that the Allies attached to oil that, though European stabilization depended upon finding a way out of the baffling indemnity question, it was sidetracked for the remaking of the oil map along 100 per cent monopolistic lines. England and France, then as now, could not look upon the reparations problem eye to eye, but they discovered an astonishing unanimity of view with regard to oil.

The San Remo Agreement

What is known as the San Remo Agreement, between Berthelot and Cadman, which was ratified by both the British and the French governments, spilled the beans—as we would term it in our inelegant but expressive vernacular. It showed precisely where England stood with regard to the world oil problem. Though France is a party to the contract, the master mind and the real beneficiary is Britain. This agreement is too long to print in full, but a few sections will indicate its motives and significance.

As a prelude, it may be well to state that immediately after the Armistice the Standard Oil Company of New York sent a staff to Palestine to operate under an oil concession granted by the Turkish Government prior to 1914. Palestine was then a part of Turkey. Both men and material were held up—the men were really taken into custody—by the British, who had obtained a mandate for this historic region. The same company sought to prospect in Mesopotamia, but their representatives were not permitted to carry on their work despite the fact that British geologists in army uniforms were engaged in the same task. England, as most people know, has the mandate for Mesopotamia. I refer to these two mandated areas because they—and especially Mesopotamia—were vital factors in the developments at San Remo.

At the beginning of the San Remo Agreement is this general statement:

> This agreement is based on the principles of cordial coöperation and reciprocity in those countries where the oil interests of the two nations [Great Britain and France] can be usefully united. This memorandum relates to the following states and countries: Rumania, Asia Minor, territories of the old Russian Empire, Galicia, French Colonies and British Crown Colonies. This agreement may be extended to other countries by mutual consent.

So much for the broad general outline. Early in this document is the following section, which showed the way the spoils of war were to be divided:

> All shares belonging to former enemy concession which can be secured and all other advantages derived from these negotiations shall be divided, 50 per cent to British interests and 50 per cent to French interests. It is understood that in the company or companies to be formed to undertake the management and the exploitation of the said shares, concessions and other advantages, the two countries shall have the same proportion of 50 per cent in all capital subscribed, as well as in representatives on the board and voting power.

The section just reproduced had no particular commercial interest for America, because, save for the cost of our Army of Occupation and certain war claims growing out of the sinking of the Lusitania and other ships, we have no stake in the war gains. What did concern us vitally was that section of the San Remo Agreement which dealt with Mesopotamia, and which started the international back fire which smoked out the Anglo-French monopoly. Here it is:

> The British Government undertakes to grant to the French Government or its nominee 25 per cent of the net output of crude oil at current market rates which His Majesty's Government may secure from the Mesopotamian oil fields, in the event of their being developed by government action; or in the event of a private petroleum company being used to develop the Mesopotamian oil fields, the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a share of 25 per cent in such company. The price to be paid for such participation to be no more than that paid by any of the other participants to the said petroleum company. It is also understood that the said petroleum company shall be under permanent British control.

In a supplemental paragraph the British Government agreed "to support arrangements by which the French Government may procure from the Anglo-Persian Company supplies of oil, which may be piped from Persia to the Mediterranean through any pipe line which may have been constructed within the French mandated territory and in regard to which France has given special facilities, up to the extent of 25 per cent of the oil so piped, on such terms and conditions as may be mutually agreed between the French Government and the Anglo-Persian Company."

You will observe from these sections of the San Remo Agreement that the United States was left out in the cold. We had done our part in the Great War to secure the things called equality and democracy, and we had made no attempt to break in on the spoils. The American Government rightfully felt that its nationals should not be discriminated against in the matter of entrance to those foreign oil areas which were becoming more and more indispensable to the integrity of the American motor machine and, beyond that, to a considerable portion of their transport and industry. The fight for the open door began. We sought to establish for the mandated areas that same traditional principle of economic quality that we fostered in China. It is the basis upon which American overseas policy is reared.

There is no need of going into the long series of diplomatic notes between the American and British Governments which followed the ratification of the San Remo Agreement. One section will indicate the American point of view. Incidentally it points out one reason why Europe is still in turmoil.

Diplomatic Correspondence

In the first protest transmitted to the British Foreign Office by John W. Davis, then American ambassador to the Court of St. James, this statement appears:

> The Government of the United States desires to point out that during the peace negotiations at Paris leading up to the Treaty of Versailles it consistently took the position that the future peace of the world required that, as a general principle, any alien territory which should be acquired pursuant to the treaties of peace with the Central Powers must be held and governed in such a way as to assure equal treatment in law and in fact to the commerce of all nations. It was on account of and subject to this understanding that the United States felt itself able and willing to agree that the acquisition of certain enemy territory by the victorious powers would be consistent with the best interests of the world. The representatives of the principal allied powers, in the discussion of the mandate principles, expressed in no indefinite manner their recognition of the justice and farsightedness of such a principle and agreed to its application to the mandates over Turkish territory.

Throughout the long interchange of communications the American Government bore down hard upon the necessity for the open door. To quote from a paragraph in Secretary Bainbridge Colby's note to Lord Curzon, because of "the shortage of petroleum, its constantly increasing commercial importance, and the continuing necessity of replenishing the world's supply by drawing upon the latent resources of undeveloped regions, it is of the highest importance to apply to the petroleum industry the most enlightened principles recognized by nations as appropriate for the peaceful ordering of their economic relations."

Needless to say, the British Government in its replies dwelt upon "the nervousness of American opinion concerning the alleged grasping activities of British oil interests," and furthermore minimized the allegation that England's mobilization of oil reserves was for war.

At the risk of digression—it bears, however, on the open door for oil and expresses the American petroleum trade point of view—let me reproduce a statement made by one of the most capable of American oil experts in connection with a nationalized oil supply and war. He said:

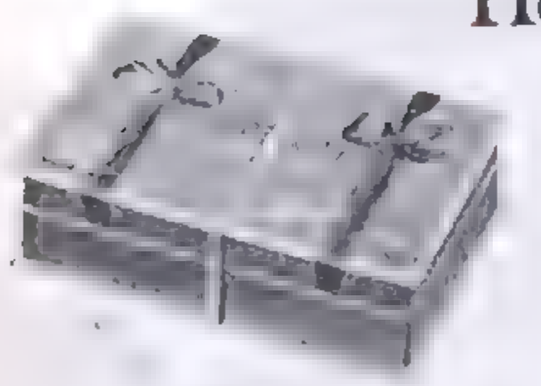
"For a great nation to say, 'Since oil is a prime necessity to us in time of war, the oil resources of our state must be developed solely by our own nationals,' overlooks the economic and practical points: namely, that very large sums are required to develop new oil regions, and much of the money spent in prospecting is not productive; that in case of war only developed oil fields have practical value; and that should there

(Continued on Page 49)

510

A Christmas Plot

How you can surprise her on Christmas Day



Tonight, decide what candy you will give her Christmas.

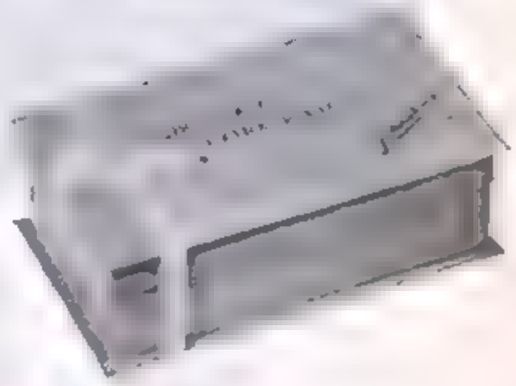
Tonight, take her Johnston's Choice Box. It solves your problem for you. In it are 22 selected kinds of our most delicious confections. And the name of each piece is printed on a little card directly beneath each piece.

Tonight, when she opens the box, watch carefully which kinds she seems to prefer. Then look in the little book that comes with each box. There you will find the boxes filled with the candies she most prefers.

And Christmas Day you can get that particular box, pleasing her beyond measure by your thoughtfulness.

* * *

So take her Johnston's Choice Box tonight—and Christmas morning surprise her with her *own* choice box. A subtle compliment she cannot but appreciate.



Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

Johnston's

R. A. Johnston Co., *Makers of Fine Candies*, Milwaukee, Wis.

You will find the Choice Box in most good stores in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for a sample Choice Box. You will be delighted with its goodness.

The Day of the Knight Is Here

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Coupe-Sedan DeLuxe

$1550 *fob Toledo*

Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Dearest Girl:—With all my heart I give you happiness—thousands of miles of it. I give you freedom from four walls when your house work is done. I give you hundreds of places to go; lots of friends to see; a lighter step; a readier laugh.

I give you a setting of the beauty and charm you deserve; protection from cold and snow and rain and dust; comfort and luxury reached through wide doors front and rear; the safety of big, strong brakes, and the easiest steering ever known in a motor car.

I give you responsive power from an engine that has no clicking valves and that grows smoother and quieter with use—the same type of engine as in the finest cars of Europe.

I give you the motor car I think will make you happiest of all—the Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan.

Merry Christmas! Good Old Motor

— and a snappy New Year

You've pulled me over the toughest hills; you've speeded me cross-country when time was everything; you've slipped me safely through congested traffic.

Always ready, day or night. Ready with that snappy start, that quick pick-up, that wealth of power.

I remember the day I first drove you home—clean, fresh and new. Now you are not so dressy. You may seem a bit old to strangers. But I know. You still have all your youthful vigor and you run as sweetly as ever.

You and I know how it was done. The secret of your youth, from the beginning, has been good oil—Veedol. That's what keeps you young inside.

So here, then, is my Christmas present to you—"exactly what you wanted"—a brand new 5-gallon can of Veedol for another snappy New Year.

A New Christmas Gift

Last year, when Veedol first suggested giving the car something for Christmas, hundreds of motorists found a new answer to the annual gift problem. Call on your dealer now. He will be glad to supply you with five gallon cans of the correct Veedol oils for your own car and those of your friends.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION, 11 Broadway, New York
Chicago, 3433 So. Racine Ave. San Francisco, 440 Brannan St.

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 44)

be a war, any developed oil field is immediately mobilized by the country concerned, irrespective of whether the development was due to domestic or foreign capital. It is better economics to have the losses of development shared by foreign capital than to have the whole loss fall at home. The most complete national self-interest and self-advancement says, 'Throw the doors wide open.'"

Britain clung tenaciously to her closed-door policy, which was no less stringent in Asia Minor than in India, where American oil interests have never been able to get a foothold. At the high tide in the flow of oil notes between the British and American Governments the indictment against England rested on these counts:

First, that she had made the San Remo Agreement with France with no regard for American interests; second, that in the mandated territories, particularly Mesopotamia, she intended to keep whatever oil might be discovered in her own hands; third, that the British Government itself had entered the oil business and was responsible for the activities of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; fourth, that several of the self-governing dominions over the seas had placed an embargo on the development of their petroleum deposits by non-British subjects; fifth, that while this policy of exclusion was being carried out in the Near East and throughout the empire, British owned or controlled companies were acquiring valuable oil concessions in Mexico, Costa Rica, Venezuela, Ecuador and Nicaragua, countries which Americans had come to look upon as being within their own sphere of commercial influence and exploitation.

If you had asked Sir John Cadman—then, as now, the real power behind the shaping of British oil policy—to express an opinion on what was going on he would very likely have responded in this wise:

"The British policy is first and foremost to encourage the maximum of production, to recognize all legitimate prewar rights in the territories that have come under British authority and to discriminate against no interests merely because they are foreign. So far as oil was ever a serious issue between the British and American Governments, it was because the question was being looked at not in the light of facts but of fears, conjectures and stupid misunderstandings. I am far from saying that these misunderstandings were all on one side. Those in this country"—England—"who were perpetually inveighing against the American Oil Trust and accusing it of bleeding the British consumer white were no wiser than the Americans who went about proclaiming that Great Britain was out to corner the oil fields of the world."

The D'Arcy Concession

The exchange of oil notes—which at times were anything but oily might have gone on indefinitely while England intrenched herself more securely in the Near Eastern oil fields and we fretted at the frontiers of foreign oil opportunity. Then came an event which changed the whole situation.

Upon the severance of his official relations with the British Government, Sir John Cadman made a commercial connection which not only altered his personal fortunes but led to a breach in the British closed national petroleum corporation. It once more emphasized a fact, familiar to all traders who regard the world as their field, that individuals can get together in a business transaction far more easily and successfully than nations. Furthermore, it again proved the efficacy of the cardinal maxim which ruled the life of Cecil Rhodes, which was that "it is better to deal with a man than fight with him."

Cadman became adviser and a director in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. No asset that he brought to his new association, not even his unusual oil equipment, was greater than the knowledge of men and methods gained during and immediately after the World War. He viewed with genuine alarm the growing breach between England and America over the closed door. None knew so well as he the immense technical advance that America would enlist for the new field, and he knew also that the moral value of Anglo-Saxon coöperation was not to be despised as a commercial factor.

The Anglo-Persian Oil Company was in a peculiar position to function as a sort of semiofficial agency, because, through the famous Admiralty deal to which I have referred, the British Government was a full-fledged partner in it. The company owned the immense concession acquired by the late William Knox D'Arcy from the Persian Government, which includes all Persia except the five northern provinces. It had another string to its bow in the shape of a 50 per cent interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company. With the latter concern we at last reach the turn in the long lane that America had followed in her efforts to reach the Mesopotamian oil fields.

You will recall that in the section of the Berthelot-Cadman agreement relating to Mesopotamia there occurred the words: "In the event of a private petroleum company being used to develop the Mesopotamian oil fields, the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a share of 25 per cent in such company. . . . . It is also understood that the said petroleum company shall be under permanent British control."

The Sultan's Civil List

This reference was to the Turkish Petroleum Company, which controls the whole of the Mesopotamian oil fields under a concession, or rather a right to operate, granted before the war by the Turkish Government. Behind this concession is the tangle of an international contest for a rich domain that is linked up with that shattered German dream of economic conquest of the whole Near East. No less a person than the former Kaiser himself was a party to the negotiations.

Nor is the controversy over it ended. The Turkish Petroleum Company concession was aired at Lausanne, where the American delegates had confirmation of it kept out of the treaty with Turkey. Despite the high hopes that repose in it—to say nothing of the possible American association—the validity of the concession is still in doubt.

Although the area is to a large extent unprospected, the two richest potential oil fields in Mesopotamia are in the vilayets—provinces—of Mosul and Bagdad. Mosul lies in the north of the present confines of Mesopotamia, which is now known as Iraq. The Turks claim this section as a part of their territory, which is one of the many complications that have arisen.

Before the World War, Mesopotamia was part of the old Turkish Empire, and the Mosul field—as it is more commonly known—was on the Sultan's so-called civil list. This list contained all the rich pickings of the empire and was regarded as the ruler's particular prerogative. Private enterprise was therefore debarred from it. In 1904, following William Hohenzollern's spectacular visit to Constantinople, the Anatolian Railway Company, nominally a Turkish concern, but in reality a German enterprise—for it was the first link in the famous Berlin-to-Bagdad system and was fostered by the Deutsche Bank—obtained a right from the civil list to explore for oil in the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad. The Germans, however, failed to make good, and two years later D'Arcy, who by this time had obtained his Persian concession, started the negotiations to annex Mosul for a British group. D'Arcy wanted an outlet to the Persian Gulf, and the duel between the British and the Germans began. After the Young Turk revolution of 1908, when Sultan Abdul-Hamid's power was broken, the imperial perquisites of the civil list were transferred to the Turkish Ministry of Finance.

Meanwhile the Royal Dutch-Shell interests—the German branch of the Rothschilds was interested in this enterprise—put in an oar, which meant that England, Germany and Holland were now involved. In 1912, Sir Ernest Cassel, who controlled the National Bank of Turkey, a British institution, got all the conflicting interests together and formed the Turkish Petroleum Company, Ltd., which took over whatever claims the Germans and D'Arcy had. In the interim D'Arcy's interests and claims in Mesopotamia had been taken over by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

There is no need of going into the confusing series of deals and counterdeals which followed. What concerns us is the larger fact that by 1914 a new Turkish Petroleum Company—it is a British limited company—had been organized, with 50 per cent of the stock owned by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, 25 per cent by the Royal Dutch-Shell interests and 25 per cent by the Deutsche Bank, which meant the Germans. Since all interests had been harmonized, the British and German ambassadors at Constantinople made a combined attack on the Turkish Government for a valid concession.

In June, 1914, the grand vizier, on behalf of the Turkish Government, wrote to the two ambassadors a letter stating that the Turkish Ministry of Finance, having been substituted for the civil list in the matter of the petroleum deposits known or to be discovered in the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad, consented to lease these deposits to the Turkish Petroleum Company. The ministry reserved the right to fix later its share in the enterprise as well as in the terms of the contract.

Such was the situation when the Great War broke in 1914. Naturally all negotiations relating to the Turkish Petroleum Company ceased. The next time the company lifted its head, so far as the public knew, was at the San Remo Conference, where the French were given the 25 per cent interest formerly held by the Germans. This made the Turkish Petroleum line-up 50 per cent British, 25 per cent Royal Dutch-Shell and 25 per cent French. Despite the fact that the British lacked actual control, they dominated the enterprise.

Now we can pick up Cadman again. When he assumed his post with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company he began to look about for some means by which the growing American hostility to the closed door in Mesopotamia could be sterilized. The British Foreign Office, in its official disclaimers, was insisting upon its innocence so far as exclusion was concerned, while the State Department at Washington, as well as League of Nations enthusiasts like Lord Robert Cecil, was maintaining that mandate rights were being violated in bottling up the oil fields. Cadman came to the conclusion that it was good policy, to say nothing of good business, to let the Americans in on the Anglo-Persian share of the Turkish Petroleum Company, and a historic negotiation got under way.

During the years following the Armistice, when American oil consumption grew by leaps and bounds, farsighted producers in this country began to be alarmed about our supply.

The problem was to find the most available foreign field. Persia at that time was out of the question, although just now there is a likelihood of our entry into the five northern provinces not included in the D'Arcy concession. The two possible American interests for Persia are in conflict, however. The Mexican situation was becoming increasingly uncertain, while Central and South American fields offered no huge reservoirs such as exist in the Near East. The time came therefore when some kind of concerted action elsewhere overseas was imperative.

Mr. Hoover's Statement

Secretary of Commerce Hoover was keenly alive to the perils of the problem. On August 16, 1921, he called a meeting of leading American oil producers in his office at Washington. In the blunt but effective manner that he has of expressing his mind, he said to them in substance:

"As a result of a survey of our own and the world situation it is evident that our domestic sources of oil will last only a generation at the present rate of exhaustion. Meanwhile foreign nations are rapidly preempting the available foreign oil-bearing territory. Unless our nationals reënforce and increase their holdings abroad, we shall be dependent upon other nations for the supply of this vital commodity within a measurable number of years. The truth of the matter is that other countries have conserved their oil at the expense of our own. We must go into foreign fields and in a big way. Though individual initiative will count for much in the location of deposits, the larger American end will be served by concerted action in production."

The net result was the organization of what is known as the American group, which includes not only Standard Oil interests but the leading independents. This group comprises one hope of American oil operations overseas. If successful, it will establish the precedent for joint operation in other fields.

Secretary Hoover's initiative played into the hands of the British interests. The incessant hammering of the American State Department for the open door prodded the British Foreign Office into a departure from its policy of exclusion. As a consequence, a half interest in the Anglo-Persian's share of the Turkish Petroleum Company was offered to the Americans. Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, went abroad to conduct the negotiations on behalf of his colleagues, who, it is well to remember, included the largest independents of the industry. A frank discussion of a possible American participation developed. This participation has not only been outlined but a plan of coöperation tentatively agreed upon.

In the first place, the Turkish Petroleum Company's concession at the time I write really rests upon rather flimsy support. It is concretely embodied in that letter from the grand vizier to the British and German ambassadors. The right to operate was never confirmed by the Turkish parliament. Not only has the Turkey which granted this original right ceased to exist but Mesopotamia is now outside Turkish territorial confines.

This exclusion from Turkish territory is bad enough, but Mesopotamia has its own ruler—King Feisal—and an assembly. The Turkish petroleum concession must be ratified by the new Mesopotamian Government, which, so far as the assembly is concerned, is not altogether friendly to England, although John Bull fought valiantly to maintain the integrity of the domain. Therefore until the Mesopotamian—or rather the Iraq—Government confirms the concession its validity is open to question.

"To Foresee Is to Rule"

There is another phase. A participation by any American group in the foreign field must conform to the State Department's conception of the open-door policy, which not only means entrance under the same conditions as any other nationals but an equal opportunity for everybody. Thus the specific American group organized for a possible alliance with the Turkish Petroleum Company cannot preclude any other oil producers, whatever their flag, from subleasing territory in the Mesopotamian field. Upon this condition the American group is insistent.

Again, if by any remote chance the present Turkish Government has any say in the matter of a Turkish petroleum concession, it will be adverse. When I interviewed Rauf Bey, then prime minister of the new Turkish régime at Angora, he made this statement:

"We will never recognize the Turkish petroleum concession. There must be a new deal all around."

Moreover, the Turks today have no particular love for the British and still long to put their fingers into the Mesopotamian pie. In the old days the Sultan's government retained its hold upon the Mesopotamian tribes by inciting one against the other. It was merely an exemplification of the traditional Turkish policy of capitalizing the other fellows' discords and troubles. Turkish history may repeat itself in the matter of a ratification of the Turkish petroleum concession.

As the matter now stands, the big significance of the whole Turkish petroleum episode is: First, that it marks a change in the British closed-door oil policy in the Near East; second, that at last American oil producers are awake to the necessity of organized effort abroad.

These American producers are handicapped by the lack of a practical government foreign policy such as Britain places squarely behind her nationals overseas. Though governments in England change from time to time, the policies that affect British trade and industrial exploitation abroad do not. On the other hand, each new Secretary of State at Washington has a different foreign outlook. Moreover, in things commercial the British Foreign Office seeks always to anticipate events, while our State Department usually acts after events have happened. "To foresee is to rule," whether in the business battles of peace or in the actual conflicts of war.

Whatever the outcome, we have definitely aligned ourselves in the contest for world oil supremacy. It is not a bid for corporate power, but a struggle for economic self-preservation. The stage is set, the characters are placed, the motive is disclosed. We can now see how the drama unfolds.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the world oil situation. The next will be devoted to the British interests

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

of Europe. Austria is no longer starving, and the international loan under the control of the League of Nations has stabilized her currency so that business is coming back to Vienna and reviving the spirit of a gay-hearted people. But it is only the careless observer who imagines that all is well according to the old standards of well-being. The peasants are all right. The Jewish bankers and traders are making profits, but the ordinary professional man, the old cultured middle classes, the women who used to make Austria one of the centers of fashion and luxury, belong to a chapter of history which has been turned down. They are stinting and scraping on salaries less than the wages of bell boys in New York, who are millionaires to them. They have meat once or twice a week. They cannot buy books if they want a little butter to their bread. They are not starving, not even hungry—not many of them—but they are not buying more than their barest needs. So it is in Hungary, in Poland, and now in Germany.

The old world before the war when Great Britain grew rich and placed immense reserves of wealth to her credit, was not built up in prosperity by people going to market to satisfy their barest needs. The British Empire, and especially the rich manufacturers of England, built up their fortunes by supplying the demand of a world which for a century at least was continually increasing its demands and desires, constantly raising the general standard of life, and widening its margin of luxury—the comforts, beauties and adornments of civilization after the satisfaction of life's elementary provision.

Dislocations of Trade

What is happening now in many parts of Europe is the annihilation of that margin of luxury—by which I do not mean the vicious luxury of the overrich, but the comfortable spending power of the enormous middle-class world which was created by the industrial era after the Napoleonic wars. It was that enlargement of comfort, that increasing of purchasing power, that prosperity of innumerable small homes which sent so many ships into so many harbors with heavy cargoes. Now imperceptibly, over the greater part of Europe, there is a dropping back to elementary needs, if even those may be satisfied.

What can one say of the middle classes in Europe when the rector of Cologne University gets less wage per week than a street sweeper outside his door, when a head clerk in Berlin gets a weekly salary which is less than he needs to buy a pair of boots, when skilled workers in Austria get a little more than two shillings a day, when from one end of Germany to another the standard of life has dropped so low that a workingman is lucky beyond most of his neighbors if he can maintain his bodily strength and provide enough food for his wife and children?

Because Central Europe is not buying so much wool from Australia, so much cotton from India, so much meat from Argentina, so much timber from Norway, so much butter from Denmark, those countries and many others are not buying the manufactured goods of England by 50 per cent of prewar amounts in many important articles of trade.

Great Britain is faced with the hardest struggle for industrial life that has ever happened in her history. To feed her population of 42,000,000 she has to import two-thirds of her food from overseas, and that can be paid for only by raw material and manufactured goods. With restricted markets and declining industry, that is becoming more and more difficult upon a sound economic basis. Already there is a rising tide of unemployment which is revealing with tragic intensity the effect of this world stagnation of trade upon her industrial life. In her great manufacturing towns of the north factories are closing down or working on short time, and in almost every class of industry men are being turned away from the factory gates because it is useless to employ them.

The figures of actual unemployment are difficult to obtain because in addition to those on the registers and receiving the dole—in October last 1,354,750—there are masses of unemployed in the trades, occupations and callings to which the Unemployment Insurance Acts do not apply. Those are agriculture, outworkers, private domestic service and many branches of clerical work, which add heavy figures to the total of workless and wageless people. The greatest authority on unemployment in England—Sir Lynden Macassey—estimates that the actual number of wage and salary earners out of work in October last could not be less, and were probably more than 1,995,000. That is a sum of human derelicts in the industrial world of Great Britain perfectly appalling in its significance of national distress.

The British Government, after trying to turn a blind eye to the magnitude of this problem, was at last made aware of the urgent need and danger by a storm of public opinion in which there was the sullen growl of angry and despairing men from all the great industrial cities. It voted £50,000,000 for the subsidy of emergency schemes, in addition to the £85,000,000 already expended on road making, and state contributions of nearly £10,000,000 to unemployment insurance last year. That is an immense burden on a national treasury which is faced by increased expenditure, dwindling revenue, and a frightful war debt. Turn which way they will, English statesmen and financiers see no possible way of relieving the capitalists of the country from a taxation which is crippling their trade activities—one cause of the high cost of production which prevents them from selling their goods in markets of low purchasing power.

Not Out of the Woods

Months before the presentation of next year's budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, uttered a plain warning to the people that they can expect no further remission of taxes and that national expenditure can no longer be reduced by drastic and even violent economy such as produced an unexpected surplus in the previous year. That expenditure which in 1919–1920 amounted to £1,665,000,000 had been brought down in 1923 to something less than half that amount. That had been done by heroic means, but the more that had been cut down in the past the less it would be possible to cut off in the future, and any savings that could be made would be wanted to catch up with the corresponding fall in revenue. Speaking with more candor than his predecessors who doped the public with rose-tinted promises, Chamberlain made the following grave and courageous statement:

> We are not yet out of the woods. We have in front of us a weary and perhaps exhausting struggle. But you have got to set your teeth and go through with it as you went through bad times in the war.

One of the most lamentable aspects of English life today—and the most dangerous of all if England were to become involved in another great war—is the condition of agriculture. It is dying and nearly dead. The agricultural laborer in England, where he continues to be employed at all, is paid so much less than a living wage—in some districts no more than fourteen shillings a week—that he has to get relief from the rates in order to keep alive. Yet the farmer is unable to pay him more, for the present loss on plow land amounts to several times the rental. A policy of despair has been proclaimed by the National Farmers' Union, and they have solemnly warned the government that unless there is some form of protection for English farmers, or some national subsidy, they will turn all their land to grass. That is a threat to the life of the cities which might be death in time of war. In any case it is a calamity to the old peasant stock of England from which the best blood of the land and its health of body and soul were drawn. The blame of it must be put down to that evil period of industrial expansion when the factory towns drained the fields of their folk in order to swamp the world with cheap manufactured goods without provision being made for what is the main foundation of a nation's well-being—a healthy and prosperous farming class, producing food enough or nearly enough to supply the needs of the urban population.

Foreign Competition

What can the British Government do? If it puts up a tariff it raises the price of food at a time when the city people have these masses of unemployed. If it subsidizes the farmers it is another drain upon the national exchequer leading to increased taxation which can hardly be borne, which indeed is intolerable now. Yet to that they will have to come for safety's sake because in the present state of Europe the food supplies must be assured for at least three months ahead, which is all that the country produces for its own consumption.

Another great danger to England, so dependent on export trade, is her increasing difficulty in keeping the prices of her wares to a level which has any chance of competition with foreign industries. Those European countries have a double-edged weapon in the warfare of trade, hurtful to their rivals yet wounding to themselves. It is the low value of their money in exchange with English pounds and the low standard of life which gives them cheap labor. Before the surrender of passive resistance in the Ruhr and the break-up of Germany, when German paper money still had some real value in wages, a skilled German worker was paid considerably less than his English rival.

Reckoned in actual standards of value it amounted to this: That to obtain a certain quantity of margarin a German worker would have to labor for four and a half hours, whereas an English worker would earn the same amount in forty minutes.

Put into metal work, leather work, sewing machines, plows, typewriters, any kind of manufactured thing—the same proportion holds good between Germany and England in cheapness of labor, which is the main share in the cost of production. How then can England compete unless her standard of life is also lowered and her workers reduced to starvation wages? But there are countries where labor is even cheaper than that Italy, Hungary, Austria, Poland, Jugo-Slavia. The workers of Great Britain, holding on to their standard of life, decent but none too high, with stubborn refusal to sink to the old levels of sweated labor, are finding themselves already the victims of that cruel competition in poverty-stricken countries. For there is a decreasing sale of the things they make, and that rising tide of unemployment which robs them of any kind of wage.

Great Britain is face to face with the tragic fact that unless there is a recovery in Europe—and very soon she will be unable to support her population. As it is clear now that there will be no quick recovery in Europe, owing to the collapse of Germany, which is dragging down the whole Continent—what fools were they who believed otherwise!—it is inevitable that there will be a steady stream of emigration from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales during the next decade. Young men and skilled men, not yet demoralized by the despair of unemployment—the creeping paralysis of men's stamina and will power—are already drifting out of England to the British Dominions. Also in spite of the restrictions on immigration to the United States many mechanics from the shipyards and engineering shops of England and Scotland are finding positions in American works. Australia and Canada are preparing to receive large numbers of sturdy young men able to face a hard life in the fields.

The imperial conference in London has held out rosy hopes in the future of the great federation of English-speaking peoples under the Union Jack, and doubtless a century from now the British Empire will be richly developed by teeming populations bound together by ties of race, commerce and mutual defense. But a century is a far time ahead to those who now must live, and meanwhile Great Britain, the mother country, must steel her old heart to many sorrows, sacrifices and shocks. After years of great wealth she will have to live in reduced circumstances, shabby genteel, stinting and scraping, keeping up appearances by desperate economies. The English people must face up to a poverty and time of hardship which is going to test their quality of courage more than the years of war, when it was put to the proof, and proved.

Facing the Future

It is my absolute belief that England will pass through that ordeal with a spiritual resistance in adversity which is bound to prevail. But it will not be without agony, perhaps not without riot, bloodshed and civil strife. It is almost certain, as far as any prophecies are certain, that within a few years there will be a Labor Government in England. So far from being afraid of that, there are many thoughtful observers who believe that it may be an advantage to the nation. The present leaders of the Labor Party are essentially moderate in their policy in spite of the wild men within their ranks. They will become more moderate with the responsibility of power, taking the place of the old Liberal Party, which is moribund. They stand between revolution and reaction, and represent that middle-of-the-road in character and compromise which is the strongest element in the mental and moral traditions of the British folk. But revolution and reaction will both struggle for mastery in this time of national crisis approaching with hurried feet—and the fight will not be with gloves on.

The history of the immediate future in England will contain some exciting and perhaps some tragic chapters. But looking back into the chronicles of the past, one is fortified by the faith that in hardest times old England has shown its finest qualities in courage, in strength and in stubborn refusal to surrender pride.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

THE RENEGADE

(Continued from Page 13)

a question of price and that was entirely in the hands of Rinaldesin.

From all over Europe came protests, but Rinaldesin had the whip hand of Europe. Delegations and deputations of Jews arrived. He always received them, generally at his house in the evening and in the presence of friends of his, scourged them with epigrams and sent them away empty. Now he was to receive a final committee of Jewish journalists, of which Janow was a member and little Frankel the secretary.

The great car bore him off down the splendors of the avenue to where Paris lay waiting for his pleasure. Janow turned furiously to his companion.

"Why did you take your hat off to him?" he demanded.

The little man split his nutcracker face with a grin.

"So that he should take his off," he chuckled. "I wanted to see him without it."

"Did you think then that you had seen him before—that you knew anything about him?"

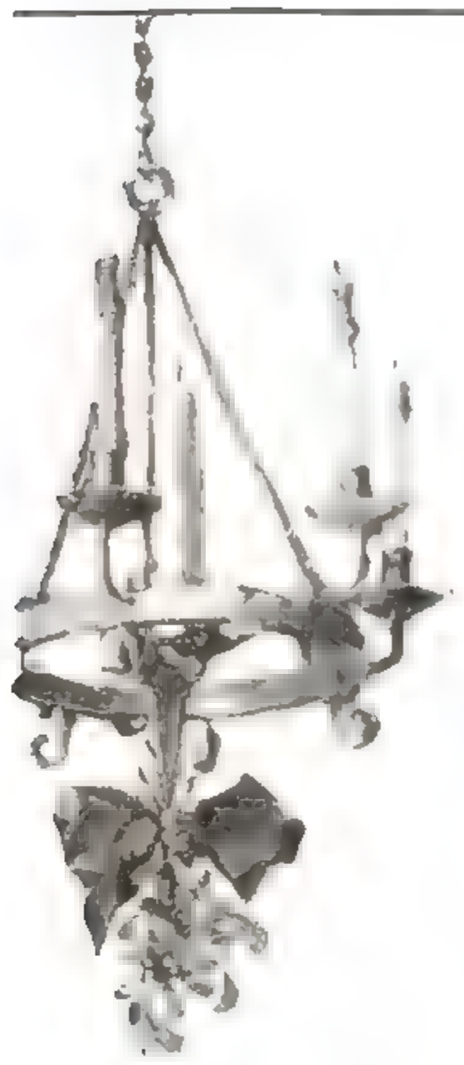
"Never saw him before in my life," answered Frankel. "But he's worth seeing." They had turned and were walking back by this time. "What a poise, eh? What balance and what dignity! And what a shove it would need to throw it down and smash it!"

Janow nodded impatiently.

"I know all that," he said.

"Ah-ha!" laughed the little man. "Then that's where you're wrong. A man like that may make the world shudder at him, but he mustn't let it laugh. Why, it's safer for him to be shot at in the street than to

(Continued on Page 52)



DODGE BROTHERS
"A" SEDAN

There's an air of refinement about the interior that you would naturally expect in a car as beautiful and substantial as the "A" Sedan.

People of taste frequently comment on the richness of the interior color scheme, and the obvious fine quality of every fixture and appointment.

The price is $1385 f. o. b. Detroit

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

They Grip, Cushion and Wear

From an actual unretouched photograph

"In a year of service, our Goodyear Cushion Truck Tires have saved tire and truck bills, given sure traction in and out of coal yards and other no-road places, and returned us high mileage, too."—HOLLAND & FLYNN, Minneapolis, Minn.

Wherever you want real cushioning resilience combined with tractive power and long, economical wear, use Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cushion Tires. Their patented hollow center design insures resilience to the final mile. Their All-Weather Tread is famous for gripping power. Their Goodyear quality guarantees good wear. With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires they are the ideal combination for heavy duty hauls.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

Continued from Page 50

sit down on a pin. Our organizations have been going on the wrong tack."

"Why didn't you put them right then if you're so clever?" sneered Janow. "It's too late to talk of wrong tacks now, with our deputation being received tonight."

The smaller man only grinned, and they walked on to their hotel.

The committee of Jewish journalists consisted of only four members and the secretary.

There was Herz, from Berlin, a tall, middle-aged man with a serious, handsome face; Stein, the Englishman, employed in the Paris office of a London paper; Janow, a Russian; Buscarlet, a Frenchman; and Frankel, who was a Rumanian. Men more different racially, as well as in point of experience and mentality, could scarcely be found. Nothing united them save that strange unbreakable band of their common Judaism.

They met that afternoon in Stein's office for a final conference. None of them had hoped that their reception that evening by Rinaldesin would produce any good result. As newspaper men, they knew too well the quality of his personality, his power, his methods.

"We must go, of course," Stein was saying. "But the whole matter is really settled already. It hasn't even a news value compared with Fiume. Later, when it's done and the massacres have started ——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We must go," agreed Herz. "I had prepared a short speech—quite short—but I shan't deliver it. I shall merely say what we have come for and hand it to him in writing. Perhaps we'd all better do that."

Buscarlet nodded.

"Excellent!" he said. "It will shorten the whole farce and it will also deprive him of his characteristic replies."

Stein and Janow also agreed.

"Well," said Frankel, "I shall speak. I want to hear one of his famous answers. Oh, I shan't play the fool!"

They tried to dissuade him, but the little man was obstinate. He would be as brief as they liked, but speak he would. It was finally agreed, therefore, that the others should merely hand over their written statements and the proceedings should close with Frankel's remarks. Stein summed up the common opinion.

"I'd rather you'd do as we do," he said. "But after all, it doesn't make any difference one way or another. The sooner it's over the better."

Frankel looked impish.

"Yes," he said; "before we forget that the poor people down there are real at all. When Rinaldesin has done with us, he's going to start on them."

It was at ten o'clock that evening that they were ushered up the main staircase of the white-marble palace, incongruous figures in their overcoats, with their hats in their hands, amid its splendors. Rinaldesin collected houses as other men collect china; he had them in half a dozen cities from Venice to Moscow, each a home of the art treasures he had been gathering for half a lifetime. Here in Paris were chiefly his modern pictures, and the great gallery in which at last they were bidden to wait was lined with them. Left to themselves, Stein and Buscarlet began to wander along the walls, commenting in low voices upon the paintings. Herz turned to Frankel.

"What exactly do you mean to say to him?" he asked. "You see, whatever you say commits us all. Now don't start laughing here!"

"I'm not laughing," grinned the little man. "It's the shape of my face that you're noticing. Or the shape of my mind perhaps. And wouldn't it be a good thing that a Jew should be able to stand among Rinaldesin's treasures and laugh?"

"You haven't answered my question," urged Herz.

"No," said Frankel. "It might make you laugh, and I know you wouldn't like that."

A footman opened the great doors opposite those by which they had entered the gallery and stood aside. Stein and Buscarlet came over to join the others and they waited together in the middle of the shining floor. There was nothing mean or paltry about them—except Frankel's hat—but each instinctively felt his effect at the heart of all that magnificence. The stage was set, the scene was lit, to show them as ghetto figures, those whose tragedy is ridiculous, whose comedy is repulsive.

Then, lacking only a crash of arms and a peal of trumpets to complete it, came the entry of Rinaldesin and his friends—two ladies, lovely and bare as to neck and arms, and a long young man, languid and herring gutted. The Jewish journalists bowed.

Rinaldesin advanced towards them. He really was worth seeing. Above the great white expanse of his shirt his face had not so much power as was seen through power, as an anatomical specimen is seen through the spirit which preserves it. It was serious now, and bent itself upon the committee observantly. But he did not speak. Behind him the ladies and their *cicisbeo* twittered in laughing whispers. Herz stepped forward and bowed again.

"Sir, I have the honor to present the committee of Jewish journalists whom you consented to receive."

All bowed again, and this time Rinaldesin inclined his magnificent head.

"I hope the Jewish journalists are going to be brief," he said.

"Briefer than you can have hoped, sir," answered Herz. "All that I have to say is in this memorial which I will leave with you."

He rendered it. Rinaldesin put his hands behind his back and half smiled down at it as Herz held it out to him.

"And these others have done the same?" he queried. "I had promised my friends speeches, and now all you have for them is samples of Jewish journalism. I have a large experience of deputations, and though I have never known them effect anything, I assure you this is not their procedure. Come! Instead of bothering my secretary with that literature let me hear one little speech!"

Herz sighed. He half hurried to where Frankel stood beside Janow, his merry little face more serious than its wont.

"I believe this gentleman has something to say," said Herz.

"Ah, this one!" Rinaldesin looked and Frankel smiled at him. "But I have seen you before, my friend. This morning, wasn't it?"

"This very morning," agreed Frankel, with his little throaty chuckle.

"Ah!" Rinaldesin wasn't going to be so condescending as all that. "And now you are going to speak to me? Speak, then."

"At once!"

He stepped forward to Rinaldesin so that his back was to his colleagues and they could not see his face. But they saw him throw back his head to speak directly up to the big man. And then he spoke. His voice was low; they could not catch a word of it or distinguish what language he used. But its effect was instant. Rinaldesin's mighty countenance was convulsed as a man's might be who is stabbed in the back. They saw him answer hurriedly, with a real appearance of panic, then break off and clasp a hand over his mouth to guard his lips.

Frankel turned to them with the most awful grin he had ever shown them. But Rinaldesin gave him no chance to speak. Grabbing him by the arm, he all but rushed him from the room, leaving its other occupants staring and dumb.

They did not notice at what moment the ladies and their companion went out; they stood there trying to discuss and guess and finding nothing to advance. A miracle had happened.

Frankel, when he reappeared, would say nothing till they took him to Herz's hotel and stayed him with flagons. At last he spoke.

"The treaty won't be signed," he said. "I made him swear to that."

"But how?" they clamored. "What did you say to him?"

He grinned.

"Nothing much. I just marched up to him and said, 'When did you become an apostate?' He reddened and glared and said, 'How dare you suggest ——' Then he clapped his hand over his mouth and dragged me out. He saw he'd given himself away."

"I don't see how he had," said Stein.

"No?" smiled Frankel. "But he did. For I'd asked him the question in Hebrew. He's a Rumanian Jew who went to America as a young man, came back with money and bought oil land. In those days Jews couldn't hold land, so he hid his religion and grew rich and swelled out and became what he is now. He told me this; I made him. And now he's a kind of religious cannibal—a Jew-devouring Jew."

There was a silence while they digested it.

"It's the end of the persecution," said Herz slowly. "After all he's done, they'd hound him out of Europe!"

Buscarlet interrupted

"But you must have known something already, when you went up and spoke to him like that. You must"

Again that shocking grin.

"Well, I was watching him today with Janow here when he drove away from his house. I took off my hat and smiled tenderly at him. I was quite close to him. People always say 'Good Lord' or 'What the devil,' when they see me like that I saw his lips shape on a phrase, though he didn't utter any sound But that phrase was as plain as if he'd shouted it."

"What was it?" they chorused.

"He said, 'Hear, my son!' But in the Hebrew, '*Shema, beni!*'"

He lifted the flagon again. The persecution was finished and the flagon wasn't. He was happy.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

when new clews to the mystery were reported, it seethed with excitement. Speculation was rife, conjecture not altogether complimentary It now appears that Mr. Fifield is employed by the shipping interests at a good salary, and that his services are satisfactory.

As a result of this knowledge the excitement has died down. But no other citizen has contributed more to this community than Mr. Fifield:

He gave it something to talk about for three years.

A leading publicist, writing not long ago to a very large clientele of readers, offered it as his opinion that what the leading politicians, irrespective of party, desire is the good of the country If that opinion is given wide credence this country virtually is ruined for a majority of its citizens. Take from the average man his belief that every politician is corrupt and that every financier wishes to exploit him, and you have riddled his articles of faith and left him without so much as a stanchion on which to lean.

Every man has his distinction. Sim Heckle had eleven persons in his flivver at one time Sunday afternoon. The previous record for this vicinity was held by Jim Oelwine, who once hauled nine persons to a baptizing on Bear Creek.

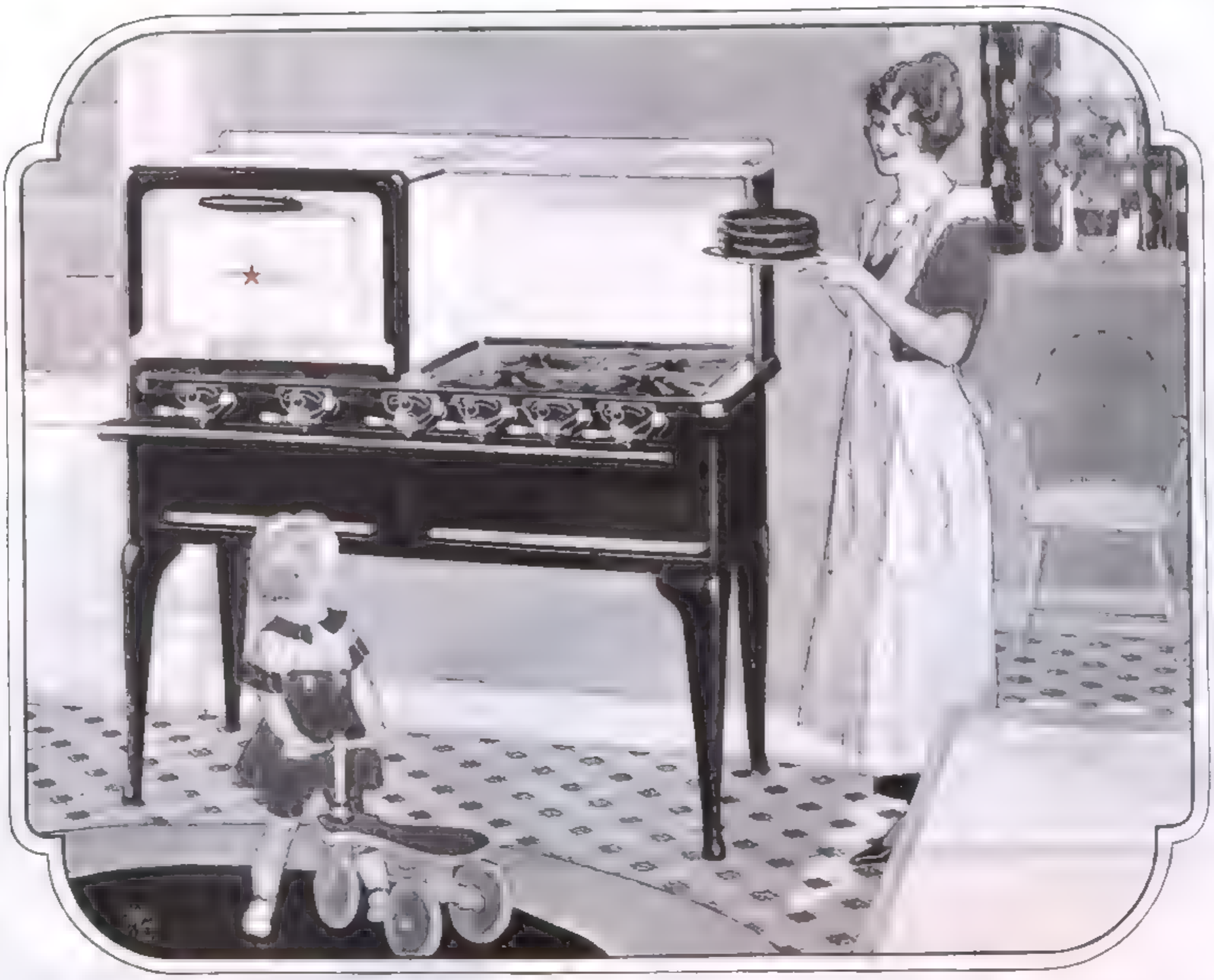
The seconds and trainers of the League of Nations seem to be holding a consultation. Sim Furness says the object of the consultation is to decide whether they shall wait till spring to toss the sponge into the ring or do it now.

A good many say Congressman Mortimer Judd's recommendation of Willard Wilson for appointment as postmaster was political. They say Mr. Wilson has a great deal more influence in this community than all the other applicants combined. Very likely that is true. It is also well within the bounds of conjecture that, as between the two, the man who has achieved a position of influence in his community is better qualified to be postmaster than an unknown and uninfluential aspirant.

Ed Fincus, who had two boys in the war, thinks the country should pay the soldiers a bonus, but believes those engaged in farming should be exempted from any financial obligation in the connection. "Make the profiteers pay it," says Mr. Fincus, who is engaged in farming south of town. Probably Mr. Fincus does not realize it. Likely he is in no sense a candidate. But men have been elected to the United States Senate for less.

If it is anything you particularly like to do the probability is that a law forbidding it is in contemplation and that it will eventually be written into the statutes.

—JAY E. HOUSE.



Nothing could stop Red Star success. It combines in an OIL STOVE those qualities heretofore expected only of the finest gas range. The RED STAR is beautiful, sanitary, easy to operate, and a joy to work with.

The RED STAR is an OIL STOVE. But it HAS NO WICKS or wick substitutes. It cooks with a fast GAS HEAT made by the patented RED STAR burners.

There is a size of RED STAR for every need and a price for every purse. If you do not know the RED STAR dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the RED STAR booklet.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

From a painting by L. V. Carroll

© ARCO 1923

Our free Arcola Book contains a secret worth finding out—how to warm your whole house with less coal than you are now using to heat a part. Write today for your copy to either address below.

The good old summer time —in December

FRANK LEHR of Noblesville, Indiana, lived in a typical American home with an all-American temperature. The kitchen was Miami, but the bedrooms were Bangor, Maine.

A year ago he threw out his old-fashioned heating plant and installed Arcola, setting it in the kitchen and connecting it with an American Radiator in every room.

"We are delighted," he wrote last December. "Our home, which was only partially heated before, is now like summer all the time. Rooms which were never known to be warm are filled with growing plants. . . . We would not part with Arcola for $1000 if we could not have another."

Human life is short enough at the best. Why waste another winter huddled around an old-fashioned stove or in a room half hot and half cold from an old-fashioned heating plant? Why not have warmth from an American Radiator in *every* room?

The cost is only a fraction of the value which Mr. Lehr places on his Arcola; and the whole amount comes back to you. Thousands of owners testify that Arcola pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd Street, Dept. 161
NEW YORK

AMERICAN RADIATORS | IDEAL BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 161
CHICAGO

OPENING THE DOOR TO DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 8

The minister replied as follows: "Forget that nonsense. As far as I am concerned you are the busiest man in the capital, and the only one who can do a favor. I'll be around in ten minutes."

Let us grant that in uttering those words, and promptly ringing off, he proved up on his claim to the sometimes empty title of diplomat. He was one. But there was something deeper than a trick in what he said and did. In smashing a hoary precedent, all by himself, he was not doffing his hat to an office but to a condition. He was merely a jump ahead of his more somnolent colleagues in the realization that the handling of commerce has eclipsed in importance all other international relationships combined, and that the slogan of civilized man today is not "Westward the course of empire takes its way," or anything sonorous like that, but is comprised in two words: "Saw wood."

Under the new conditions the foreign service of every nation, including our own, is its bucksaw, and on a parity in importance with army and navy. The difference between our bucksaw and those of our principal competitors is that ours has a clamp riveted halfway along the blade. In fact, it looks more like a tub divided by a water-tight bulkhead than a bucksaw. On one side of the bulkhead is the mass of our diplomatic representation; on the other is the entire consular corps. Mr. Rogers' bill is a kick directed at that bulkhead. To revert to the former of our scrambled metaphors, he would like to remove the clamp and give the saw a full swing.

But before we take up that main feature of the movement toward opening the door to diplomacy, let us snatch a fleeting glance at the American consul, an individual popularly visualized as clothed in pajamas and a palm-leaf fan, and persistently addressed by the fair stenographers of our land as "Counsel," when it isn't "Council." What was he? What is he? What might he be with a little help from you? These are important questions. A full answer would fill a book, and the book would make you sometimes laugh, sometimes weep, sometimes curse, often admire, but seldom envy.

It is astonishing how many of us still think that the only duty of an American consul is to help us out when we go broke abroad. It is not the consul's business to help out in such a case unless the destitute person be an American seaman, a highly technical and pampered individual who has a legal right to be returned to this country at the expense of the general taxpayer, irrespective of conduct, creed or color. Incidentally, an American seaman need not be, and ordinarily is not, an American.

Trained Men on Modest Pay

There is something exasperatingly funny about the way the traveling public has seized upon the only office a consul is not called upon to perform, as his main duty. Everything else, with the exception of this matter of supporting, out of his meager individual pocketbook, any American citizen who happens to be hard up, the consul is expected to do. His is a profession which embraces every other to an amazing degree. In only such measure as he is a potential lawyer, banker, merchant, engineer, judge and candlestick maker, can he be a successful consul.

At a time when corsets were still in use a large section of our service was called upon to state exactly why the American format was commercially ostracized throughout South America. The same week saw all those men up to their ears in a report on the sewerage systems of the world. Now if there is one thing more specialized than the art of corset manufacture, it is the principles upon which are founded the opposing schools of city sewerage. Except for this common feature of extreme technicality, no two branches of industrial endeavor are farther apart than corsets and sewers. And yet the modern American consul is never allowed to say he does not know. If he doesn't know it is up to him to find out.

As an indirect result of this demand for omniscience on the part of our consuls we have Mr. Skinner testifying before the congressional committee as follows: "I do not hesitate to say that 40 per cent of the members of the consular service today could enter the business world and command salaries or compensation running into very large figures. Mr. Carr has told you that we are losing some of our best material—young men who do not feel that they can wait for remedial legislation. We lost one such man about two months ago. I understand that he is making $20,000 a year today and has brilliant financial prospects."

Other testimony in the hearings showed half a dozen cases of men taken over by business at from three to six times what the Government was permitted to pay for their services.

Nevertheless, every sympathy is due the American who wonders what a consul is for and what he does at the ends of the world. Here is a man who climbs on a ship, sails off into the void, and we pay him until he gets back. He goes beyond the range of the public eye, which makes the public purse restless. That is quite natural, but here is a chance for you to stretch your individual vision and behold a consul in action. One such arrived at the capital of a potentially rich colony three or four years before the war. He found only two other Americans in residence, but a reasonable amount of American trade. He set his heart on increasing that trade 300 per cent in three years. He reached that goal, and had it not been for the sudden disruption caused by the war the fifth year would have seen our sales to that portion of the globe increased to ten times what they were at the date of his arrival.

How did he do it?

The Consul's Nose for News

It was simple. In every new country under active development the local government is the preponderant purchaser. The consul specialized on government contracts. Through friendly relations with the authorities he established the principle that he get all bids for tenders one week ahead of his European colleagues, to overcome the handicap of the longer mail transit. Where the business was important enough to justify such action he cabled a synopsis of specifications and the probable date of the arrival in Washington of the full papers, so that whoever was interested could be on the spot and prepared for action.

He applied this policy of prompt information to every other branch of commercial activity. Friendship and a box of expensive cigars enabled him to put his own clerks in the customhouse to add up the trade totals within thirty days of the close of the calendar year. These statistics were published in Washington eight months before they were issued by the home government of the colony. The local English paper printed a commendatory résumé of the report as published in Washington, but expressed satisfaction and surprise that the British consul general had issued his annual report two months previously. The American consul met the editor at the club and drew him aside.

"I'll tell you a joke if you promise not to repeat it. My report covered last year; the British report was on the figures for the year before last."

The editor gasped and turned red. "I'll publish an apology in my next issue."

"No, you won't," said the consul, thereby gaining a lifelong friend. "This is one of those times when an apology would create unpleasantness and gain me nothing. Let it ride."

So much for the general policy which secured a 300 per cent increase in our trade, but what about the 1000 per cent raise stopped by the war? In 1913 the colonial government announced the initiation of no less than seven separate railways, opening up the regions behind various ports, and which would in the course of years be welded into a single system of many hundreds of miles.

In going over the advance specifications the consul discovered an infinitesimal nigger in the woodpile—a nigger measured by millimeters. This small fraction of an inch called for a rail rolled only in Germany.

Do you get what that meant? The initial orders would be too small to interest our manufacturers to the extent of modifying their machinery; but once these seven small spurs of railway were started on the German basis the whole system was bound, almost inevitably, to go the same way. The German steel combine was represented by an exceedingly successful agent; the American manufacturers had no one on the spot.

The consul attacked the director of public works with every conceivable argument. He appealed on the grounds of sound economics, of fair play, and then of minimum justice, for a chance for American rails. From the first the official stood so pat as to arouse suspicion. The consul abandoned courtesy and started nagging. In due course he got a letter in reply to his respectful but incessant protests, so insulting that its mere display to the governor-general would have brought about the functionary's prompt dismissal. Now, one of the strange things about us Americans is that it is just as difficult to get us to sell abroad as it is to get folks abroad to demand our goods. That letter did not go to the governor-general; it was too valuable. It remained on file as Exhibit No. 1, and certified, word-for-word translations of it left by the first mail to certain addresses in the United States.

Within forty-eight hours of their arrival the local representative of the German combine received a cablegram from his home office on the Rhine instructing him to sell only American rails. Let the reader guess what happened over the telephone between the giants of high finance in New York to bring about this rib-splitting reversal on the outskirts of the world. The fact remains that but for the outbreak of the war seven little railways would have started out with American rails, inevitably carrying in their wake a large amount of American equipment and accessories.

That case was exceptional and smells of the bludgeon of sweet revenge, so let me cite another. I knew a consul who went back of Adam and created an industry in order to create a demand for American goods. Government orders did not predominate in his district, and consequently he looked for something else. He perceived that casual circumstances as well as permanent conditions indicated great possibilities for dairy farms. There was not a single dairy farm in the entire region, but there was a market, and loads of just farms, all hard up. He circularized them thoroughly, mounted a catalogue exhibit in his office, and advertised it in the press. He deliberately created a dairy industry which grew with amazing rapidity and which to this day regards the purchase of any but American appliances as a sort of patricide. When the consul left that post, milk-fed babies were being named after him.

Threat for Threat

These two examples happen to center on rails and separators, but they must not be taken to indicate favoritism to certain of our industries. They are merely high lights in a general policy which aims at playing the main chance as an opening wedge. Get in heavily with any one line of goods, and a dozen other distinct lines from the same country will inevitably follow, for trade breeds trade as surely as one dollar will breed another if you give it half a chance. But the path of the consul is never all roses, nor does he always know the fine distinctions in his own business.

A worthy American, many years established in Japan as a manufacturer of certain goods produced in competition with the United States, wrote to an American consul in South America requesting a list of possible customers. The consul refused the information. The American came back with a hot letter, stating that every other officer addressed had complied with his request, and closing with a threat to the effect that he had an uncle in the United States Senate, and if the list he asked for did not come forward by return post the consul's job would soon be worth less than its actual face value of thirty cents.

The consul took the trouble to reply at great length, deprecating the error of his colleagues, and setting forth the principles upon which the consular service is founded. "You will perceive," he concluded, "that the American consular service is an establishment run for the benefit of American trade and not for the American trader. As regards your threat, I can only assure you that if you tell your uncle, I will tell my mother." The correspondence was forwarded through the Department of State, and it is a matter of lasting regret that the final sentence was expurgated.

These snapshots of the American foreign service in action are just snapshots, and

To Mennen Users Only!

If I suggested that you give a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream to those of your friends who are still suffering the pangs of less modern shaving preparations you might accuse me of seeking to exploit the Christmas spirit for mercenary reasons.

But look at it in another light. A gift of Mennen's to non-users represents far more than the 35c or 50c involved.

You would be giving them months of such shaving comfort as they never thought existed. You would save them untold irritation and smarting. You would present them with an aggregate of several hours saved in shaving time over a period of months. You would be furnishing them clearer, healthier complexions.

Think back to the dark ages before you became a Mennen convert. What if some enlightened friend had given you a tube of Mennen's? Wouldn't you have thanked him the rest of your days? Wouldn't you have prized that first eye-opening tube as a gift beyond price?

You can't give an expensive present to everybody, yet there are many men whom you wish to remember in some way. Why not Mennen's?

If you are not a Mennen user and disregarded my head-line, slip a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream to yourself Christmas Eve. If you use it the next morning, the words "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" will be more than a phrase. *You'll have them!*

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM

THE MENNEN COMPANY NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

nothing more. They may clarify your vision as to what happens to your representative after he climbs on a ship and sails off into the void, but they fall far short of giving a complete picture of the thousand-toothed bucksaw tackling the cordwood of daily routine. Suffice it to say that our consular office at London alone keeps fifty-five employes bumping for eight hours a day on visas, invoices and accounting; on notarial, shipping and passport services; on handling and partly inducing from $160,000,000 to $600,000,000 of actual commerce with the United States annually; and that even in peacetime there are occasions when an entire consular staff burns the midnight oil.

The idea which is trying to crawl out of my head into print is not to fasten your attention on the individual, but on the foreign service as a whole, as a weapon for peace, as an invading force more important under actual conditions to our national well-being than army or navy. It is at one and the same time a stabilizer and the advance guard of our national personality; through it we keep our fingers on the pulse of the world, and by the integrity, forcefulness and dignity of its contacts are we judged. From the Secretary of State down one leg to the least secretary of Class IV, and down the other leg to the least consular assistant, there is no division of our public service which demands a higher class of man.

Here is a field which common sense says should be open to the pick of the country, free to every young man who aspires to a broader and more useful life than can be found in the rut of mere money getting. Have you a son in or out of college who is a bit frightened at the dearth of individual happiness in the most prosperous land on earth and who has been looking around for something besides the humdrum occupation of making money? Has he studied his chances in the foreign service of his country, and turned away with a shrug? If so, why? I'll tell you.

What he saw was a bird cage of peculiar construction. There is one vertical compartment without a break and without an outlet. In it are the 597 barnyard sparrows of the consular service, all one color, all busy, all pretty well fed, and all with an eye cocked on the topmost perch, which has room for just two of the flock. Let me repeat, there is no outlet, and let it be added, no ingress except through the floor. The other half of the cage is made up of a zigzag of ascending compartments with many trick doors opening on the outside world. Most of them open out; a few of the higher ones open in. In this division are the diplomatic birds of handsome plumage, shading from the blue black of the wise raven to the pale yellow of a pet canary. There are also a few butterflies with gilded wings. All the perches are set so that their occupants sit with their backs to the sparrows. A large portion of the handsome array is genuinely earnest and useful; but get this: Every incumbent of the diplomatic side, which towers above the consular, be he the best brains of our nation or a mere social tuft hunter, pays rent to the United States for his perch, in sums ranging from four to a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Merit versus Wealth

No wonder your boy turned away from the realization that it is with this fantastic bird cage gripped firmly at the end of his strong right arm that your Uncle Sam goes forth to wage economic battle abroad. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as the democratic progressives of the world, but let the paradox be here recorded that there is no major power among the nations with which we come in contact that has a foreign service so un-American as our own. There is something ludicrous about the way the State Department as the mouthpiece of our President, and to which dignity is as the breath of life, is forced to shout "We want brains," and then to whisper behind its hand, "Show your pocketbook, sonny. Is the social position of this secretaryship worth $10,000 a year to you? Here is a ministry in the most expensive town on earth, bar New York. You can have it for $10,000 a year. Here's an ambassadorship. Yes, we've offered it to fifty others. But, listen." The whisper lowers: "Can't you get your private firm to put up $40,000 a year toward your expenses?" Or again, "You are a great man, a national figure, nationally respected and beloved. We have plastered your pecuniary limitations on the front pages of the press, and your alumni have raised a magnificent subscription. Won't you take the indignity, the charity fund and the ambassadorship? Won't you, please?"

By this time even the gentlest reader should be getting an idea of the condition which set Mr. John Jacob Rogers' bile to boiling ten years ago and has kept it bubbling ever since

He saw something as plain as the nose on another man's face, and he has been plodding along steadily, secure in the faith that sooner or later he would make the country see it too.

"What we need," said Mr. Rogers, "is an open door to diplomacy where any American boy can enter by the right of his brains, his education, his address and his vocational ability, and not on the strength of his wife's or his father's money. We've got to rip the partitions out of that ramshackle bird cage. We can't afford a bird cage anyway, at any price. The thing to do is to turn it into a blacksmith shop where we can scrap la-de-das and forge men. The kind of material we need must come from the whole of the nation, and not from 2 per cent of the idle and variously ambitious rich."

Having set himself this goal Mr. Rogers started out to weld an iron key to the door which heretofore has opened only to one of private gold. His task was not easy; it was like finding the square root of an aviary. Here is the outline: A consular service paid out of all proportion to the diplomatic branch and so thoroughly organized within the limits of its sealed compartment that no one has entered it through a trick door since its reform in 1906; an army of incumbent secretaries, many of whom shuddered at the thought of having their miserable pay raised at the price of being socially reduced to the level of common Americans; the constitutional prerogative of the President in the matter of appointments, which had to be respected; the hoary tradition that what has been, must ever be; indifference on the part of the public; and, finally, a Congress pledged to drastic retrenchment.

The Proposed Amalgamation

There have been a lot of heartburnings aroused by the Rogers Bill, which is the finished iron key; but the more one studies it the more is one struck by its masterly simplicity and singleness of purpose. It is not a raid of the compact flying wedge of the consular body against the tottering fortress of diplomacy and the protocol, as many would have us believe. It is not aimed at any one set of individuals, but at a condition. It advocates no wholesale destruction, but directs its vision beyond the morrow to a sane development of an Americanized foreign service which shall be a genuine national representation of the best men we can breed for its specific purposes. The bill is not perfect; it is not a cure-all; it is too wise to be those things. What it does is to take the longest forward step practicable in the face of the actual conditions which invariably limit all successful reforms.

"The object of this measure," said Mr. Rogers in his report to the House, "is to improve our diplomatic and consular service by strengthening and adapting its machinery to the exigencies of postwar conditions in international affairs. It proposes to accomplish this by laying the foundations for a broader service of trained men and by providing the means of attracting and holding the type of men capable of measuring up to the new demands. The attainment of these objects is sought through four important provisions of the bill."

The first of these cardinal points is the amalgamation of the diplomatic and consular services into a single foreign service with diplomatic and consular branches and complete interchangeability of personnel. This change would break down the vertical bulkhead which now separates two watertight compartments and, by facilitating the placing of any man where experience showed him to be the best for the specific task, would lend unity and flexibility to the entire service. "Furthermore," says the report, "since practically all political questions have now an economic aspect and since essentially economic questions have come so largely to underlie the relations of nations, it has become increasingly important to the public welfare that men of economic training be more often utilized in the diplomatic service and vice versa."

The second of the four divisions decrees the adoption of a single revised salary scale applicable equally to officers in the diplomatic and consular branches, thus making unification and interchangeability possible.

"It is deplorable," says Mr. Rogers in language more dignified than mine, "that, by denial of adequate compensation, the United States, the greatest democracy, now restricts admission to the office of secretary in the diplomatic branch of its foreign service to the members of a small circle of society who are willing to provide from their own private fortunes for the support of their positions abroad. However much ability the men so chosen may possess and without detracting in any degree from the excellent service many of them have rendered, the fact remains that the mode of selection is undemocratic and unworthy of the country."

Do not let your pocketbook be alarmed. This clause does not call for the odd millions it takes to build a single cruiser or for the $8,000,000 it cost to doll up the Leviathan. Owing to post allowances now being paid amounting to $200,000, and which would be abolished under the bill, the total additional cost to the taxpayer for the equalization of the salary basis in the two services, and for all other of its present purposes, would amount to $378,500.

The Striking Testimony of Mr. Davis

That insignificant sum represents the total cost of the Rogers Bill to the public. It leads us up, however, to consideration of the third major clause, which provides for the authorization, when necessary, of representation allowances to our representatives at foreign capitals, thus eliminating the possession of large private means as an essential qualification for appointment. This clause is an enabling act; it specifies no appropriation. It merely provides the basic legislation which will empower Congress to authorize the allowances at its discretion, an eventuality which we may consider as a logical sequel.

The probity of John W. Davis, lately our ambassador in England, is exceptionally well known to the public. His sheer sincerity not only makes him easily believed; it seems to exclude from mind the possibility of an exaggeration. Read this extract from his oral testimony:

"Living as I was, without any ostentation—it was not a time for ostentation, and had I been a multimillionaire I would not at that particular time, under the circumstances, have indulged in the slightest ostentation whatever; the British people were just coming out of the war, were all distressed, still had the wounds on their persons and were bowed down with financial difficulty, and any man who would have made a display at that time would have made himself unpopular; it was eminently a time for conservatism and quietude—but with all that, living as I was, counting the expenses of myself and family, which is small, it cost me, roughly, three times my salary every year I was there, between $50,000 and $60,000. I do not believe that anybody could possibly have done it, done it decently, with any less expenditure than that. Now, of course, that is not fair."

Fifty thousand dollars a year for a single post seems a lot of money. Mr. Davis' salary was $17,500. If he was getting annually $32,500 worth of pink teas, social recognition and prestige, he has no cause for complaint. But we know that such trappings meant nothing to him that under the circumstances any extravagance on his part was unthinkable, and we have his word that even at a time when exchange increased the purchasing power of the dollar by one-fourth, the absolute minimum required was $50,000. It was necessary to spend this money, consequently it is difficult to escape the deduction that Mr. Davis was the conscientious, ruefully acquiescent victim of a national pickpocket. "Now, of course," he concluded his evidence, without rhetoric or expletives, "that is not fair."

As has been stated, the Rogers Bill specifies no representation allowances, it merely paves the road toward them. What it does do, however, under its fourth cardinal caption, is to establish a retirement act. Here is one of the most important provisions of the entire measure. Upon its passage unamended depend to a large extent the caliber and the number of young men who will be attracted to devoting their lives to the service of their country abroad. According to the arrangement, and largely owing to the amount of contributions to be collected from its beneficiaries, it will cost only $50,000 upon enactment, and not another cent for twenty-one years; after that it will require an annual appropriation of $375,000.

Such is the instrument Mr. Rogers has devised with which to open the door to diplomacy. It is a skeleton key in the sense that it is skinned to the bone. It has the elementary simplicity of a sword blade, and, like a sword blade, its effectiveness rests entirely on the strength and the skill of the hand behind it. It does not destroy the President's constitutional appointive power, but gives him a longed-for chance to say, and repeat, "Gentlemen, I cannot do what you ask in the face of public opinion. However, I will be glad to back any man from your state who has come up through the service. My advice to you is to get your men in young, and grow proud of them as they grow older."

Furthermore, it gives many a harassed senator and congressman the chance to say the same thing.

Generally speaking, comments by the press on the appointments made by the late President to posts in the diplomatic service struck a laudatory note, with one notable exception. The designation of Colonel Harvey caused a pyrotechnic display on certain editorial pages, as it was bound to do. But there were twenty appointments ten times as open to criticism as that of our former ambassador in England. Quite aside from any debt his party owed him Colonel Harvey was a national figure, representative of a large block of the American people; he could also talk the language of the country to which he was sent. The editors did us no shining service in that crusade, all the more since they fell down deplorably in their duty to the public in a dozen other instances.

The most fundamental factor in successful editorship is information founded on the substrata which underlie the news of the day—information out of the reach of the average reader. Everybody knows that Latin America remains one of the most neglected of our fields of endeavor, in spite of its position within our sphere of commercial and political influence. Its importance is steadily in the ascendant. Owing to this fact, we have more men of diplomatic caliber who know Spanish than the available material conversant with any other foreign language, not excluding French. It was the business of the editors of this country to know something which the general public did not know, and that is that there was a body of individuals prominent in the executive affairs of the nation who had set their hearts on establishing the principle that no diplomat without a working knowledge of Spanish should be sent to any country in Spanish America.

The Proper Time to Howl

The far-reaching effects of this innovation do not hit you in the eye all at once; you have to think them out. No man can learn Spanish without learning something about the Latin mind. Ignorance of the Latin mind on the part of our official and unofficial envoys lies at the bottom of ninety-nine out of the hundred fiascoes we have persistently staged in our relations with the sister republics which share with us the closed preserve of the Western Hemisphere; more than that, it is responsible for much of the hatred with which we are regarded in almost every country south of the Mexican border, for no amount of soppy, devocalized good will can offset the blunders of nonintelligence.

Now here is the point: If a nonpartisan editorial howl had gone up from the press of the United States at the first appointment of a man to South America who did not know Spanish, the President's arm would have been bolstered. He knew of the principle at stake; he knew that the men who urged it could not attack their own administration; he knew that help against the advancing cohorts of the ward politician could come from but one quarter, the editorial pages of the press. When that somnolent division failed him and the public, the bars were irretrievably down. Only when the reportorial minds of the pseudo editors smelt the news value of the lame-duck slogan did they stir languidly and begin to shout. Too late. Take a list of all the appointments to Latin America, not of two or three; look up the life histories, strike an average on the basis of fitness for the job, and you will understand why we

(Continued on Page 61)

Gabriel Snubbers

Greater Riding Comfort

Look over the cars you see on the street. More than 2,000,000 of them are Gabriel equipped.

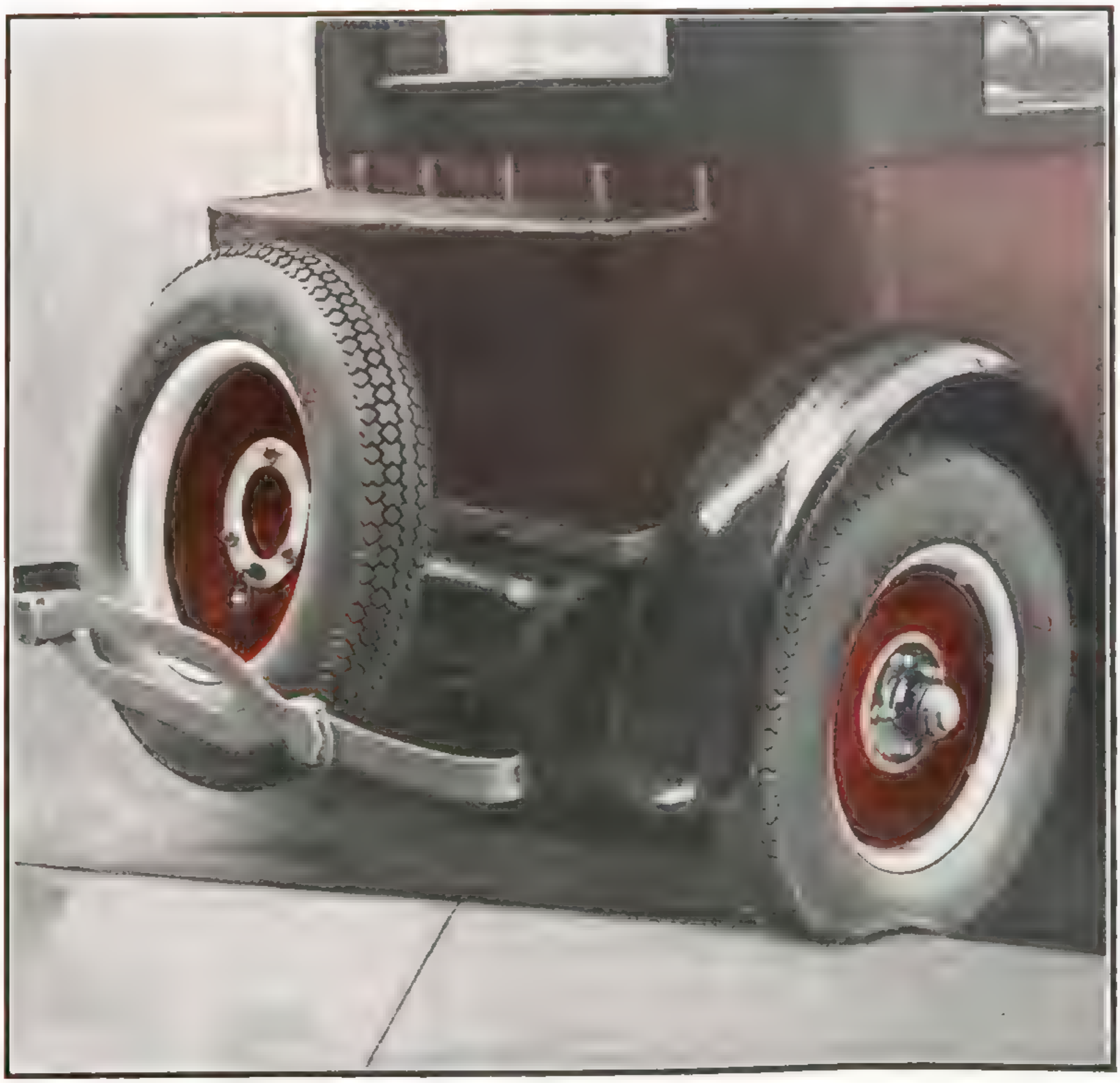
This decided preference for Gabriel Snubbers by both leading car manufacturers and motorists is due to the definite conviction that Gabriel is by all odds the most efficient device for controlling spring action.

Gabriel Snubbers not only make greater riding comfort certain—no matter what the road conditions—but cause a marked saving in car maintenance.

There are Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations in 1700 cities, where Gabriel Snubbers can be installed efficiently and without long delay, on any size car.

Gabriel Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ontario
Sales & Service Everywhere

GABRIEL SNUBBERS



Fire

The Mark of Quality

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Another Firestone Development in Motoring Progress, Bringing to Motorists Unusual Comfort, Safety and Car Conservation

Greater riding comfort, safety and car protection without sacrificing mileage or increasing fuel consumption is Firestone's latest contribution to motoring progress by the introduction of Balloon Cords.

The special Firestone gum-dipping process—by which each cord is impregnated and insulated thoroughly with rubber, adding great strength and flexibility to the carcass—made it possible to carry out the new principle in tire design and construction so successfully. Soft and pliable, yet sturdy and tough, these new Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords smooth out the bumps and ruts of the road.

Greater safety and control is obtained and skidding is virtually eliminated—for even on "slippery-wet" streets these tires cling tenaciously to the pavement, due to the increased flexibility of the tread and the large traction contact. In mud or sand, these large, powerful tires prevent the car from sinking and hold it to a sure, straight course without slip or slide.

The huge air chambers, with greatly lowered air pressure, absorb all road irregularities, preventing jars and jolts from reaching the chassis. They relieve the car of much of its vibration and preserve it from the shocks that cause squeaks and rattles, which are especially annoying in closed cars that have been in service for some time.

If you want a new sensation in motoring, a superlative degree of riding comfort, together with greater security and a longer life for your car, equip with these new Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords.

See the nearest Firestone Dealer for complete information regarding the advantages, the special construction and the details in connection with the application of Firestone Balloon Cords to your car.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER— H. S. Firestone.

FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Stone

Bird's Rugs

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

HARD SURFACE — A Labor Saving · Easily Cleaned · Dollar Saving · Durable ~ Economical Floor Covering — WATER PROOF

Your Dealer

will tell you how surprisingly little it costs to beautify any floor in your home with a Bird's Rug

RICH colorful designs copied from Persian and Chinese masterpieces for parlor and sitting room—floral patterns in soft natural tones for bedrooms and nursery—cheerful tile effects for kitchen and bathroom—and for halls and verandas, handsome wood-block designs.

And the most you need to pay for a Bird's Rug (size 9 x 12) is $18. Other standard sizes are proportionately less.

Bird's Rugs are absolutely waterproof. They stay flat on the floor—dirt can't get through them. A light "going over" with a damp mop keeps them clean and spotless.

If your dealer doesn't carry Bird's Rugs, Floor Coverings and Rug Border—mail the coupon to us (Canada and Foreign Countries excepted).

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
Pioneers in felt-base floor coverings
East Walpole, Mass.
Chicago: 1429 Lytton Bldg
14 E. Jackson Blvd
New York: 295 Fifth Avenue
Bird & Son, Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

- Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
- Bird's Art-Craft Roofing
- Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
- Bird's Asphalt Shingles
- Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
- Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
- Bird's Asphalt Felt
- Bird's Built-up Roof
- Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
- Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
- Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

Write to us on coupon below and receive illustrated folder in colors showing beautiful designs of Bird's Rugs, including Pattern 740 here illustrated, and also [illegible] which will enable you to see the rug itself in your own home without further trouble

Name _____

St No _____

City or Town _____

State _____ R.F.D. No. _____

BIRD Satisfaction Guaranteed

Look for this Mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back

No house should be built or furnished without a Bird Product

(Continued from Page 56

are having the pants beaten off us by competitors in our own back yard.

The Rogers Bill is intended, with the support of public opinion stimulated by the press, to relieve the President from a certain kind of pressure. How do we know it will work that way? Well, think it out. Here we have the State Department, backed by urgent appeals from the President and Secretary Hughes, clamoring for a sword. If it gets it, it has to use it, and use it well. It dare not commit hara-kiri, or even hang the sword on the wall to rust. For one thing, too many people would know about it, and jeer. For another, Presidents and Secretaries of State pass, but the State Department goes on forever. It is a continuity that can be damaged, but never broken, even by the most ardent spoiler.

Fortunately we have a concrete example. In 1906 Elihu Root put through a reform of the consular service based on a ten-line executive order from Theodore Roosevelt, which could be reversed by a stroke of the pen of any successor at the White House. The clamor which went up was to the effect that Mr. Root was building a million-dollar house on a sand bank. He said nothing, and went ahead. He knew what few others at that time could see—that he was building, not on the shifting sand of an executive order, but on the rock of public opinion made articulate by the tongues of every chamber of commerce in the United States. Under Bryan, as Secretary of State, one of our two highest consul generalships, carrying a salary of $12,000 a year, became vacant. Did it go to a deserving Democrat? It went to a man in the service, politics unasked. I leave it to the reader as to whether Secretary Root had built on changing sands or on solid rock.

But here we come to a question far more to the point. Did the reform of 1906 reform? The late W. Bourke Cockran took a surprising interest in the Rogers Bill. One would not have picked him as the man to put life into the hearings, but that is what he did. His attitude was one of wholehearted commendation, subject to intelligent inquiry.

Mr. Carr, builder of the consular service, spoke of the improvement brought about by the reform of 1906.

"In what way is that evidenced?" asked Mr. Cockran. "By what net result to the general public?" He continued to press that question in various forms for two pages of fine print.

Mr. Carr's Experience

Here is Mr. Carr's culminating answer to the committee:

"I can give you my view, and I have been in the service thirty years, twenty-five of which have been devoted more particularly to this branch of the work. I know of my own knowledge what the change has been. I know of my own knowledge how the reports of consuls have been improved over what they were. I know of my own knowledge, for instance, how greatly the professional or technical proficiency of the men has improved over that of the old days. I know how much the average of excellence has increased over that of the old days. I know how much the spirit of service has changed from that of the old days. I know a great many men, for example, who are devoting themselves day and night to the service of the Government, and placing that duty above every other consideration, when in the old days there were dozens of them pursuing their private interests rather than the government interests, who used the office of secretary or of consul merely as a convenience, enabling them to draw a salary and live abroad for their own pleasure. Those are some of the improvements."

From the point of view of the man who has become the core of the consular service no reply could be better; but lovers of the picturesque, the fantastic and the spectacular are tempted to cry out, "Shades of the ports of Pernambuco and of Shanghai, arise and testify!" Members of the reborn consular service, when anyone treads on the tail of its dead past, are apt to squirm as if they had been done a bodily injury. Why? Is there any shame in having arisen? When Home was published anonymously, giving a picture of an old-time consul, his outraged successors clamored for the scalp of the author until they learned that Mr. Adee, veteran of veterans of the State Department, had commended the book in manuscript form.

What happened in far-flung corners of the globe on the outskirts of time is a matter of history. Mighty and righteous were some of the deeds performed by the old school; also there were feats of rascality which have seldom been surpassed. Look up the annals, and you will find that there was the day of the buccaneering consul, when more American ships were wrecked on certain strips of coast in ten years than in all decades which were to follow. What was the idea? A pretty little game tangled with maritime law which netted consul and conniving skipper a few paltry thousands for each ship genuinely lost, and much more on the vessels reported as total losses but later refloated.

To the same epoch of the merchant consul belongs the reminiscence of an old gentleman who died in New York four or five years ago. When he took over an office at a post which shall be nameless, he found a huge skewer of vouchers under the letterheads of various firms, all undated and for every conceivable amount.

"What are these for?" he asked.

"Oh," said the clerk blandly, "we use them in making up our accounts. It saves time."

Under the same head comes a case which I think would have given Mr. Cockran another laugh. A man entered one of our most important outposts six thousand miles away and asked for the consul general. The clerk said he was not in at the moment. The man returned frequently during three days, always with the same result. It was important that he should see the official in person, as he had come to relieve him. At last the clerk could hold out no longer.

The Reign of John Barleycorn

"You see, sir, it's this way: I'm his nephew. He brought me down with him, and after he had taught me to sign his name it didn't seem necessary for him to stay here, so he has been living on his farm in Virginia."

More vivid, but perhaps less intrinsically truthful, is a tale which epitomized a condition that we know actually existed from a case which came to trial and received much attention in the press. It was at a post where we had, at that time, extraterritorial rights. A wild-eyed citizen of our free land is said to have rushed to the American jail, hammered on the door, and thus addressed the startled warden: "Can the consul get in here? If you can keep him out, let me in. I've got thirty dollars left, and I'm looking for a safe place to sleep until my ship pulls out."

Followed the reign of John Barleycorn, when the drunken scions of families with political influence were hurled into the service, to get them out of sight and mind. A young man landed on a famous cobbled quay, now no more, and noticed under one plane tree a sleeping inebriate of Anglo-Saxon mien, and under the next tree another. He ascertained that they were the American consul and his clerk. He hung around until he caught the consul sober and asked him if he would like to employ a clerk who did not drink. He got the job and in 1906 had held it during seventeen years, for he possessed a supreme qualification.

During and after whisky, politics stunted the growth in usefulness of the consular service, and every politician knew it; but it was the order of the day.

Do not run away with the idea that all the old-timers were bad. The majority of them were men of honor and of a peculiar brand of efficiency known the world over as Yankee wit. Even among the buccaneers there was true metal. It was the custom of one such to charge from one and a half to two times the official fee for all services, putting in his pocket the amount of the excess. He did this by the unanimous consent of the merchants of his district. Why did they concede it? Because he was the strangest and most lovable creature they had ever seen. Because he sat with his heels on his desk, ready for business or a story, from six in the morning until six at night. Because he could hit a spittoon at fifteen feet with unerring aim and unfailing ring, an art now perished from the earth. Because he saved three lives from a burning tinderbox of a hotel, and then went back to get his other shirt—the dirty one. Because he was as white a man as God ever made.

One could go on for columns with these tales of a bygone day, but already a picture has been painted broader than necessary to give point to the assertion that the reform of 1906 accomplished a change for the better which has amounted to a transformation. No longer does the consul general at London pocket annually, and lawfully, $40,000 in fees, and look down on an ambassador getting a salary of $17,500. No longer do favored inebriates take the killer-cure in our consulates at the expense of the taxpayer. You do not have to go abroad to learn what those consulates are doing today. All you need do is to step into your chamber of commerce and inquire, or ask any business man who reads the commerce reports, or any merchant who handles foreign trade. Our consular body is not perfect, but as between the old order and the new there is the difference of night and day.

If the State Department found an executive order a good enough sword with which to fight and win so comprehensive a victory, what limits need we place on our expectations of it, once it is armed with such a basic instrument as the Rogers Bill? How near this measure came to enactment during the last session of Congress shows its extraordinary power of winning friends as it goes along. Barring a few whose minds are fixed on the personal equation, everyone who studies it seems to be for it. It was reported to the House by a unanimous committee and passed by a vote of 203 to 27. It went to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and again was reported out unanimously, without a single amendment. It then played the rôle of the innocent injured bystander to somebody else's fight. In other words, only the latest of filibusters kept it from coming to the vote which meant almost certain victory.

Technical Objectors

It rolled around to its turn on the calendar three times. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the mechanism of our law mill it should be explained that if on any one of these three occasions no senator had voiced an objection, the measure would have been recorded as passed. The first objection came from a senator who is probably favorable to the bill, and who acted presumably for strictly parliamentary reasons. The second came from the sturdy watchdog of the Lehlback Act which provides a maximum civil-service-retirement allotment of $720. The question at issue is as to whether a member of our foreign service shall be retired on a basis approximating that of a corresponding officer in the Army or Navy, or on the basis of a $2000-a-year clerk. The third protest came from one who adheres to objections as a principle. There is no reason to believe that he would oppose the bill after due consideration.

There is a tendency on the part of some of Mr. Rogers' sparring partners to think that, since only the gong kept them from scoring a knockout, the battle which is now being restaged in the Sixty-eighth Congress is practically won. Fortunately their champion does not share this dangerous overconfidence; he has had too long a ring experience to consider any bout won until after the full count.

The sword is probably the simplest of all the effective implements invented by man; take away any part of it, and the whole is useless. So with this bill. Any amendment which defeats the purpose of one of the four component parts will defeat the far greater purpose for which the measure as a whole has been forged, and Mr. Rogers is fully aware of the danger.

Such attacks may come from two directions from the supporters of the contention that our foreign representatives are on a parity with clerks in the civil service, and from the forces of invisible influence boring from within. The first of these dangers can be met by pointing out the absurdity of ranking the man who has within him the making of a lawyer, banker, merchant, engineer, judge and candlestick maker, and yet is willing to devote his life to the service of his country abroad, as a humdrum clerk. The second is not so easily defined or met.

The Fattest Plum in the Pie

A cynical voice from the inner circles declared the other day that if the diplomatic branch could see any way of securing the features of increased salaries and of retirement pay to the exclusion of amalgamation with the consular services, it would welcome the destruction of the far-reaching purposes of the entire measure with pæans of joy. Speaking purely from the standpoint of the personal equation, this is only natural. Diplomatic immunities combined with an artificial prestige have been the fattest plum in the international pie for generations on end. But, speaking from the point of view of the best interests of the whole of the American people, it is deplorable.

One can hear outraged cries from those diplomatic officers who are heart and soul for the Rogers Bill. They probably consider not only the above paragraph but this entire article as unfair. They do not realize the difficulty of doing justice to the sound parts of a wormy apple. Mere affirmation establishes no man in their division as a supporter of this bill; it may make him only a more dangerous enemy, for the Invisible Empire has nothing on invisible influence. With amazingly few exceptions, it is impossible for those who have the forwarding of the measure at heart to agree as to who among the present-day diplomats are for it, and who against it, and that assertion excludes neither ministers nor ambassadors.

The story of a chief consular officer who was invited to dinner at one of our embassies, and deliberately misplaced at table, is to the point. He knew exactly what was happening to him, as did all others present, for the regulations laid down by the State Department in such matters are specific. He was being slapped in the face. He had the choice of three lines of deportment: He could turn from the table and leave the room, thus precipitating a quarrel with a man with whom the closest daily contact was essential. He could appeal to the State Department, and thus add one more to the huge heap of just such picayune quarrels already cluttering its files. He could swallow the affront in the spirit in which it was offered, and never again dine at the embassy. Owing to the demands of the war, overwhelmingly more important than matters of individual dignity, he chose the last of the three alternatives. "Now, of course," to repeat the words of a genuinely democratic ambassador, "that is not fair." It is unfair that we, of all people, should longer be put in the position of supporting a forcing house for that particular brand of snobbery which sets childish matters of prestige above service.

This article has fallen short of its purpose if it has failed to show that the Rogers Bill is not an attack, but a building act which deliberately overleaps the personal equation and pins its hope on the nurturing of a new growth. Its economic benefits are out of all proportion to the cost it will entail, and can be depended upon to defend it against every charge of extravagance. It is a surprisingly nonpartisan measure; the men who have fought for it, stood up for it and voted for it are not Democrats or Republicans—they are just Americans. If it goes down to defeat, or is maimed by amendment to the point of total disability, look for the lily hand of invisible influence.

It took every cent he had

"He'll starve out his whole family yet," opined the little Swiss village of Vevey. "He's doing nothing but puttering in his kitchen day and night." And certainly Daniel Peter did test and experiment in his kitchen until he was almost bankrupt. But he triumphed in the end.

Daniel Peter not only originated milk chocolate—even more important, he perfected the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has remained the standard of quality for 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk for *Peter's*. Fresh, pure, rich milk every day—blended within a few hours after it is produced with selected cocoa beans into delicious *Peter's* milk chocolate.

Peter's has a rare flavor that is different—distinctive. Only in *Peter's* do you get this satisfying flavor. If you've never tasted it, try *Peter's* today. You'll like it. It's *good*.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

"No," agreed Sam, still speaking slowly, his eyes on his busy toe, "we mustn't forget that! Corry—is Corry here yet?"

"Yes. She came over in my stage for the funeral. Goin' back to Ellenville tomorrow. She's stoppin' up to Mrs. Pixley's."

Rountree turned away. He did not go up to greet the porch loungers, but proceeded along the hard clay sidewalk toward the old Pixley cottage.

"This is goin' to be mighty hard on poor little Corry!" he muttered. His mind went back to Cornelia's childhood and visualized a tiny girl with yellow hair tied with a bright ribbon. She had climbed upon his knee and called him Uncle Sam. It had scared him deliciously, and even now the recollection thrilled.

"Something's got to be done for Corry!" he thought. "Yes, sir, I'm the only daddy Corry's got now, and I reckon it's up to me plenty. I got to do a heap of thinkin'. I see that plain!"

Corry was twenty years old, but to Sam Rountree she was still the little girl that used to climb upon his knee and call him Uncle Sam. It is hard for old people to realize that youth does not abide. Early next morning he brought the girl downtown to meet the stage. It had been a sad visit, and his heart was very sore, though he strove to cover up with clumsy conversation.

"Well, Corry," he said, "you own a mine now. I'm terrible glad that Bill deeded you his half before he left."

Cornelia raised her blue eyes to his. They were tear-swollen and full of grief, but they were old Bill's eyes, and again a sharp pang wrung Sam Rountree's tender heart.

"It isn't a mine, Uncle Sam," said the girl. "You see, I know. Daddy—he told me all about it. And about the way Stacey ——"

"I know!" muttered Sam. "I heard about it."

Cornelia sensed her old friend's distress, and when she looked at him again she was smiling bravely through her tears. "But don't you worry, you old lamb!" she said. "I'm game!"

Bill's smile! Something caught the prospector by the throat and threatened to choke him. They stopped near the hotel porch to wait for the stage. It was too early for loafers and the street was deserted. Back at the rear of the hotel sounded the clatter of dishes. Beyond the town the early sun was slanting across the mountainside above the Hammerhead mine. Old Sam was silent, digging awkwardly in the dust with his hobnailed toe.

"Well," he said finally, "you never can tell. Bill, he set a heap of store by that Elephant claim. And Bill was a good prospector. He always thought the old Hammerhead ledge ran through it. Might be a blind ledge there, at that. You never can tell, Corry."

Again Cornelia smiled at him through the tears. "You're trying to comfort me!" she said. "I can see through you, Uncle Sam! But don't you worry! I'm all right. I'll work hard and pretty soon I'll have that eight hundred back. What's money—when one has good friends—like you?"

Sam's worn shoe had excavated a remarkable pit in the dust, but he went on to more ambitious accomplishment, meanwhile watching his busy old toe with intense absorption.

"I got to hole up pretty soon, Corry," he said irrelevantly. He cocked a wise old eye and squinted at the sky. "Goin' to storm inside of a week, sure," he predicted. "I I wonder if you'd mind if I spent the winter up there on your claim."

"Why, of course not!"

"I'd like to dig a little too," he said wistfully. "Sort of occupy my mind. You won't care, Corry?"

"Dig all you want to, Uncle Sam. But don't let that Elephant claim kill you like—like ——"

"Might be a ledge there, after all!" he said.

Cornelia smiled once more, and to Rountree it seemed that his partner smiled. He choked again. Pack Judd came rattling round the corner and stopped the wheezy old engine.

"All aboard the Lightnin' Express!" he called above the uproar of the flivver.

"Good-by, Uncle Sam!"

Impulsively the girl flung her arms about the old man's neck and clung to him. A moment later the stage went bouncing up the rutted mountain roadway and Sam stumbled away, hardly able to see for the mist that dimmed his own eyes.

"Well, pardner," he said, apostrophizing his companion of thirty years along the trail, "it's my play now. Ain't never been long on brains, Bill; and I ain't used what brains I've got for so long that they forgot how to work! Don't know a thing about business, either, but maybe I can learn—I got to learn!"

He worried over this fact as he went along. It was a giant's task and it appalled him. "Mighty slow in the head," he sighed at last; "and that's a fact! Still, a jackass ain't no streak of lightnin', but he gets to where he's goin', give him time!"

He established himself in the old tumbledown Stillson cabin that same day, and went out to look at the prospect. The tunnel was in but a few feet, and as he contemplated the marks of his old partner's last pick blows that queer tightness came into his throat once more. Nor did he have much appetite when later he sat down to the evening meal, for through the cabin window he could look almost straight into the tunnel, barely twenty yards away. After his supper he sat on the doorsill, smoking and looking down upon the village of Purple Ridge, its roofs showing here and there above the trees. Herded together! Even up here in the edge of the tumbled wilderness of almighty hills and awful cañons men had come and herded together! What for? Business! His wistful soul, homesick already for the cleanness of lonely trails, cried out within him, yearning for his dead partner. Out there in the solitudes men had followed the law of helping one another. What was the motif of places like this wherever men herded? Business is business!

And hiding behind the thin fabric of this sophistry men killed other men who trusted them! Broke their hearts and then smugly justified themselves by uttering the familiar phrase!

Half a mile farther up the ridge loomed the mills of the old Hammerhead. Unable longer to endure the loneliness of that first evening, and being curious to see what they were doing at the scene of his great strike, he trudged up there. The first man he met was Jeff Crowder. The meeting was a joyous surprise to both men, for in the early days they had been great friends.

"Whatever you doin' up here, Jeff?" asked Rountree.

"Me? I'm superintendent!" said Jeff proudly. "Say, we broke into a rich streak yesterday. Been takin' out high-grade ever since! Like to see it?"

"Sure! Say, that's fine. The ole Hammerhead's still doin' noble, ain't she?"

"She's one great old mine! It's a pity you and Bill didn't hang on. Say, that was too bad about poor ole Bill!"

"Yes," agreed Sam sadly. "Bill was too trustin'. Always was."

"Jim Stacey oughtn' to've treated Bill like that! It was plumb criminal! Why, Sam, in the old days a man would have been shot for it!"

"Yes," agreed Rountree hopelessly. "But the old days is gone, Jeff. They overlook a heap now. Business is business. Pack Judd told me so."

"I know!" Jeff Crowder's wrinkled neck reddened with wrath and contempt. "Pack Judd, he's Stacey's houn' dog. He finds the trail and Stacey does the killin'."

For an hour the old friends talked, sitting in the gathering darkness. Mainly their conversation had been of the man Stacey and his satellite, the stage driver.

"Well, Sam," grinned Crowder as his friend rose to go, "maybe the old days is gone, like you said, but I bet you that one of these fine mornin's something's goin' to sink its teeth in Jim Stacey's tail and make him squeal thin like a grasshopper!"

Rountree considered this as he stood turning the piece of high-grade ore in his hand. The rich gold smiled at him from every seam of the quartz. He answered with a broad grin of his own.

"Now, Jeff," he remonstrated gently, "you're forgettin' yourself again! Pack Judd's got it right, and we ain't got any call to murmur. Business is business!"

III

SPRING was imminent. The warm sun had brought the loafers upon the hotel porch again, and the new leaves were breaking out lush and green upon the sycamores along the street. The world was clean after the winter rains.

A heavy muffled detonation rumbled down from the ridge above the village, banged against the hills across the cañon and echoed back. Three other blasts followed, and old man Hinton cocked an ear, listening with malicious amusement.

"Sam Rountree's takin' some more pops at the White Elephant!" he said. "He don't even stop for Sunday, does he?"

Pack Judd was sprawled in a neighboring chair, his feet resting upon the railing. He drew his lips back from his tobacco-stained teeth, chewing rapidly as he replied.

"Say," he said, "that old buzzard has been at it for six months now! What do you think about that?"

"Crazy, just like his pardner," affirmed old man Hinton, and spat far out in the street. "They all get that way, Pack. Give 'em years enough follerin' the tail of a jackass over the hills and they get so they'll dig in an ash barrel, plumb sure they'll find gold at the bottom! In the end they all go crazy. But I didn't think ole Sam Rountree was quite ripe yet."

Judd's curiosity was beginning to stir. "Wonder what he's doin' up there, anyway," he said.

Old man Hinton spat again and was gratified to note that he had exceeded his previous shot by at least six inches. "I was up there last Sunday," he said. "Sam was runnin' a tunnel to cut through the ridge. Must be in quite a ways, too, judgin' by the size of his waste dump. He was sharpenin' drills when I come up to him.

"'Hello, Sam,' I says, 'I thought I'd come up and take a look at your White Elephant!'

"Well, sir, he acted plumb queer when I said that. Sort of a crafty look come into his eyes and he edged over in front of the tunnel mouth.

"'The Elephant ain't on exhibition today!' he says. He grinned, but somehow or another it wasn't Sam Rountree's regular grin. He'd always been a sociable feller, glad to visit with an old friend. I couldn't understand it none at all and I got a little mad.

"'All right!' I says. 'I can tell what she amounts to by lookin' at the outside!'

"'I ain't sure about that!' he says with a crafty grin.

"'What d'ye mean by that?' I asked him, and he shut up like a clam. Acted like he was sorry he spoke. Pretty soon he got me away from the tunnel mouth and into the cabin. But all the time we was settin' there I could see them crafty eyes of his sneakin' through the window, watchin' that tunnel mouth! Funny!"

"Sure is funny!" said Judd. "Sounds like he was goin' crazy, sure. Still ——"

"Both bit by the same bug—him and his pardner!"

Old man Hinton rambled on, but Judd was not listening. The stage man was turning over this bit of gossip in his mind and finding it more significant and perplexing the longer he thought about it. By and by he left the hotel veranda and went across the street to Stacey's office.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "I wonder if we maybe overlooked something when we sawed off that fool White Elephant claim on that Parker simp!" He then went on to relate the gossip passed to him by old man Hinton.

"Not a chance!" said Stacey positively. "There isn't the sign of pay rock on that ground. It's been prospected by experts time and again."

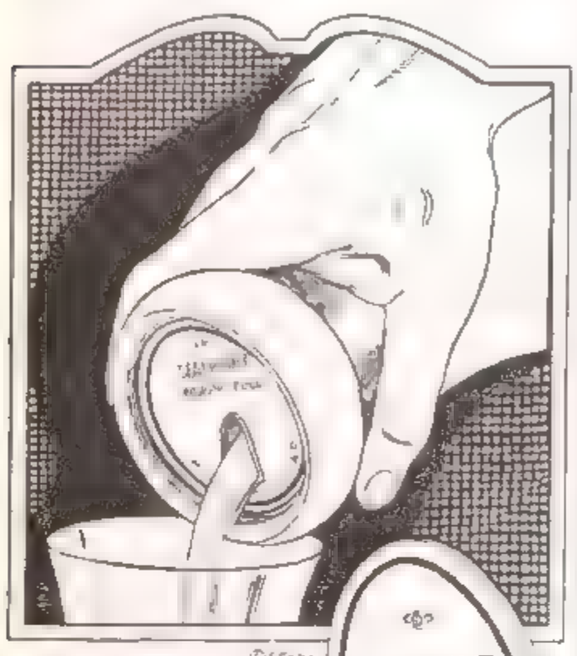
Judd was not satisfied. "Experts have gone wrong lots of times," he pointed out. "You know that, Jim. The main thing is: What's this old Sam Rountree plugging along so steady for in that fool tunnel of his, if he ain't on the track of something good? We got to admit he's a good prospector. Him and Parker located the old Hammerhead twenty-five years ago. They located three-four other mines too—good payin' mines—though like most prospectors they parted with 'em for a song, same as they did with the Hammerhead. Ole man Hinton says he's crazy. But he ain't. Not by a mile, that old feller ain't! He's all there! And he ain't wastin' powder for nothin', nor he ain't workin' six months steady just for exercise! I got a hunch, Jim!"

"Well, we got eighteen hundred dollars for that White Elephant."

(Continued on Page 64)

-always
delightful-
Thirst knows
no season
Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing
5¢
The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

Sealright
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps



3 Times More Useful

1—Remove cap cleanly by pulling tab. Each cap its own "opener."

2—Lift tab and pour without spilling.

3—Lift tab and insert straw for drinking.

A Christmas Present from your Milkman?

Your milkman can give you a most *useful, healthful* Christmas present! Ask him for it. He'll even thank you for suggesting it.

Just ask him to deliver milk in bottles capped with Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps—3 *times more useful* and *more healthful* because they assure a *safe, clean* way of removing the cap; a *safe, clean* way of pouring milk over the tab without spilling, and a more healthful way of drinking milk through a straw direct from the *original, sterilized bottle.*

School Officials, Restaurant Proprietors and Housewives send for complete information and samples to show your dealer.

Sealright Co., Inc.
Dept. 203 Fulton, N. Y.

Operating the largest plant in the world making Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps, Ordinary Common Caps, and Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers.

3 Times more useful

(Continued from Page 62)

"But if it turns out that it carries the extension of the old Hammerhead ledge it'll be worth a million! The Hammerhead's already yielded around four or five million and still turnin' out the stuff! They're workin' in high grade right now! And if this ole Sam Rountree really has got a line on the extension to that ledge, why, it's goin' to make your eighteen hundred dollars look like two green pennies on a tin dish!"

Stacey's cigar came down from its insolent slant in the corner of his mouth—a sure sign that he, too, was beginning to worry.

"It can't be denied that it lies right in line with the Hammerhead!" he conceded thoughtfully.

"Right in line! And you know as well as anybody that this here ole Sam Rountree's got the reputation for bein' a wizard! Yes, sir, all over these mountains everybody says that for smellin' quartz Sam Rountree can give cards and spades to a split-nose bird dog!"

The two were silent for some moments. "Tell you," said Stacey presently, "you go up there and poke round a little, Pack. See what you can find out."

This was, as usual, right in Judd's line. He was that type. But when he returned he was crestfallen, though more than ever convinced that his hunch was a good one.

"Well," he reported, "I saw him. But I didn't get into the tunnel. He's got the mouth of it boarded up with two-inch planks and a padlock on the door! Nothing showing outside, either. He's even covered his waste dump with dirt! Couldn't glimpse a single thing that'd give me a clew!"

"Wouldn't he talk?"

"Sure! Said he saw a butterfly yesterday and that it was goin' to be an early spring! Cheerful as hell, not a bit discouraged-lookin'. Jim, I—I got a hunch. I got a hunch we've sold out for a mess of tripe!"

Stacey bit the end of his cigar nervously and ran his pudgy hands through his thinning hair. For once the smooth worker was unable to gather up the threads.

"Let her ride for a few days, Pack," he said at length. "I've got to think this thing out."

But he was not allowed a few days in which to think. On the contrary, when the stage came in next evening Judd entered the office more than ever excited.

"He's found something, sure!" he said. "As I passed the little trail that leads up to Stillson Ridge this mornin' ole Sam Rountree was there, waitin' by the side of the road.

"'I wish you'd take this package over and mail it for me, Judd,' he says; 'I didn't have time to get down to the post office with it.'

"It was a bag of powdered quartz. I could tell by the feel of it. And it was addressed to Smith & Morgan, at San Francisco." This was indeed significant. Smith & Morgan were well-known assayers.

"He wouldn't send bull quartz or any kind of hungry-lookin' rock to an assayer," said Judd positively. "He's had too much experience. And he was excited. He tried to hide it, but I could see!"

"I'd give a hundred dollars to see the returns on that assay," said Stacey, pulling the end of his mustache out of its habitual sneer. "You suppose the thing could be managed?"

"Not a chance!" worried the stage driver. "It'll come through the post office. And if the angel Gabriel was to beg on his knees, why, that bullheaded postmaster wouldn't show him a picture post card unless his name was on it!"

"You've got to get inside that tunnel!" said Stacey. "I want to know what's there—before another day!"

Once more defeat rewarded their earnest endeavor. Next morning Pack Judd limped in on his way to the post office for the mail bags.

"Honest, Jim," he lamented, "if we ever do cut this here melon, you got to have a heart and give me a bigger slice than usual! That ole son of a gun plastered me with both barrels last night; and if I hadn't been wearin' my leather pants Doc Chamberlain would be workin' steady for a week, pickin' out birdshot!"

Pack limped wearily out and drove away toward Moccasin Bar. About ten o'clock old man Hinton ran out of an audience and teetered over to Stacey's office. He was a sociable soul. Presently Sam Rountree came by, carrying another crudely wrapped parcel in his hand. The old prospector was not moving with his accustomed sturdy gait, but dragged along painfully. He stooped somewhat, and now and then he coughed.

"Sam's lookin' porely today," observed old man Hinton. "That fool White Elephant's goin' to get him, same as it got his pardner, I bet you!"

Stacey did not reply. He was watching the old prospector. It must be important business that drew Rountree away from his jealously guarded tunnel, merely to mail a package! Sam reappeared a moment later and came back, striving to walk fast, but coughing with the effort. As he passed the window Stacey hailed him.

"Hello, Rountree!" called the promoter. "How's the Elephant showing now?"

"'Bout the same!" replied Sam shortly and started edging away. But Stacey persisted.

"Wait!" he said. "Say, do you suppose your principal would sell the Elephant for what she put into it?"

This was a feeler, and it did not entirely fail of its purpose. Rountree shot a furtive look at his interlocutor and started definitely away.

"I ain't heard her say," he answered over his shoulder, "but I don't reckon the Elephant's for sale. Not at present."

Stacey looked after the stocky figure trudging heavily up the street. "Pack's right!" he thought. "That old cuss really has got something and he's trying to cover up! But he doesn't know how! I can see through him like a pane of glass!"

"Crazy!" Old man Hinton was giggling at his elbow. "Just like ole Bill Parker—crazy as a teeter snipe!"

IV

IT WAS raining heavily. Jeff Crowder came stamping into the big lounging room of the hotel and looked about over the crowd of regulars loafing there. "Where's Pete Bowman?" he asked.

"I see him go into the dinin' room ten minutes ago," piped old man Hinton. "Eating his dinner, I reckon. Anybody sick?"

"Sam Rountree," said Crowder, starting toward the dining room.

Pack Judd straightened in his chair, all attention. "Bad sick, Jeff?" he asked.

Crowder paused with his hand on the door knob. "I can't tell," he said. "I was comin' down from the mine and as I passed Rountree's cabin I heard him groanin'. I went in and found the old man in bed. Looked like he was goin' to be pretty sick."

Ten minutes later, when Crowder came out of Bowman's drug store and started up the street, Pack Judd joined him, the worn raincoat flapping about his lanky legs. "Say," said the stage driver, "too bad about Sam. Always liked Sam. I reckon I'll go up with you and see if there's anything I can do."

Rountree seemed indeed to be a very sick man. He did not move as the two entered the cabin, though his eyes unclosed partly. "That you, Jeff?" he asked. It was the weak, uncertain voice of one in a half stupor.

"It's me, Sam," said Crowder cheerfully. "Wantin' anything?"

Rountree fumbled vaguely beneath his pillow and finally brought out a letter. "I—wish you'd mail it, Jeff," he muttered, half incoherently. "Ought to've mailed it—two days ago."

"Sure! I'll mail it, Sam. Right away!"

Crowder spoke cheerily, but his square granitelike face was grave as he watched his sick friend.

Rountree's eyes had closed again, and the fingers of one calloused old hand picked aimlessly at the bedclothes. The afflicted prospector began to mumble to himself. Crowder looked across at the stage driver and shook his head seriously. Presently he came over to where Judd sat.

"I'm goin' down after Doc Chamberlain," he whispered. "Ole Sam's in a bad way! Mighty bad!"

Judd's heart leaped, but his stubbly face betrayed nothing. "I'll stick round awhile," he said. "He'll maybe need something."

Crowder went out and as soon as the sound of his going had died away the stage man's pale eyes went to the little table and his heart began to pound. Crowder had forgotten Rountree's letter! Judd regarded the bed steadily for some moments. Apparently the sick man had drifted from delirium into unconsciousness. Now was the time!

He secured the letter and examined it with his heart beating still more tumultuously. It was addressed to Cornelia Parker, at Ellenville. He turned it over. The flap had been but partly sealed and came open at a touch. Another glance at the bed and Judd read:

Dear Corry: I wish you'd come up right away. You remember your daddy always thought the old Hammerhead ledge ran through the ridge? It does! I've found it! A bigger thing than the old Hammerhead itself! I've run into it four feet already, but today the roof caved in. I got sick, and haven't been able to dig it free again. But it's worth millions—sure! Don't you sell! Not till you come up and see me. I'm sending the report from the assay office. The assay was an average—good and bad. You can sell any day—so take your time. I'll expect you right away.

Feverishly Judd glanced at the report form from Smith & Morgan. It read: "Gold, $2750 per ton."

One backward glance at the bed as the stage man tiptoed out of the door. Old Sam lay with eyes closed and mouth half open. Might be dead even now! Pack ran round the cabin to the tunnel and found the door open. Confused by his approaching sickness, the old man had forgotten to lock it. Judd went in and struck a match. A miner's candle was stuck in the wall of the tunnel and he lighted it with trembling fingers. Almost immediately something gleamed from the floor and he picked it up. A broken piece of quartz, plastered with gold! Other pieces lay scattered about, but he dared not take them all.

He hurried back along the tunnel and came to the cave-in referred to in the letter. It extended quite to the roof, and at the base of it was the old man's partly filled wheelbarrow and beside it the shovel which Sam had used in beginning the work of clearing out the fallen rock. But the cave-in made it impossible for the spy to get at the face of the tunnel, where the rich find lay. However, he had seen enough!

"Jim's got to see this!" he muttered, his voice breaking in a half sob. "It means a fortune to Jim—and me!"

He slipped out of the tunnel and started running down the hill toward Purple Ridge. He did not return by the trail, fearing he might meet Crowder coming back. Twenty minutes later, breathless, his raincoat torn to shreds by the brush, he entered Stacey's office and put the broken lump of quartz upon the table.

"I been there!" he panted brokenly. "In the tunnel! I picked that rock up! Look—read this!"

Stacey ran through the letter and took up the report from the assayers. He got to his feet and reached for his own raincoat. Remembering, he took the letter and the assayers' report and put them carefully in the stove. "Where you goin', Jim?" asked Judd.

"Down to Ellenville!" said Stacey. His confidence was back, but he was quite as excited as his satellite.

Pack was in an agony of apprehension. "Use your head, Jim!" he begged, almost tearfully. "For the love of Mike, use your head like you never used it before! If she gets the idea that there's something doing on the White Elephant ——"

"Leave it to me!" The black mustache curved upward in its accustomed sneer. "I'll just drop in casually, and tell her I've had a change of heart! Conscience giving me hell, see?" The mustache sneered most remarkably. "And believe me, Pack, eighteen hundred dollars will look big to a struggling school-teacher; especially when she had thought it lost forever! Don't you worry, Pack! We're both going to be so rich it'll hurt! At last! And the old White Elephant—of all things! You leave it to me!"

It was nearing nightfall of the second day when steps sounded, coming rapidly up the trail. The door opened and Sam Rountree turned drowsily toward it. One glance at Jeff Crowder's square, craggy face, however, and the eyes of the sick man snapped wide open. There was an excited grin on the Hammerhead superintendent's face and a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Open her up, Sam!" he begged. "Quick!"

Rountree tore open the yellow envelope and read the terse message: "Just sold Elephant to Stacey. Thirty thousand dollars. Business is business. Cornelia Parker."

These two old-timers were not demonstrative. The early days had bred in them the instinct of repression. They grinned at each other and old Sam hopped spryly out of bed.

(Continued on Page 66)

The New ESSEX
A SIX
Built by Hudson under Hudson Patents

Essex closed car comforts now cost $170 less than ever before. Also with this lower price is an even more attractive Coach body and a six cylinder motor built on the principle of the famous Hudson Super-Six.

It continues Essex qualities of economy and reliability, known to 135,000 owners. It adds a smoothness of performance which heretofore was exclusively Hudson's. Both cars are alike in all details that count for long satisfactory service at small operating cost.

Ideal Transportation

You will like the new Essex in the nimble ease of its operation. Gears shift quietly. Steering is like guiding a bicycle, and care of the car calls for little more than keeping it lubricated. That, for the most part, is done with an oil can.

The chassis design lowers the center of gravity, giving greater comfort and safety, at all speeds, on all roads. You will be interested in seeing how this is accomplished.

Greater fuel economy is obtained. The car is lighter, longer and roomier. You will agree that from the standpoint of appearance, delightful performance, cost and reliability, the new Essex provides ideal transportation.

A Thirty Minute Ride Will Win You

The Coach $975

Touring Model - $850

Freight and Tax Extra

ESSEX MOTORS
Detroit, Michigan

The Night Before Christmas

STUFF their stockings with Dromedary Dates. Let Christmas mean sweets a-plenty—but Dromedary sweets that are good and do good.

For Dromedary Dates are rich in fruit sugar, iron and lime. Sugar creates energy. Iron makes red blood corpuscles. Lime builds bones.

Roll the plump, golden Dromedaries in sugar, after stuffing with peanut butter, nut meats, or any fondant; delicious, too, with pimento cheese.

A time-honored Christmas sweetmeat

Sold everywhere in two sizes: the family package for the home; the personal package that fits the pocket or lunch box.

Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
BEACH AND WASHINGTON STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK - LONDON - BASRAH - TRINIDAD - SMYRNA - PARA

Continued from Page 64

"You look in the bottom of my saddlebags, Jeff," he directed. "They's a bottle hid there that I been savin' for the Fourth of July. You go get her while I pull on my pants."

"It was that letter you wrote!" chuckled Crowder, rummaging in the lean-to shed and scaring certain venerable spiders into fits. "That fake letter to Corry and the assay report that you gave me to mail—and I forgot and left lying on the table! For bait! And they swallowed it whole! I knew they would!"

"No, sir," disclaimed Rountree, struggling with a frayed suspender; "it was that bunch of high-grade Hammerhead quartz you loaned me to scatter along the tunnel floor. I knew that'd knock 'em cockeyed! A man ain't got no judgment nor reason left when he finds a piece of rock that's jammed plumb full of gold."

"But it was you that thought of the cave-in, Sam, to keep 'em from seein' what was really at the face of the tunnel! That was a heap crafty! Honest, Sam, it looked so much like a cave-in that I couldn't hardly believe you'd shot the roof down with a stick of powder!"

"But ain't it a whale of a joke!" chuckled old Sam. "They baited poor Bill with Hammerhead rock and sold him and Corry the worthless White Elephant for eighteen hundred dollars! And we baited them with the same rock and sold it back to them for thirty thousand!"

The old prospector considered this, still working with the collapsed suspender. "But how you reckon she ever got the nerve to ask thirty thousand?" he wondered. "It was understood between her and me that if she got the chance to get two-three thousand she was to grab it. Shore beats me! And her just a gentle, innocent little girl."

Old Sam began to chuckle again. "Stacey and Judd'll be here early," he said, "with their ears stickin' straight up in the air! I reckon I better kick up the dust for the high brush before they get that tunnel cleared out or there'll be a little fuss! Say, you old doodlebug, ain't you found that bottle yet?"

No, they were not demonstrative—normally. But man may not tarry indefinitely beside a bottle of high-power peach brandy without at last voicing his enthusiasm. About midnight the lone cabin on Stillson Ridge rocked with a triumphant song, popular in the far days when Sam and Jeff were young men and the trails were new and red blood was coming West to its own. Old Sam always led off:

"I met a poor man on the Laramie Trail:
His teeth was all gone and his face it was pale,
And he had but one ear and his nose was caved in,
And the way that he limped was a shame and a sin!
'Oh stranger!' says he, 'I came to this pass
A-ticklin' the heel of a sleepin' jackass!'"

And old Jeff Crowder's bull bellow crashed into the refrain:

"'Look well and take warnin' from me as you pass—
Don't tickle the heel of no sleepin' jackass.'"

Peach brandy is a potent water, and old Sam Rountree overslept. He awoke to a frenzied pounding upon the door and a loud, strident voice summoning him forth with language that would have driven the censor crazy. The room whizzed round and round and round as the old prospector got out of his bunk and stood up, but presently this phenomenon passed and he began climbing into his worn overalls. As sleep began to clear from his brain, a delighted and expectant grin spread across his hairy face. He opened the door and stepped out, blinking in the sunlight of a perfect spring day, his bushy hair standing up awry and at all angles, and his overalls hanging precariously by one suspender. His bare feet splayed upon the doorstone and he had forgotten to tuck in his shirt. Stacey came close, stuttering words that appalled him by their inadequacy.

"Where' that big strike?" he demanded wildly. His flabby face was a blotched purple and his eyes were staring and congested. "Where's that rich ledge?"

Sam was bewildered. Pathetically so. "Why," he said mildly, "I ain't seen any rich ledges! What you talkin' about, anyway?"

"I've bought back the Elephant!" Stacey's voice sounded queer and thin. "I—I heard on good authority that you'd discovered a ledge of Hammerhead quartz."

"I never told a soul I'd found a rich ledge of Hammerhead quartz!" said Rountree positively. "Matter of fact, there ain't no rich ledge on the Elephant nor any other kind! White Elephant is a bully name for this here barren piece of ground! Say, who told you I'd made a strike?"

The tone was still mild and the grin remained, parting the wilderness of tangled whiskers. The horny splayed toes wriggled on the doorstone and the gnarled fingers of the hands wriggled also; but Stacey did not notice them. He opened his mouth, but closed it again. He could not state that he had learned the news from a letter written by a supposedly sick man! In that same moment he knew that he was beaten and that somehow or other he had been tricked by this seemingly witless old prospector.

"You get to hell off my property!" he ordered hoarsely. "You've swindled me somehow—you and that batty old partner of yours and his smooth innocent daughter. If you wasn't an old man I'd ——"

Sam did not look dangerous, smiling and blinking in the sun. Nor did he appear particularly ruffled. The awkward old arm, thick as a horse's hind leg, did not seem to move swiftly, either; but it reached for Stacey—and got him.

When it was over, J. Stacey, Real Estate and Development, lay unconscious, battered almost beyond recognition. His nose never would be the same again; it would always be looking inquiringly into his left ear. The sneer had left his mustache forever.

Old Sam arose from the ground and sighed happily. The lone suspender had striven nobly, but it had parted at last and the old prospector's trousers were all about his feet. He gathered them up, tied them around his waist with a piece of baling wire and went into the cabin for his shoes, and then proceeded to pack his donkey for the long trail.

When he drove the animal past the cabin Stacey was gone. From the mouth of the tunnel, where he had been hiding, Pack Judd appeared. His face was pasty white and his weak jaw quivered nervously.

"Mr. Rountree," he quavered, "I been done! What you reckon Jim Stacey did to me? He took two thousand dollars of my money and blowed it in on this here worthless White Elephant! All the money I had in the world, the thievin' crook!"

Sam filled his criminal-looking pipe with tobacco, tamping it down with a stubby forefinger. "Say," he observed sympathetically, "that's tough! Yes, sir, ain't no two ways about it—that's mighty tough!"

The stage man brightened. "He's busted now," he said. "Jim is. And serves him right for bein' a crook and leadin' honest men into it! He ain't got a dollar in the world! Miss Parker wanted more for the White Elephant, but when she found that was all we—Stacey had, why, she took the thirty thousand! If I'd only known! Mr. Rountree, do you suppose if you asked her she'd give me back my two thousand dollars—me bein' brought into it innocent?"

Sam applied a match to his pipe. It drew beautifully. The day was warm and without a flaw. A butterfly went by and its wings fluttered happily, like old Sam's contented soul.

"Sure!" he said. "I bet you she would—if I asked her to." He beamed through the smoke. "But I couldn't do that, Pack. You can see it yourself, plain—if you look close. Business is business!"

He hit the jackass with an old slat, and the phlegmatic brute awoke and started down the trail, bound for the clean wild places where men do not herd together and business is unknown.

"Well, Bill," muttered old Sam as he went, "maybe I left some little things undone, but you'll forgive me; I done my damnedest, me and Jeff. And Corry too. So did Pack Judd. Especially Pack Judd."

He cast a glance back. By the little cabin at the top of the ridge stood a lanky drooping figure looking after him hopelessly. Pack Judd, broke and disappointed beyond all understanding, lone guardian of the White Elephant. As the stage driver looked, the short stocky figure of the late invalid lost itself in a vast cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared away old Sam Rountree was gone. But faintly came back the sound of a bellowed song. It was mostly lost in the distance, but the listener gathered vaguely that it in some obscure way admonished its hearers against the somewhat dubious enterprise of tickling the heel of a sleeping jackass.

Walter P. Chrysler
Motor Car Manufacturer

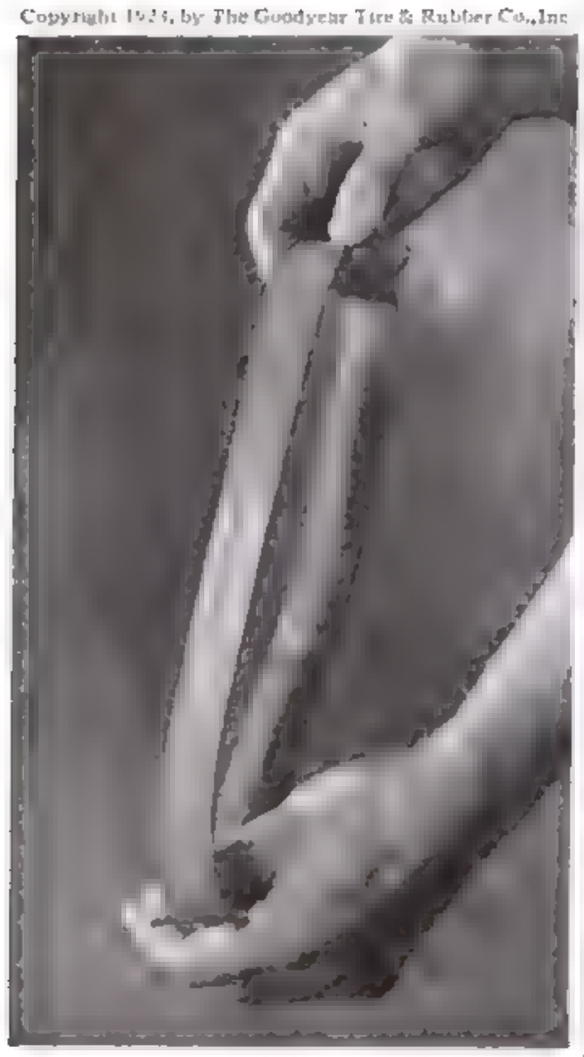
A remarkable motor car will shortly be shown to the motoring public. It will be presented by an associate company of the Maxwell Motor Corporation and the Chalmers Motor Car Company.

Mr. Chrysler, his associates and engineers have brought to bear upon the specific development of this car, three and a half years of continuous study—cars, in progressive stages of betterment, having been in actual road service for more than two years of this time.

It represents the culmination of Mr. Chrysler's vast experience, and embodies qualities of design and performance so striking that they will constitute a *profound sensation.*

A complete and detailed description of this new car will be published in The Saturday Evening Post one week hence.

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.



Get a Goodyear Fan Belt

You already know, or have heard, of the splendid service that Goodyear Belts perform in industry and on the farm. They are distinguished for long, economical and trouble-free wear.

The same dependable qualities are built into Goodyear Fan Belts for motor cars. These belts are scientifically designed to meet the demands of engine service. They are made of the highest grade materials. They are not affected by atmospheric conditions; they do not shrink; they are subject to a minimum of stretch.

Over 4,000,000 Goodyear Fan Belts have been used on Ford cars. They are now available for nine other standard light cars.

You can get these belts at your authorized Goodyear Dealer Service Station. They are a part of the extensive line of Goodyear automobile equipment, every item of which you may rely on for the better, more economical service that comes from correct design and proper manufacture.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

BELTS • HOSE • VALVES • PACKING

MARY 'LIZABETH'S FOLKS

Continued from Page 12

"Don't forget to curtsy and to say 'Yes, grandfather,' and 'No, grandfather.' Show him what nice manners you have."

She wheeled and went out abruptly as Miss Haddon opened the door.

Mary 'Lizabeth curtsied to Miss Haddon, and then stood stock-still, blinking very hard and looking her earnestest and puzzledest. In a big armchair by the window sat an old man. He was short and bulgy and bristly. His hair, even—what there was of it—stood straight up from his huge head as if he were too angry inside to let it lie down. But what fascinated her till she simply couldn't take her eyes off them was his ears. They were the most enormous ears she had ever beheld, and lay close back to his head as if they'd been glued on.

Miss Haddon put one hand on her shoulder and led her toward him.

"And this is Mary Elizabeth," she said. "We think she's a very nice and a very attractive little girl."

Mary 'Lizabeth made her best curtsy, but the old man only glared at her.

"Good looks won't help her any," he snorted. "They had good looks—too much good looks—and see what they've come to! No, I wish she was as ugly as a Chinese image."

"Oh, sir, surely ——"

The old man seemed not to hear Miss Haddon. His head was bent, and one great bristly fist opened and shut round the knob of the chair arm.

"A bad lot," he said, just as if Miss Haddon and Mary 'Lizabeth hadn't been there at all and he was talking to himself; "a rotten bad lot. And I guess she is too."

Mary 'Lizabeth flamed. Her brown fists clenched. Her small body quivered with a fury that matched his.

"I'm not a rotten bad lot, neither!" she declared fiercely. "I get my lessons and I do what I'm told and I never tell a lie to anybody!"

"Humph! You don't, eh?" He peered out at her sharply from under bulgy, bristly gray eyebrows. "Well, that's more than could be said for your precious parents."

"We think Mary Elizabeth takes after you," Miss Haddon said, with another of those radiant, infolding smiles.

People couldn't scare Miss Haddon because they owned railroads and steamship lines and because they snorted and glared.

"Humph!" he snorted again. "Well, young lady," he addressed himself suddenly to Mary 'Lizabeth, "your father's dead, driving like a crazy fool over mountain roads ——"

Mary 'Lizabeth had forgotten her anger.

"How did he do it?" she asked eagerly.

"My dear ——" This from Miss Haddon.

Once more he seemed to have forgotten they were there. His great fists opened and closed round the chair knob.

"There's one crazy fool of a rich man's son less," he said harshly.

"Oh, sir ——" Miss Haddon protested.

One guessed somehow that in spite of the glaring and the snorting she felt terribly sorry for him.

"Did he have the Christmas one on already—why he couldn't see the edge?" Mary 'Lizabeth pursued breathlessly.

"Mary Elizabeth!"

But the old man nodded grimly.

"Yes."

Miss Haddon laid a warning finger on Mary 'Lizabeth's lips. She might as well have put a broom straw in front of an express train. All her life Mary 'Lizabeth had been a living question mark, bottled up and seething inside with things that simply shrieked and screamed to be asked. And always everybody had said "My dear," or "Little girls mustn't ask such questions." Now she was going to get at what it was all about. Her thirst for knowledge left her fairly panting the questions out.

"And are you the old man?"

"Eh? How's that?" Again he snorted and peered out at her with that sharp, distrustful glance.

"I say, are you the old man the one he said was so damn tight?"

Miss Haddon's palm closed gently but firmly over her mouth.

"Mary Elizabeth, your grandfather has come to take you with him," she said, rather loudly for her. "I think you'd better run up now and get your things on."

From Miss Haddon's to Santa Barbara was one hundred miles. During the whole of the journey Mary 'Lizabeth either sat with meekly folded hands in the farthest corner of the big seat or else over rough spots in the road bounced about like a very small grain of pop corn in a very big popper. She was still bursting with questions that ached to be asked, and she had to keep repeating Miss Haddon's last words of warning and pressing her fingers tight over her lips to stop them from jumping out.

In the other farthest corner sat her newly declared relation, alternately frowning and glaring; not at her, but at something else he saw which she didn't see. Now and then his face twitched and jerked in the curiousest way, and then the great bristly fists would open and shut on his bulgy knees.

When they turned in at last through the great iron gates, she saw another car that had gone in ahead of them. It was a funny gray car, all closed in on the sides without any glass. He must have seen it, too, for his face twitched and jerked harder than ever, and his hands shut on his knees till great knots stood out all over them.

When they drew up before the red brick house, which was about twice as big as Miss Haddon's school, the gray car had stopped just in front of them. On the steps huddled a group of servants, buzzing with strange, subdued excitement. Presently, while Mary 'Lizabeth stood on the porch, clutching tightly the merest shred of his scratchy greatcoat, they lifted something long and still out of the gray car and carried it into the house.

"First time in twelve years you've been through that door, my boy," she heard the old man mutter to himself.

"Well, I never have been through it at all," she reminded him.

He had forgotten she was there. His face was twitching again, and he was frowning and glaring harder than ever.

"True enough—true enough," he muttered, and they, too, went inside.

On a great bed in a gloomy great chamber lay the long, still whatever-it-was, covered with a white sheet. The old man sat beside the bed—close, oh, so close—and Mary 'Lizabeth clutched even more tightly at the scratchy greatcoat, which he had forgotten to take off. He couldn't have been afraid, and she wondered admiringly at that. He leaned forward and drew back the sheet. The beautiful dark face which Mary 'Lizabeth had seen just once in her life to remember was crisscrossed and zigzagged with a patchwork of bandages. The beautiful dark hair, too, was half covered up and clotted and cut away in places.

"Handsome Polly Dupree!" the old man said bitterly to himself. "Handsome Polly Dupree! You're not handsome any more, my boy. Better if you'd never been. Good looks don't help any. Good looks and money—they've been the ruin of you, my boy. Good looks and money—all they're fit for is to draw bad women like flies, and one bad woman can start more men down the speedway to hell than a dozen good ones can save. . . . See to it you're not a bad woman when you grow up, do you hear?"

He wheeled suddenly on Mary 'Lizabeth, who thought he didn't know she was there, and hurled the last words at her like a blast from a trumpet.

"Yes, grandfather," she said meekly, and he promptly forgot about her again.

"When he was a little shaver—so high" he measured to the bed and went rumbling on to himself—"it was always like that. The women just melted to him, his mother, servants, nurses, everybody. They spoiled him and petted him. I determined I'd save him at any price—even the price of his love for me. They didn't understand, he didn't understand. I loved him more than they did, but—I took the wrong way somehow.

"When he drew back and looked at me with hate in his eyes, I lost my nerve. I didn't quit disciplining him, but I tried to bribe him with money. I remember the first silver dollar I ever gave him. That was the beginning. This is the end."

His head sank on his chest. Mary 'Lizabeth clutched tensely at the greatcoat. She thought he was going to slip out of the chair. But he straightened up presently and turned on her again with that terrifying abruptness.

"There's one thing you want to remember, young lady," he said harshly, "you can't buy love. I tried to buy his love—all these years since I've been trying to buy it when I might have had it for the asking. He tried to buy her love. She's trying to buy love from every Tom, Dick and Harry. Some day, unless I've got the brains to give it all away first, you'll be cursed with a lot more money than any human being's got a right to. See to it you don't try to buy love, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth gulped contritely.

"Not but what it takes real brains to make money, no matter what the whining, envious fools that can't make it say. It takes real brains to make it, but—it takes a damned sight more to keep it. Remember that, too, while you're about it!"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth gulped again.

"He's been a damned poor excuse for a father, but I've been a damneder one. I put the weapon in his hands and then stood by and steeled my will and hardened my heart and wouldn't lift a finger to keep him from blowing his brains out with it. It was all my fault—all my fault—and I was too big a coward to tell him so. And now it's too late. . . . See to it"—he wheeled round fiercely at Mary 'Lizabeth, his face twitching more horribly than ever and his eyes blinking very fast and very angrily under the bristly brows—"see to it that when you've been a stubborn old fool and you're sorry and you want to tell somebody, you don't wait till it's too late. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," Mary 'Lizabeth said, and crept fearfully closer. "But maybe so—it's not too late. Maybe so he can still hear if you tell him—somewhere."

He blew his nose angrily, like another trumpet blast.

"When a man's dead, he's dead—that's all there is about it."

"But he's got to be somewhere," Mary 'Lizabeth insisted timorously.

"Hah!" he snorted impatiently. "He's gone!" His head pitched forward again. He sat silent for such a long time that Mary 'Lizabeth crept round a little closer in front to make sure he hadn't gone to sleep. Finally he said, "But if I thought he could hear, I'd tell him. If I thought he could hear "

"'Twouldn't do no harm to tell him, anyhow," Mary 'Lizabeth suggested practically.

But he didn't. Instead, he slid from the chair with a fierceness and suddenness that left her clutching thin air. He went down on his knees beside the bed. He put his bristly great head down close to that still beautiful bandaged dark head—close as if he were not afraid—and his shoulders heaved as if they were worked with pumps.

But all he said was just "My son—my son," over and over like that. "My son—my son." And Mary 'Lizabeth didn't know that that was the age-old cry of erring and sinful and prodigal fathers.

After a while he got up and sat on the chair again. His face was twitching and jerking so it looked as if something must surely burst loose if it didn't stop.

"He was the only thing in the world I loved, and I drove him away from me—drove him straight to hell. And now I haven't got anybody left—I haven't got anything left ——"

"You've got me," Mary 'Lizabeth hinted in a very small and fearful voice.

"H'm?"

He looked up and glared at her. Mary 'Lizabeth gulped and swallowed. She came round in front of him, where he could see her and decide fairly whether she was worth having or not.

"I say you've got me," she repeated, summoning all the courage she owned. "I never is had any folks, and now you haven't got any. Why don't we take each other for folks?"

"Eh? How's that?" He stared fiercely at her for a long time, then his head went down on his chest again. "Yes, and you'd break my heart, too—unless I had brains enough to die first."

Mary 'Lizabeth edged suggestively toward his knee

"No, I won't break your heart," she promised earnestly. "You don't know how terribly awful I want some folks—some real, honest-to-goodness ——"

A little later, sitting on his knee, with something like fiery rain splashing on her hands, her face, her brown frock, she put her head down against the scratchy greatcoat with a deep sigh of contentment. If Dorothea Plunkett could only see her now!

The Vogue of Floors Painted with Valspar Enamel

What delightful effects are created with Valspar-enameled Floors! What richness and color they give an interior!

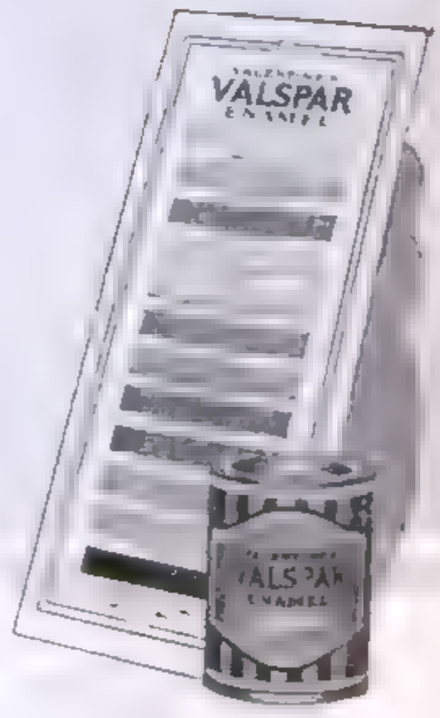
Think of the beauty of gray floors softly contrasting with mahogany furniture—dark brown blending with oak—and the endless combinations which can be worked out between the solid color of the floor and the colors in your cretonnes, upholstery and rugs.

Anyone can apply Valspar Enamels. But, if you prefer to have the job done by a professional painter, remember this is the season of the year when you can get his best attention and service because he is less apt to be over-rushed with work.

Valspar Enamels are made of the finest pigments carefully ground in waterproof Valspar Varnish, giving you Valspar waterproofness and durability plus rich, lasting colors.

Valspar Enamels make the ideal finish for all woodwork, furniture, automobiles and other articles indoors and out on which enamels may be used. Colors: Red—*light and deep*, Vermilion, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown; also Black, White, Bronze, Aluminum, Gold and Flat Black.

With the coupon below you can get a sample can for less than cost. Give Valspar Enamels a trial.



Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

Dealer's Name

Dealer's Address

Your Name

Your Address

Valspar Enamel . ☐
State color . . . . . .
Clear Valspar . . .
Valspar Stain . . .
State color . . . . . .

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

GOOD CHEER

The busiest man in the world on Christmas Eve is good old Saint Nicholas. But even he cannot resist the charm of Radiantfire's ruby glow. Like nearly 600,000 other people he finds it the truest and happiest expression of fireplace magic.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is made in a wide variety of period models and portables. It burns natural or artificial gas without a suggestion of odor. It will save you several tons of coal each year and provide clean, wholesome heat at a minute's notice.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your Gas Company or Dealer. Ask for it by name. If you insist upon our trade mark, we will gladly share the responsibility of your investment

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

(Continued from Page 19)

"All right, Tom," agreed the judge. "But if the boy walked most of the night, he's already pulled out of Bordentown. What with a little money, lifts, and one thing and another, you ought to meet him somewhere around Glassboro—always providing Alexander doesn't run away."

Tom paid no heed to the taunt. He went to his chaise, lowered the calash top, uncurled the whip lash, took his seat, picked up the reins, held out the whip awkwardly at arm's length, and without further preliminaries whispered hoarsely "Aleck!"

Aleck cast one amazed glance backward from the corner of his eye and plunged forward so violently that his master's head snapped back and his hat flew off. The judge rushed down the steps, picked it up and started at a run after the carriage; but from the first it was a hopeless chase. He stopped, leaned against a tree, and in his astonishment forgot to laugh. All he could hear was a thunderous, elephantine trot; all he could see was the glint of a shining black hide shot across with streamers of Tom's flying gray hair and beard. Then a cloud of dust blotted out the astounding vision.

XXIV

IT WAS too late for the judge to make a connection at Camden on that day; but early the next morning he was off, and by noon was saying to Eunice, "Don't worry about Drake: we haven't found him yet, but I feel sure he will reach Rattling Run Fields just about the time we get there."

"Rattling Run Fields?" repeated Eunice vaguely, and then threw up her head to stare unseeingly into the garden. "So," she added, "you think that's where he's gone?"

"I Love You," Whispered Eunice, So Low That He Scarcely Heard the Words

The judge looked at her and realized that he had not yet seen her. For an instant Drake, Rattling Run Fields and the whole Sherborne family as he had known it were wiped from mind. It was as though he had stepped back into a day before he had met Warner, before Drake and Io were born, a day of his own youth, when beneath a high arch of buttonwood, maple and elm he had seen a swift figure, vivid as a shaft of sunlight, dart out hatless in a swirling organdie frock to run to the little post office of Greenwich Street. He stared at Eunice. Alive she was, from the feet up. Not only her brain—all of her!

"Don't worry," he stammered, at a loss for anything else to say.

"I won't," said Eunice. "Not at present—not about Drake, I mean. But come in. Please come with me."

She led him through the tiny hall to a corner bedroom, opened the door and stood aside to let him pass. "Like that, every so often," she whispered; "all day yesterday; all last night, even in her sleep. For hours she kept calling out, 'No, Drake, no!' as she always does when she wishes him to wait for her. But today she hasn't spoken."

The judge crossed the room and discovered Io, stretched face downward, feet close together, arms outthrown, and weeping faintly, with a whimpering flutter of the breath. She lay on top of the bed and was clothed only in a nightgown of sheer muslin whose folds molded her figure into a bas-relief in marble, all except her bare arms and legs, which shone with a subdued, alabastrine glow. Once again the judge was struck by the astonishing slimness of her limbs. She reminded him of something. Always she had suggested elusively an impression, never before quite seized. Now he had it. She was like an arrow—slender, fleet, direct. Today—a fallen arrow.

He leaned over, touched her, spoke to her and, when she did not move or answer, gathered her up in his arms. She turned to him without lifting her wilted head. Her slim hands crept blindly around his neck. With her face fallen against his breast, she continued to weep softly, steadily, each sob sending a tremor through her elflike frame. He started to walk up and down, comforting her, nursing her as if she were a baby. Suddenly he stopped, and a look of dismay dawned in his eyes. Her body, so still without, was riotous within. It was hot, like fire. Through the soft cambric muslin, it burned his hands and drove daggers into his heart. Oh, quivering weeping flesh of childhood, stupendous reservoir of love and pain, fleet vessel of hope along the treacherous coasts of disillusion! Oh, maiden voyage and the rock of first betrayal!

Judge Alder trembled and his hands tightened. At that moment the morsel of human woe in his arms leaped the bounds of conception and became tremendous, immeasurable, infinitely more important than the breath of his own life. For Io he would have done anything, renounced salvation itself with a laugh. Love swirled through his veins with the purity of a leaping flame, consumed him, destroyed him, leaving behind only love—love in its most limpid manifestation, shorn of all seeking desire.

Oh, Io, hidden child, creeping out from that vast penumbra of persons seen but unknown, breathlessly announcing her advent with an unforgettable sparkle of dark eyes, wide open, challenging, yet ready to run! "Some folks say that Io was a heifer, a milk-white heifer; and some she was the baby moon." And Io, wilted, quivering, burning; strangling his heart with her enlacing arms! Never more reverent in all his life, he swore:

"By the Almighty," he muttered, "I can't stand it! Here, take her! Put clothes on her! Hurry!"

Strange, silent journey—Eunice sitting very still, with her hands folded in her lap and eyes far away; the judge, frowning, pondering; and Io at his side, sunk into the curve of his arm, quiet as death itself, weeping no longer, unless tears can fall within, showing no sign and giving forth no sound. They went first to the judge's house. He carried Io up to his own room and laid her on the great old-fashioned bed, four-posted, but testerless. From the door he turned back, took up her limp hand and pressed it until she opened her eyes.

"Listen," he promised, "if you'll go to sleep—sound asleep—we'll take you to Drake when you wake up. Will you try?"

She nodded listlessly and turned her face away. Eunice went to the windows, lowered the shades and drew the curtains.

Ten minutes later the judge was sending Gypsy along the highway at a terrific pace. When he reached Rattling Run Fields he felt its abandonment even before he threw open the door, which had been left unlocked. Old Ben got up, came snuffling at his heels, whining with distress. Realizing that he was half starved, the judge went into the cellar, fetched a great bowl of soured milk and put it down before the dog; then he hurried out to the barn.

Fortunately the two horses and the one cow, which, with the chickens, now comprised the entire livestock of the farm, had been turned out to pasture. Taking a pail, he went to look for the cow, found her waiting with neck stretched across the bars and stripped her leaking udder. How many years since he had last milked? Well, a great many; more than he wished to count. He was surprised and pleased that his hands had not lost their cunning. He drove home slowly, his eyes straining in vain at every turn and every crossroads for a sight of the unique Alexander and Tom's no less unmistakable barouchet.

Late that same afternoon he stood with Eunice, admiring the new brick steps which had replaced the ancient warped ones of wood, while Io climbed to the room she had shared with Drake since long before she could remember. They had warned her that he had not yet come, but she paid no heed. Eunice went into the kitchen, started to go through the house, changed her mind, and approached the window—the

Always Accurate

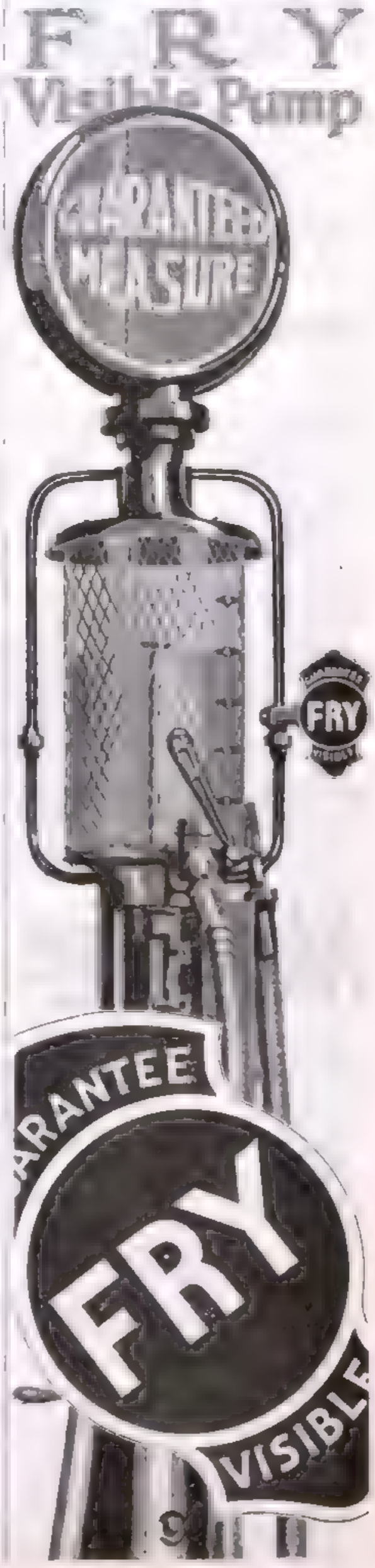
Whether on the highway, byway, or boulevard, you will find motorists prefer to buy their gasoline from the Fry Visible Pump.

Its accurate measuring mechanism insures full measure under all conditions.

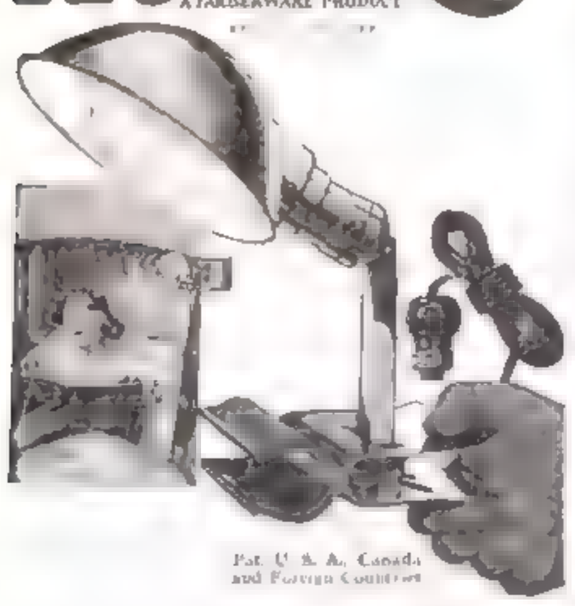
Buy from a Fry. Millions do.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
ROCHESTER, PA.

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER ONTARIO



Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT



Pat. U. S. A., Canada and Foreign Countries

The LAMP with the CLAMP

Clamps—Stands—Hangs

READ by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it on your bed or chair. Makes your reading a luxurious delight.

WRITE by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp or stand it on desk or typewriter table—lights your work, shades your eyes.

SEW by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it anywhere on sewing machine or on table or chair.

STUDY by Adjusto-Lite

Save the young folks' sight. Clamp it anywhere—instantly adjustable.

SHAVE by Adjusto-Lite

Clamp it on the mirror or any place convenient and adjust the light to any angle you want.

WORK by Adjusto-Lite

On your drawing board or desk or bench or in your garage—clamp it wherever convenient.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The lamp of a thousand uses. Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact; a quality product throughout. Appropriate for any room of any home. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and 2-piece standard plug. Price $5.

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. The name is on the carton and on the clamp. Sold by live dealers everywhere.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A. and Canada—brass, $5; bronze, nickel or white enamel finish $5.50. West of the Mississippi River and Canadian Rockies, and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional.

same window through which she had watched and watched, against her will, for the spaced comings of Warner, hauling marl. Presently she exclaimed "There!"

The judge looked out. Alexander's head was just thrusting into view from the dip of Rattling Run; then followed his great fat body, no longer sleek, alas, but sadly ruffled and streaked with sweat. In the shadow of the top of the chaise, now raised, could be descried Tom's vast hatless bulk, eased forward to the edge of the seat, with Drake beside him, sound asleep; altogether a weary and bedraggled cortège. Tom alighted heavily and prodded Drake. He awoke, stumbled from the low carriage and stood dazed, rubbing his eyes, while Alexander plodded stolidly toward the barn.

Drake had grown in the year and a half since the judge had seen him; but, unlike most boys of fifteen, he was compact and lithe, though slender. His features were finely cut and he had his mother's light-brown hair; but for all his delicacy, he gave no impression of effeminacy. His eyes saved him from that. They were widely placed, steady, and both by their color and expression suggested the quality of steel. He used them now as he studied the old house; the familiar, tumble-down outbuildings, the gnarled shrubs and cedars and a single lovely flowering bush, a japonica, drenched in vivid coral bloom. At the sight of it he stood spellbound, as if for this, and for this alone, he had dared rebellion and ventured on so long a journey. Answering a hail from the judge, he went to the kitchen door and entered. He seemed narcotized, for the presence of his mother appeared not to startle him. She was sitting at the old deal table and made no move to greet him as he dragged off his cap, crossed the room and stood before her.

"Did Tom tell you we would be here?" asked the judge curiously.

"No," said Drake, never taking his eyes from his mother's face.

"Go up to your room," said Eunice quietly. "Don't come down until you have made Io laugh."

The boy started to say something, and stopped. His eyes fell before Eunice's inscrutable gaze. He turned, opened the door behind the judge and climbed the steep stairs, down which, almost two years ago, Io had tumbled at the break of a memorable dawn. Moments passed, lengthening into a quarter of an hour. The judge became alarmed, but Eunice never wavered.

"Today is Saturday," she said, breaking a long silence. "I wish you would talk to him—persuade him that we must go back tomorrow, on his account. You realize that, don't you? He must go back."

The judge nodded, turned in his chair, and as on that morning of long ago, suddenly reached back and opened the door to the stairs. Drake was standing there, alone. His face was flushed and there were tears in his eyes; but whether they were tears of contrition or rage it was difficult to say.

"Did you make her laugh?" asked Eunice evenly.

"No," said Drake; then he burst out, stammering, "Mother, I—I couldn't help it. I had to——"

"Go back upstairs," interrupted Eunice.

"No," said Drake, throwing up his head in the gesture so characteristic of Eunice.

A rebellious look lighted a tiny flame in his slate-gray eyes. He crossed the kitchen, pushed open the screen door and passed out. His mother did not call to him; she gripped the edges of the table until her knuckles turned white—almost as white as her face. The judge arose to follow Drake.

"There's more in this than shows on the surface," he said to Eunice. "You were right not to try to stop him. Go up to Io while I find Drake and talk to him."

Eunice did as he suggested. When she reached the top of the stairs she started to speak, but arrested her words at the sight of Io. Drake had done more wisely than to make her laugh: he had got her to lie down and put her soundly to sleep, with a happy smile curving her lips. Eunice drew up a chair and sat down close to the bed. She felt contrite at having ordered Drake to do an unreasonable thing. It did not occur to her that he should have told her frankly that Io was not laughing, but asleep. He had had something else to say—something to him far more vital—and she had stopped him.

"Mother, I—I couldn't help it. I had to come." Yes, that is what he had been going to say. "I had to come—here—to Rattling Run Fields." That was the thing that had been holding his thoughts above Io's grief and above his mother's command. Never before had he disobeyed a major command. She thought of Warner and a tremor ran through her body. Why had she ordered Drake to go back upstairs? Why had she not guessed that he would not—and held her tongue? Had she lost him, or was there yet time —— The specter of Warner Sherborne rose before her. Her eyes widened. Never again! No! Never would she fight her son! He could do and be what he would. Only one thing mattered—only one thing in the whole world—that she should love and be loved.

At that thought her head flew up as if she were listening. Tryer's voice came to her in recollection, "I tell you it's love—real love," and her own, in echo, "Love! How dare you say that—to me?" She remembered the terrible emptiness, and then the fury, the unreasoning fury, which had seized her. Had she found, now, the answer to those days of blind emotion and futile questioning? Was love something above and beyond the tragic power of man over woman and sex over man? Fresh from the morning of that very day, a vision came to her of the judge holding Io's warm, sobbing body in his arms. She heard again his fervent words—"By the Almighty, I can't stand it!"

Her eyes turned to the bed and filled with tears. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks; but her eyes remained wide open, fastened on Io—Io with her blot of dark, tangled hair, cupping the white pool of her face, curling caressingly against her pale cheeks with their dusky stain of color glowing deep beneath the petal surface of the skin. Eunice saw things she had never consciously seen before—the infinitesimal vibrations of her girl's nostrils; the tiny twitchings of her lips, curved to a happy smile; the thumping beat of the pulse at the side of her slender throat, and the shuddering rise and fall of her breast, too slight to hold so great a heart.

Evening was falling. In the kitchen Tom was anxiously preparing supper, a love feast of many eggs, a few rashers of bacon and a huge batch of hot biscuit. Out amid the shining apple trees the judge was pacing up and down with Drake, and Drake was repeating doggedly, "I can't tell you, sir. All I know is I had to come. It's no use saying I'm sorry, because I'm not. You see, I had to. I'm glad I did it; I'm glad I'm here. Anybody else can come or not, just as they like, but I had to. I guess mother doesn't understand how it is."

They left the faint scent of the budding orchard and passed on into the redolent woods. High above was the sheen of the new leaves; beneath their feet, the brown earth. Midway of tree tops and ground was spread the milky way of the last of the dogwood, floating like a billowing sheet of fallen stars. Far down the slope glimmered the black mirror of the swimming hole. All was silence, save for the deep reverberating voice of a lone bullfrog, coming from far out in the swamp, proclaiming with incredible hoarseness, "Water, here's water! Water, here's water!"

Drake drew near to a towering tree and laid his hand against it.

"Judge," he asked, "did you ever get the feel of a hickory?"

"Many's the time, Drake," answered Judge Alder.

He, too, laid his hand against the bole. He passed his fingers lightly up and down the bark.

How smooth, hard, upright; how tight with life—fixed, yet aspiring.

"If I wasn't me," said Drake in defiance of his schooling, "I think I'd like to be a hickory."

"Drake," said the judge, "let's find a log. I want to talk to you and I want you to talk to me. Don't be afraid. I was your father's friend, and I'm a friend to your mother and to Io and to you. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Drake, and led the way through the gathering gloom to a fallen tree.

"You may not think it," continued the judge when they were seated, "but I can give you something today which perhaps no one else could give you, something that may never be offered to you again. I'll put it this way: If someone had told Tryer Mattis when he was fifteen what I am going to tell you, and made him listen, he would be a great man today. I mean he would have grown up into a hickory, and a big one. As it is he's a buttonwood bigger than any hickory, but spotted. There are places so soft in him that you could shove your thumbs in up to the knuckles. You see, I'm trusting you, I'm talking just to you. I pick out Tryer because he's somebody that you know, and are going to know a lot better. The closer you get to him the greater—and smaller—you'll find him to be. Tryer was handed all the tools of life, without the knowledge to use them; all the locks in the world without the master key. I'll tell you its name presently, but not just yet. I want to ask you a question or two first. What's the matter with your school?"

"Nothing," said Drake. "I guess the school's all right."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

"Why?"

For a moment Drake was silent; then he spoke slowly.

"For one thing, it's too far away from here. That's the worst. Then I'm a day boy, something from the village. Somehow, I'm—well, I'm outside. The last thing is, I don't mind fighting; but I can't stop them from calling me Mary."

"Mary!" cried the judge, laying a hand on the boy's knee. "Why, Drake, where did they get that? What does it come from?"

"You won't tell?"

"Never!"

"From Io following me around. They call her Mary's lamb."

The judge's fingers tightened.

"We'll fix that," he muttered. "You and I will clean that up between us. Tryer Mattis hit on a truer name for you when he called you a bobcat, and before we get through ——" He stopped, loosed his hold on Drake's knee and controlled his voice. "Do you think you could listen now if I were to tell you the name of the master key?"

"Yes, sir," answered Drake more warmly than he yet had spoken.

"It's just one word—'schooling.' I don't mean merely learning your book lessons. I mean so much more than that that I haven't enough schooling of my own to say it all. Your dad, Drake, was a hickory, blown to pieces by the lightning of circumstances, so that all that was left was a straight stump and roots to the very bottom of Rattling Run Fields. He never had a chance at the kind of schooling I mean; but because he held on like a bulldog to the one thing he knew, you have all the chance that fortune can give one boy. You don't have to learn to earn money; what you've got to learn is how to live. Listen, Drake; listen to this! We all want you to do exactly what you want to do. Have you got that?"

"Yes—no, sir," stammered Drake.

"There you are! You see, you can't believe it; but it's true. Here's the rest of it: Take a thousand grown men, hand-pick them. Listen! Out of that thousand you'll find only one who wasn't too lazy as a boy, or too blind, to learn how to do what he wanted to do. Now do you get it?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do."

"Drake," said the judge, after a pause, "I'm going to tell you what you're going to do, beginning with tomorrow. Don't answer me now; just think it over, tuck it under your pillow and sleep on it. You're going back with your mother and Io to school as a day scholar for the rest of this term. But you're going all alone as a boarder next year, with permission to come to Rattling Run Fields for a week-end once every month, besides your holidays. Now, here's the last thing you're going to do, and you'll only have to do it once: The first time a boy bigger than you calls you Mary, you're going to light into him with feet, finger nails and teeth—wildcat rules. If necessary, you're going to get a joint off one of his thumbs, or perhaps his ear, and eat it. By the living Harry, you're going to mark him for life with the brand of the bobcat!"

"I don't have to think it over," blubbered Drake, quivering with excitement and surrendering with a passionate allegiance to the understandingness of his friend the judge. "I've thought it over already. I'll do it all—especially that last."

XXV

AFTER supper Tom suffered a moment of embarrassment. He had long since moved, with the judge's permission, from temporary quarters in the old harness shed to what had been Warner's and Eunice's bedroom. He had had no time to prepare the room for Eunice; and although he was in many ways as neat as an old maid, he

was remembering one thing after another that he would have liked to attend to or put away before admitting her. The children went to bed; Eunice, the judge and Tom sat in the kitchen, talking only at long intervals, and then of insignificant matters. Tom had a guilty feeling that he should be upstairs, but sat on, as a man is apt to do when at a loss just how to tackle a task—above all, just where to begin. Suddenly he grunted. Sheets! There were no fresh sheets! His face turned pink beneath his beard as he turned to Eunice.

"I been living in your room. There ain't any clean sheets."

Eunice said nothing; the judge moved slowly in his chair.

"That's easily arranged," he said to her. "You can come with me and share the nurse's room. There are two beds in it, and she seldom uses either."

Eunice did not reply directly; she spoke to Tom of the new steps, congratulating him on their appearance.

"Everything about the place," she added, "is in beautiful order, Tom. It's high time you had a raise in wages."

"If I had my way," replied Tom after a pause, "you'd pay me for every week the children is away from Rattling Run, and I'd pay you back for every day they are here—one week's pay for each day."

Eunice smiled.

"You like them, don't you? They'll be here all summer, Tom, so we won't make your kind of arrangement until the fall."

She arose and started to put on her hat. The judge hurried out to fetch his rig. Five minutes later, with Eunice at his side, he was driving through the warm spring night, drenched with the odors of leaping sap in young grass, new leaves, in swelling bud and flaring bloom. His heart was beating fast, faster than the rattling catabibazon of Gypsy's hoofs. He pulled her down to a walk and kept her there. Neither he nor Eunice had spoken since leaving Rattling Run Fields, nor did they speak. The judge's eyes were fascinated by her hand, lying white against the dark material of her traveling dress. Since she dared to share so long a silence, he was emboldened to lay his free hand over hers. He felt it tremble violently and then suddenly grow still, controlled, self-mastered. Her fingers turned and folded around his with a touch that was light and cool, indescribably friendly and yet unyielding. At his house she waited in the library while he put up the mare. She heard him enter, go up the stairs and speak to the nurse. Presently he came into the room.

"I want to tell you that it's all right with Drake," he began; "only I've made him certain promises. We—well, we exchanged promises. He will go back tomorrow with you and Io, and stick out the term. He will return in the fall, but on condition that he is to go alone and to be a full-fledged boarder, with one week-end every month at Rattling Run Fields if he asks for it, and all his holidays. Is that right with you?"

"Yes," said Eunice, "quite all right. I thank you."

"He's a fine upstanding boy," continued the judge. "He said he didn't think you understood what had happened to him, that he had ——"

"Don't," interrupted Eunice, and arose. "Will you show me where I am to sleep?"

"No: not yet," said the judge, moving toward her. He waited, forcing her to meet his eyes. "You know well enough what I want to say to you," he continued in a low voice. "I want to tell you that I love you, and to persuade you that you love me. It will take hours to tell all that has come over me. When I touch Io, I touch you; when I talk to Drake, I talk to you. When I'm alone, you are with me most. In a way, you have created me. I am yours, whether you take me or not. I love you."

She looked at him steadily; her lips opened, but she did not speak. He strode forward and put his arms around her firmly, and yet not as Tryer would have done. Even so, all her body began to tremble, her hands crept up over his shoulders and she dropped her face against his breast. Like Io, thought the judge. It was as though he held again the warm, quivering form of Io.

"Eunice," he whispered, trying to make her look up. "Please."

She shook her head in denial, without lifting her face, but clung more closely to him. Presently she spoke.

"I will not tell you tonight, because I'm too tired to think. Let me go to bed, Will. Tomorrow I'll know. Tomorrow I'll tell you."

He stood quite still until she stirred restlessly in his arms; then he released her and led her into the hallway.

"The second door on the right from the top of the stairs," he directed her. "You will find your bag there."

For all her exhaustion, Eunice did not immediately fall asleep. She lay awake thinking, wondering whether she loved Judge Alder. How may a woman know whether she loves? She remembered her own girlhood, swept from the pedestal of an immemorial tradition by Tryer Mattis and saved from shame only by the alarming violence of her surrender. Then there was Warner, with whom she had lived for fifteen years. She did not think of the fifteen years, but of a single moment in all their course, the moment when she had moaned, "The snow! Oh, Warner, my dear, its flakes are like great white tears, heaped in a bank against the window." Now the judge—less, and more, than both the other men put together. How direct had been his declaration; how upright; how like himself; how his words had hewed to the line, and left it clean! Oh, why had he not taken her? Why had he consented to wait—left it to her to decide?

In the morning, while they waited for Tom to bring in the children, the judge did not trouble her with words; but his eyes followed her around and besought her answer. "Not now," she stammered finally. "I mean—in the fall, when Drake goes back to school."

"You will marry me then," he asked, "and come here with Io to live? Is that what you meant?"

She flushed. It annoyed her that he should not have taken full advantage of her ambiguity.

"I mean," she said quickly, "that I shall tell you then."

He caught the swift flicker of resentment in her eyes, and for a single instant the shrewd magistrate within him gained the ascendancy over the unseeing lover.

"No," he said, stepping forward and seizing her by the elbows; "you will tell me now."

"What do you wish?" whispered Eunice, the blood rushing from her face, and even from her lips, leaving them cold and colorless

"Say that you love me and will marry me in the fall."

"You will tell no one until then?"

"No one."

"I will marry you."

"The rest—say the rest," he ordered, tightening his hold on her arms.

His eyes met hers, held them, burned them. Her hands fluttered toward him as though they were blinded and lost, but still he gripped her firmly, constraining her to face him.

"Say it!"

"I love you," whispered Eunice, so low that he scarcely heard the words; then her head fell slowly to one side and the weight of her whole body dragged down his hands. She sank in a wilted heap upon the floor.

XXVI

THE summer of 1903 was momentous in both the lives and material activities which centered around Rattling Run Fields. With cement selling at a high figure, Mattis and the judge had decided to plunge. With all their profits of the previous season they first met their carrying charges, and then went out to borrow to the full extent of their resources. Their object was the doubling of the capacity of the plant. In furtherance of their plans, equipment had been pouring in all through the winter; and as soon as the frost was out of the ground, work had been started on the new foundations. By the middle of June, Portland cement of the Rattler Brand was being turned out at the rate of eight hundred barrels for every twenty-four hours, which meant that each weekly blast had to show over fifteen hundred tons of raw rock torn from the low cliff.

Tryer was more productively active, and consequently happier, than ever before in his life. He was constantly on the scene in person; in fact, it might be said without exaggeration that he lived only while within hearing of the rumble, crash and grind of the monstrous machinery which first pulverized the virgin rock, then burned it to a clinker, only to powder it once again into the softest yet most valiant dust of commerce.

Gradually he was collecting about him certain of those personalities who form the backbone of any long-lived industry; men

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

This KEY
opens 4,000 locks—all different

IT'S a Corbin **Great Grand Master** Key—for the one man who has the right, in an emergency, to enter every room in a university, in a great hotel, hospital or office building.

Then comes the **Grand Master** Key—for the man who has the right to unlock all the doors in one building or in one wing of a building.

Next in authority comes the **Master** Key—for those who have the right of entry on a single floor or in a single suite or group of rooms or offices.

Lastly, a whole army of individual service keys—each key operating one particular lock only.

This roughly describes the Corbin Master Key System—made possible by a Corbin invention which provides a separate locking point inside the lock—in effect, *several locks in one, with a single keyway.*

Corbin experience is at the service of those desiring to install a master key system. Each Corbin installation can be expanded indefinitely.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

Watch This Column

Priscilla Dean Coming in "White Tiger"

The real PRISCILLA DEAN—the fiery, impetuous PRISCILLA DEAN is again evident in ***"White Tiger,"*** a tense melodrama and love-story of the underworld, produced by Universal under the direction of Tod Browning, and backed with an excellent support which includes MATT MOORE, WALLACE BEERY and RAY GRIFFITH.

PRISCILLA DEAN

There is some remarkable acting in ***"White Tiger"***—situations that call for the best there is in this galaxy of stars, and I will leave it to you to judge how they acquit themselves. After all you are the judges that count, and I don't want to anticipate your verdict. But I do want you to see the picture.

* * *

Here are some other pointers which I think worth while: See HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Thrill Chaser,"*** BABY PEGGY in ***"The Darling of New York,"*** the new series of ***"The Leather Pushers,"*** JACK HOXIE in ***"The Red Warning"*** and PETE MORRISON in ***"The Ghost City."*** Even more important is VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** and ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** now playing in the principal cities.

* * *

I think it will be wise if you will keep in telephone touch with your favorite theatre and induce the manager to let you know when these pictures are coming. I promise you that Universal will never disappoint you. Just remember that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

who baby their work, who acquire the maternal instinct toward dynamite, crusher or kiln, and often end by adopting an entire enterprise as though it were an orphan. Such was Jake Werten, who had abandoned a long-neglected second-rate drug shop to become chemist to the Rattler plant; such another was Mazaro, the long-nosed Neapolitan, who had risen in a year from ditch digger to quarry master. To these and many more like them, a strike was only another name for treachery. They held their jobs the year around and lorded it over the floating labor that was rushed in each spring to carry the peak load of production and rushed out each fall to lower the overhead.

Tryer's attitude toward Eunice during these crowded months is most difficult to define, because, even could one have picked his brain, no indication of his plans or intention would have been discovered. He had no plans and was only nebulously aware of any intention. Somewhere amid the complexity of detail of his individual cosmos lingered the conviction that she was ultimately to be his. Had he not served notice on her, staked his claim? In that vague thought was set forth both his greatness and his naïve immaturity, his tremendous power of acquisition through faith against his limitations of habit and the oft-trodden rut. He was scarcely conscious of the frequency of Judge Alder's visits to Rattling Run Fields, in spite of the fact that his new car often passed Gypsy, going or coming on the roads to town; and even had he surmised that his partner was his rival, it is doubtful whether he would have stolen an hour from his labors to strengthen the fences which he deemed secure.

In the meantime life at the homestead had assumed an idyllic temper, troubled faintly by the distant rumble of the mills only when the wind blew strongly from the west. Never before had Eunice considered Rattling Run Fields as emblematic of peace or of fruition. During the fifteen years of her life with Warner it had stood for struggle, disaster and an unbending sterility. Now its atmosphere had changed to that of a nest set securely within a crotch of the living earth, with fledglings pruning untried wings for flight. She remembered almost with dismay the bitter words she had spoken to the judge:

"If I were offered happiness in this place, I would choose to be unhappy elsewhere."

How had she come so near to blasphemy? She went over in her mind once more those poignant events which had scarred her very soul, and in a moment her face grew hard, old. Thinking of Drake leaping from the hoist to rush toward the wound in the land from which he had sprung no less than from her womb, and of his mutinous flight from school, she held in the end to her aversion. No creeping beauty should win her; she was glad that she was going to marry the judge and move away at last.

The children were wholly unconscious of this feeling and given over to a quiet yet greedy orgy of enjoyment. The item which had first seized on Drake's attention was the effect of the new steps Tom had built to the three doors of the old house. He had been clever in not following the lines of the old ones of wood. The wide flare of the new steps, narrowing as they ascended, had made of the awkward tower of the ancient homestead almost a thing of grace. Drake sat on the warm bricks, patted them with his feet and hands, and felt foolish when Io asked him what he was doing. But Tom, coming from the harness shed, where he had once more taken up his abode, did not have to ask.

"Say, Drake, get your mother's permission to tear down the old corncrib and the lean-to at the back of the house. There's plenty room in the barn now for all them things. Let's build a new chicken run with the best of the lumber and make the place look a bit shipshape."

Drake flew in search of Eunice, and in the days of feverish demolition and construction that ensued Io grew more and more disillusioned, waiting to see Rattling Run Fields assume the form of a vessel, high poop and bow, masts, bowsprit and perhaps a pennant flying at the taffrail. When she learned that Tom's romantic word "shipshape" implied nothing more than spring house cleaning, applied to out of doors, she made her initial approach to boredom in following all of her brother's leads. This first defection was fostered intentionally by Eunice and the judge. Looking backward to the paroxysm of weeping brought on by Drake's abandonment of her on the occasion of his escape from school, and forward to an inevitable separation, they made plans and joined forces in keeping the children apart for as many hours as possible in each day.

This could be done only by giving them separate interests, and the project was greatly aided by two factors—the frequent presence of Jimmy Mattis, too lazy to work; and the aversion of Drake to approaching the cement plant, much less the quarry. Io, on the other hand, was fascinated by the activities beyond the brow of the far-away ridge, and Jimmy was ever ready to lead her to where she could watch them. He was a strange mixture of a boy, much like his father, except that he was less promiscuous in his affections. Ordinarily he never looked at any but the bigger of the girls among his schoolmates, and then only to tease them; but from the day Io came back to the farm he seemed to drop his usual habits and followed her around sheepishly as if she were the bell mare of a herd of ponies.

On days when there was no blasting the two would watch Drake and Tom hammer and nail as long as idle flesh could stand the strain, and then go off to lie for hours on the very edge of the quarry beneath the blot of shade of some cedar, doomed to imminent destruction. From such a point of vantage they would watch the men immediately beneath them, some breaking up the larger blocks of rock, others with ten-pronged forks loading the broken stone into the skips, and still others standing by to couple up the laden cars with the snakelike cable running from the hoist. As each load went up the incline they would hold their breath, waiting for the sounds of tipple, roar and crunch. Like a background was the ponderous low drone of the battery of mills.

There came a day when Jimmy gained permission from his father to bring Io to the plant. Men stopped their work as she drew near, so slight was she, and withal so great a presence. Rightly had the judge named her the arrow. Incredibly slender, moved by some unseen power, she seemed to be here and there at one and the same time, without fuss or effort. Her dark curly hair was clustered about her head like a crown, and from beneath its disordered thatch her brown eyes, with their buried flashes of smoky fire, challenged the world, giving warning that she stood ready to take all dares. When she smiled—ah, when she smiled, that which was hardest in the breast of any man turned to water, and that which was tenderest choked and almost strangled on itself.

Jimmy led her to the floor of the quarry and Tony Mazaro himself took them in an empty skip to the top of the hoist. Unheard of sacrifice of time, complete and unsurpassable homage! He even remained to hold Io up so that she could lean over the guard rail and watch the next car hit the tipple and rumble its load of rock into the insatiable maws of the crusher. So fascinated was she by this sight and the amazing hunger and capacity of the grinding jaws of iron, that she refused point-blank to go farther. In vain did Jimmy recount the wonders of the ball and tube mills, and even of the blinding blaze of the fiery kilns; in vain did Mazaro assert with naïve, tender-sounding profanity that he had to go back to his work. Io clung to the rail, and, restrained by the feudal traditions of the Old World, he dared not cross her, much less pull her away. In desperation he sent for Mattis.

Tryer came swearing and stayed to laugh long and loud at the swarthy quarry master's predicament. Gradually he sobered as his eyes made swift estimate of his boy Jimmy, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, large for his age and moderately well formed, and of Io's delicate figure, stirruped in Mazaro's hands and doubled as clean as a jackknife at the hips to permit her to lean far out over the crusher.

"Here, I'll take her," he said, stepping forward and encircling Io's waist with his powerful fingers.

Instantly she threw herself backward, writhed, twisted, slipped from his hands like an eel and darted away along the rickety platform. Tryer, Mazaro and Jimmy all dived for her flying skirts, and missed. Tryer was the first to recover his presence of mind: he bellowed to the man at the skip head, who was just in time to hold out his arms and deflect her flight down the narrow stairway which led to the ground. Jimmy followed, and presently caught up with her.

"What's the matter, Io?" he asked. "Why did you run away from dad?"

"He caught hold of me," stated Io, apparently unperturbed. "He—he touched me."

Jimmy looked at her, saw that she was not at all angry, and wondered. She started to run up the ascent to the pasture, and though he was her elder and a boy, he was far more blown than she by the time they reached the top of the low hill.

"Io," he panted presently, "it's a real hot day. Let's you and me and Drake go swimming."

She stopped and stared at him.

"No," she said, in the same untroubled tone in which she had stated her reason for running away from Tryer Mattis.

XXVII

SO IMPORTANT had grown the affairs of the Rattling Run Company that the judge had resigned from the bench and returned to a desultory law practice which made him the master of his own time. Owing to the heavy carrying charges, the income he received from the plant was not large, but he was content to leave all his eggs in the one basket. He was shrewd enough to perceive that whether Tryer's fantastic dream of concrete roads ever came true or not, the future of the enterprise in which they were jointly and almost equally interested was assured. He gave legal consultations in the morning and in the afternoon could be seen invariably taking the road to Rattling Run Fields.

His connection with the plant was so well known, and the house of the Sherbornes was so hidden, that his daily visits to the homestead passed almost unremarked. Indeed, even if the most avid gossips had followed him and watched his meetings with Eunice they would have got little reward for their pains; because the judge had learned his lesson. Never would he forget Eunice's head, drooping slowly to one side, and the full weight of her body dragging his hands to the floor. That had been no ordinary collapse, but the sheer victory of a suppressed emotion over flesh too sorely tried. When, yet again, he remembered that this was the woman whom he had once likened in his mind to a bit of useful harness he felt small in his own eyes, and frightened. He was different from Mattis in that it was not in him to play with fire for the mere sake of the game.

He spent hours with Eunice and her children; but even after Io, and then Drake, had gone to bed, he never risked more than a quick contact of hands as he said good night to Eunice. That restraint, however, did not apply to his eyes or to his tongue. He would follow every movement she made, and when they were alone he would make love to her with words that kept her from ever doubting his ardor and which sometimes swept over her almost with the effect of a lingering caress. Only when the summer was drawing to a close did he remind her of her promise and ask to know her wishes. Where would she like to be married, and when, and did she want the children to attend?

"No," said Eunice, answering his last question first. Then, after a pause, "The day before Drake goes back to school; quietly—very quietly."

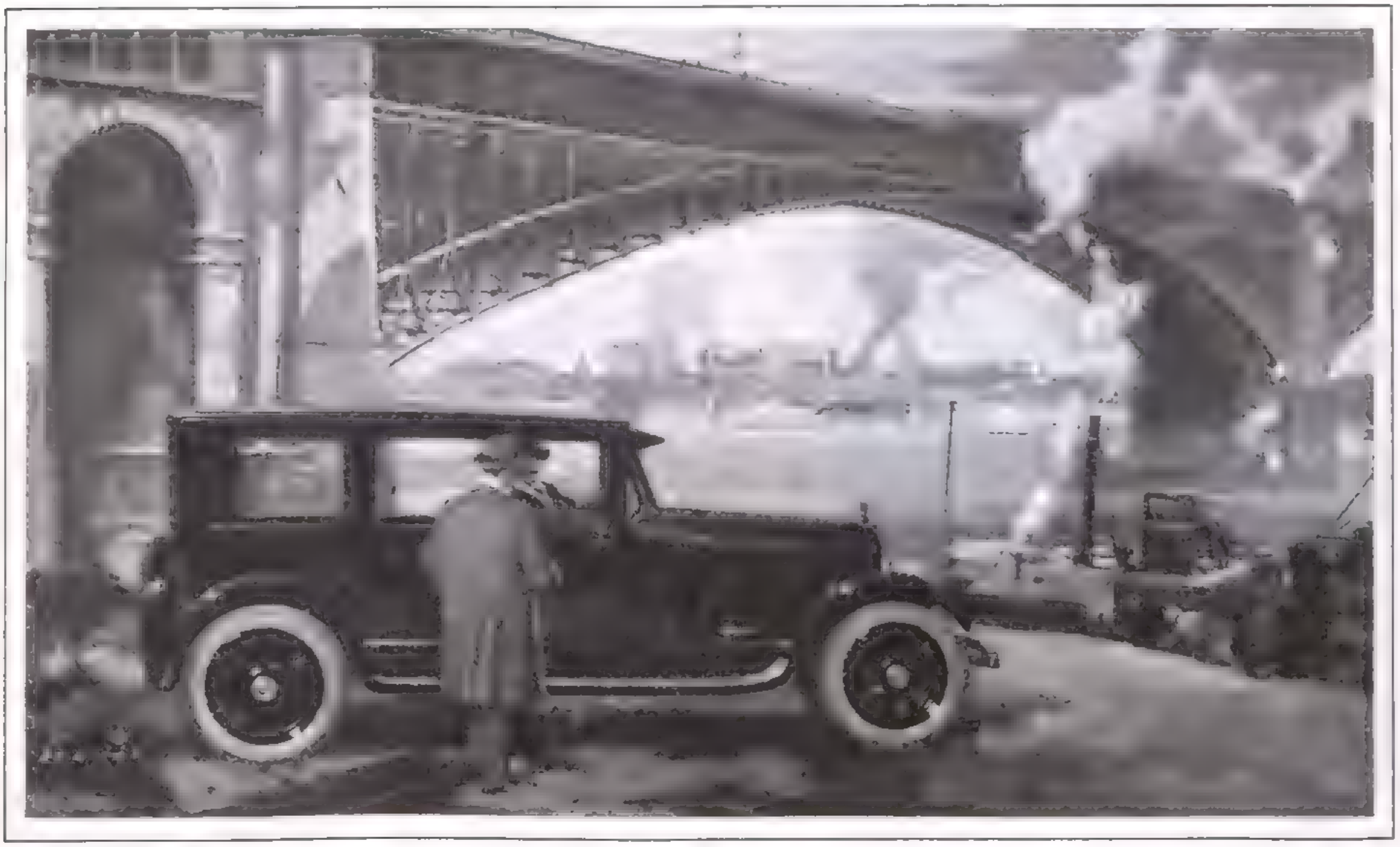
"Do you wish to go away afterward?"

"Yes; a long journey," she answered. Her eyes remained grave, but a mischievous smile played with the corners of her full lips as she added, "A journey in your library. Nowhere else."

On the appointed day she changed her decision in part. Drake, with Tom's aid, was so absorbed in putting the finishing touches to some last embellishment that it seemed cruel to leave Io behind. Besides, how better could the blow of separation from her brother be softened than by giving her a new and divided sense of importance, a privilege in which he had no share? Drawn by Gypsy, the three set out on the long drive to a neighboring county seat, not the one of the judge's residence. There, before a justice of the peace and Io's wide-open, wondering eyes, William Alder and Eunice Sherborne were married.

One would have thought that the parallel of this procedure with that of her former marriage would have reminded her of Warner, but it did not. She had lived too profoundly to attach much importance to a similarity in mere externals. The mood in which she faced union with the judge had nothing whatever in common with her flight from Mattis into Warner's arms.

Continued on Page 76



The Eads Bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis was begun in 1867 and completed in 1874. It is a mammoth steel arch structure of three spans and is one of the outstanding achievements of engineering genius

"I have had 10 Marmons

—*They have given me hundreds of thousands of miles of real enjoyment*"

By P. DE C. BALL
Capitalist and Manufacturer, St. Louis

"WHEN I bought my first Marmon, back in 1910, I wanted a car that was powerful, easy to handle, comfortable and good looking.

"I got all this, and a great deal more. Today with four Marmons in constant use, I may say that I am spoiled for any other car. I have known the superlative in transportation. My tenth Marmon is my pride; it's ready whenever I am, and I cannot ask it a service it cannot render.

"We have driven in our Marmons from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Canadian line to Mexico. We have driven through rain and snow, mud and sand. Good roads, rocky roads, impossible roads. But the Marmon smilingly takes them all.

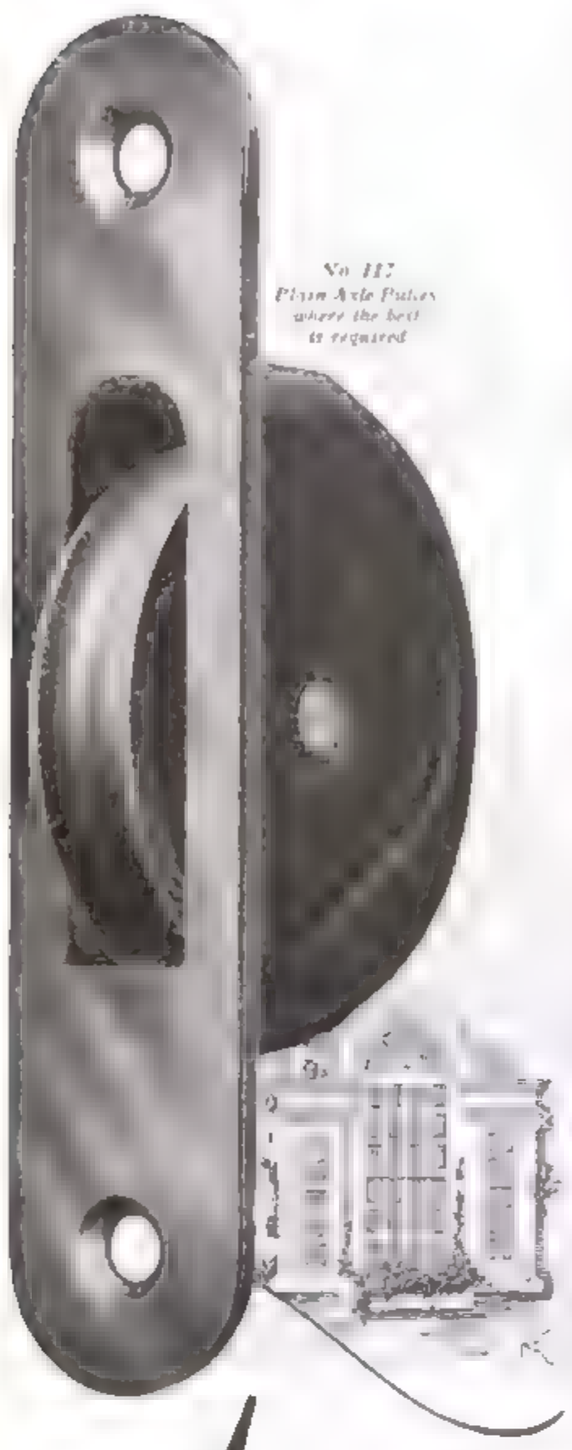
"The roadster which I have just discarded was still running quietly and going strong, after 100,000 miles of trying use.

"I haven't seen any other car that could lure me away from the Marmon!"

NORDYKE & MARMON CO., *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

M A R M O N

Marmon prices reduced: 7-passenger Phaeton now $2785 (formerly $3185) f. o. b. Indianapolis, without Government tax. Corresponding reductions on all other models



A small item of great importance

ANYONE who has planned a house or other building knows the important part played by a few of the little details.

The sash pulley is one of those things that the experienced builder has learned to take seriously.

He knows that windows are operated more frequently and continuously than almost any other part of the building. He knows this hourly opening and closing depends mostly on the pulley used in the sash.

The American Pulley Company has taken this item seriously and designed an improved line of sash pulleys. Made of steel, electrically welded, rust proofed. A little thing worth remembering if or when you are building.

Ask for descriptive printed matter, "Importance of Windows in Building."

See our catalogue in Sweet's

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, Steel Sash Pulleys, and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia

AMERICAN SASH PULLEYS

Continued from Page 74

Then she had plunged into a material penance; now she moved sensitively and in a subdued exaltation toward a spiritual fulfillment. If she was afraid, it was the fear of humility before her own limitations, real or imagined.

The judge's long restraint had made its marked impression. During the four months which had passed since she admitted her love for him this man had seen her constantly, known that she was his by right of conquest, and yet had stood steadfastly by some law which to him ranked higher than the achievement of a merely intrinsic possession. Little did he know how much he had gained by this exhibition of a strength to which she had been a stranger. Day by day she had felt growing within her the power to love above and beyond the implications of physical surrender—that power whose first stirrings had made her turn on Mattis with unreasoning fury and ask him how he dared to speak to her of love.

As they were driving homeward the judge chanced to glance at Eunice just as she threw up her head, shaking it free from fear and doubts. Io, tired by the long drive, was sitting in her lap, with head fallen against her shoulder, and though Eunice was not looking at the child, there had stolen into her face the selfsame effulgence which he had seen once before at the end of the night-long vigil beside Warner's body, an effulgence which had seemed to dim the paling lamp and dissolve the very walls of the room in which she stood. Holding her children hand in hand, she had taken a single step, and it had been as though she strode, attended, through open fields. So now did her face appear.

When they reached Rattling Run Fields Tom was in the kitchen preparing supper, with Drake following him around, talking purposefully of what they two would do when another summer should have at long last come around.

"Drake!" cried Io excitedly, and cast a pleading look at her mother.

"No, Io," said Eunice. "Wait a moment, dear." The judge came in from hitching the mare. "Drake," called Eunice, "come here. I have something to tell you." Drake turned and met her smiling eyes. "The judge and I were married today. Drake, are you glad or sorry?"

Drake drew erect and studied his mother's illumined face. Her smiles, so rare in the first days of their childhood, had an extraordinary ascendancy over the moods of her children. Now it was as though she took an unfair advantage in smiling at her son. He felt like flinging himself into her arms, and yet drew back, struggling with a new-found sense of individuality. He and his mother, who had once been one, were suddenly no longer one, even though love remained. It was puzzling; it made him awkward, but he held his ground.

"I don't know," he answered. "Will I have to call him father?"

"No, Drake," interposed Judge Alder. "Why should you? Yesterday I was the judge to you; today I am the same man, only happier—a lot happier. And you are still Drake Sherborne, the son of your father, Warner Sherborne, and of Rattling Run Fields. Nothing can change those two things."

Drake's troubled face broke into a whimsical smile.

"I know now, judge," he said. "I'm glad—almost as glad as mother."

No one had noticed the red flush which had glowed for a moment on Tom's cheek bones, or the water that had risen to his eyes, making him for an instant a pitiable object. He recovered himself, came forward and wished Eunice happiness with a finished courtliness that made the children stare and the judge wonder; but there was little time for speculation as to where Tom had learned his manners. There was supper to eat and packing to do, for Drake was to spend this last night of his holiday in the judge's house, where Eunice and Io were to take up their abode, leaving Tom, as before, in possession of Rattling Run Fields.

The judge, with Eunice, drove ahead, and the children in Tom's old chaise followed at a far more leisurely pace behind Alexander, once more astonishingly fat and incredibly sleek. During the ride, with Io standing at the dash and Drake sitting at his side, Tom grew gloomier and gloomier, finally giving vent to the following aspiration: "I wish I was a bear."

"Why, Tom?"

"Because," replied Tom, "the bear is a hibernating animal."

"Is he?" asked Io vaguely. "And is that something nice, Tom?"

"Very nice. It means he is an animal that will have no truck with winters, not on any account whatsoever. As soon as ever it gets cold and lonely he fills his belly, makes himself comfortable in a deep hole, and goes to sleep until the spring."

"Gee!" exclaimed Drake fervently. "I wish I was a bear too."

"But you won't be lonely, Tom," said Io after a moment's thought, "because I am going to have a pony and I'll come to see you every day."

"Who told you you were going to have a pony?" asked Drake.

"Nobody," replied Io calmly. "I told myself. I just thought of it."

At the moment when they were thus chatting, the judge was leading Eunice into the bedroom of his mother. She was very old and an invalid, but there was something in the frame of her face, made evident under the tightly drawn and almost transparent skin, which proclaimed her the source of the strength in her son.

"Mother," said the judge, "this is Eunice, of whom I have told you so much. We were married today."

"Let me look at you," said Mrs. Alder, reaching out. Eunice took the extended hand and knelt beside the bed. The old lady peered into her face. "Don't be frightened," she said presently. "I give you a good son."

XXVIII

ON THE following morning the judge accompanied Drake to the station while Eunice went to enroll Io in a local school. Io kissed her brother good-by with a set face, but without a tear. Thanks to the preparation of the summer, or to some far deeper influence within herself, she did not look upon this separation as she had regarded Drake's treacherous flight. The impulse to follow him in all things was not necessarily dead, but it was under control, to remain henceforth a possession, not a master.

Just as the judge returned, he heard a low call from across the street. It was Eunice. He waited, and together they entered and went to the library. With the children gone the house was strangely still, and yet not empty or deadened, for each room in it seemed to have a subtle power of self-assertion, of animate life. Too little attention has been paid to the individuality of houses and rooms. Who ever thinks of a room as a mold to body and mind? And yet all men reflect in their souls the rooms in which they have lived; all men bend here and bulge there, little or much, according to the material horizons that have hemmed them in or hurled them to the peaks which transcend all walls.

Sitting in the library, with the judge before her, Eunice stared at the spot where she had sunk to the floor, overcome by that within her which had been permitted to find expression through no other channel save collapse.

Who was that passionate woman? How had she strayed into this untroubled air? Was she here now, no longer all-important, but contained within a firmament—one star, glowing red amid the crystalline planets of a serene heaven?

The drone of summer called her eyes through the open windows to the inner garden, filled with such a wealth of trellised verdure that it seemed to drip with shade, sifting the brazen light of day, toning it to a green effulgence before it entered to the company of the somber yet friendly books. She turned and looked within. She perceived presently that the room knew no divisions. Here were not serried volumes on shelves, cool shadows, worn chairs and the judge's glowing eyes against a background of right-angled walls, each set apart from the other. No; all were one, an expression of a single whole. Gradually she possessed the truth that peace can be an element in which we may live by intention. She leaned back in her chair with a sense of immersion in a slow-moving flood of content, a suppliant for inclusion within its unity. How still everything was, and yet alive. How very still.

There came the jangling of a bell, a furious knocking, the front door flung open to crash and jar against the wall, the heavy steps of a man blundering into the parlor, returning to the hall, entering at the far end of the library. Mattis stood there for a moment, hatless, glaring, his hands hanging low at his sides. He came toward them, and as the light from the windows struck his face his bloodshot eyes showed red as garnets. A rumbling was issuing from his throat which became distinguishable as hoarse words when he drew nearer. He was speaking to Eunice.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded. "Just tell me that! Why?"

The judge had arisen and sprung forward, but at Tryer's words, the exact repetition of those he himself had cried out to Elizabeth Banning years ago, he stopped suddenly, threw back his head and laughed. Eunice stared at him, wondering. Even Mattis was startled for an instant into a puzzled, vacuous expression.

"Oh, that!" he roared at the judge with abrupt understanding. "I ain't asking you why you done it. I know well enough. You done it to get even; but you've taken that which bears my mark, the mark you never put on a woman in all your born days."

The judge sobered, his face turned white and his eyes blazed.

"Stop! Another word of that and I'll hit you with anything I can reach!"

Tryer threw up his hands and waved them about in his gesture of a man fighting off bees. He did not wish to hear the judge, nor to fight him; his momentous business was with Eunice alone. She had not left her chair, and his great head sank between his shoulders as he thrust his face toward her. Sweat was trickling across his forehead and down his bronzed neck; his chest heaved like a bellows, and his words came out in gasps.

"Vic, you're my woman. Didn't you sign and seal it with your arms around my neck? 'Go away!' you says. 'Go away!' and like a fool I went, but I said I'd come back, and I did come back, as soon as ever Warner was under the ground. Didn't I tell you then you was my woman? Couldn't you wait? What I been doing all these months but standing by, working my head off for you and your kids, feeding you and them, making you into a lady and giving them their school? I was there, and you knew it. You're my woman. I put my mark on you afore you was growed, and it's a mark that never comes out. Get up, come out of that chair and away. To the devil with your marriage lines and the Judas judge."

"Eunice," said the judge rapidly, "when I go for him leave the room—lock yourself in somewhere—stay there."

"Stop, Will," said Eunice, without rising. "Stand back!"

So quietly did she speak that he obeyed, confused by her calm into thinking he had been alarmed without reason. The two men yielded subconsciously to an arresting pause, but a pause of expectancy. They waited, their eyes fastened on Eunice.

"Stand where you are, Tryer."

She arose and placed herself directly before him. Her gaze met his bloodshot eyes squarely. He knew a wild instant of hope, and then a swift sinking of the heart. Her eyes, her face, all her erect body, were like a fixed wall of denial. Seconds passed, lengthening into moments. She did not move or speak. She could have been cruel had she permitted her eyes to wander over his person, but she was content to remain completely impassive; and Tryer, ever as sensitive to atmosphere as a chameleon to color, needed no dagger to tell him where he stood.

His eyes broke away from her steady gaze and flickered up and down her figure, so securely poised, so fresh in its reacquired youth, so convincingly unattainable. From her they leaped to pass swiftly about the room, discovering it for the first time. Presently they dropped. As on that day when he had watched her from behind the elm, he stared down at his hands, at his heavy muddied boots, at his soiled shirt cuffs and hairy wrists. His shoulders slouched and the expression of bold audacity so habitual to his face suddenly broke and began to disintegrate. It was a terrible thing to see. Eunice's eyes became suffused. She turned quickly, picked up a book from the table beside her and left the room. To avoid looking at Mattis, the judge watched her go, and even after she had passed out he kept his gaze fixed on the door.

"Bill, I take back the Judas."

The judge looked around to find Tryer standing beside him with extended hand—a changed Tryer. Wisps of his shock of hair, usually standing at every rebellious angle, were fallen and plastered to his brow with drying sweat. In his eyes, his lips, in his whole face, was a peculiar unnamable suggestion of nakedness, a shameless yet innocent revealment of the stripped body

of the soul. It was as though the vessel of his strength had been shattered by a blow and quickly emptied. He was like a giant tree with the heart riven out of it by lightning, and when the judge saw that this crumbling wreckage of a tower of self-esteem was trying to smile, a lump rose in his throat and he felt such a surge of compassion as he had never before known. He seized the extended hand and held to it, though it remained limp in his grip.

"Tryer," he said, "brace your shoulders."

"My shoulders," repeated Mattis apathetically, but made no effort to comply. What strength he had he was pouring into the endeavor to make his lips smile. "I can't," he added presently.

"You can try, can't you?" demanded the judge.

"I can try," said Mattis, giving utterance to the fighting phrase which had nicknamed him, but in such a tone that the words seemed a denial of themselves, as if they, too, had become suddenly emptied. They accomplished one thing, however.

"I-Can-Try Mattis—Tryer Mattis," he said, and smiled.

He freed his hand and turned to go, but the judge followed, praying for an inspiration; and it came before they reached the front door.

"Got your automobile here, Tryer?"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd drive me out to the works. Have you thought out a way to run in the new conveyor without a shutdown?"

For a moment Tryer's face remained vacant, then he frowned and the muscles of his jaws began to tighten.

"We can do it in three sections," he began, and went on, while they stood on the sidewalk beside the car, slowly gathering his thoughts, outlining his plans, making his points with increasing emphasis.

"Take me out to the plant," repeated the judge. "I want to go over that and some other things with you on the spot—all the things you've been growling to me about."

He entered an automobile for the first time in his life. For a swift mile he kept silence, absorbed with trying to measure the new sensation; then, finding himself at ease, he turned his head, looked at Tryer's gathered brows and took comfort.

"Tryer," he said presently, "I'm beginning to see things. I'm just learning to know that when you are right I am dead wrong. There's no halfway about it. We ought to put up a plant at Rattling Run that will make all the bricks in the world water at the mouth for our cement."

Tryer drew a long, quivering breath and his shoulders slowly straightened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ADVENTURES IN POLITICS

Continued from Page 4

constructively, to extend democracy. It is upon the latter fond, though perhaps delusive hope that the following analysis is based.

Looking carefully at the picture of representative government as we see it operating in America today, its most obvious outstanding feature is the two-party plan. The Government functions through political parties. In the United States these parties are called Democratic and Republican; in England and Canada, where the same two-party principle prevails, they are called, loosely, Liberals and Conservatives, the ins being dubbed the Government and the outs the Opposition. This conception of government, Anglo-Saxon in origin, is deeply embedded in our traditions and associations. Through the machinery of these two parties the country has been, is and probably will continue to be governed for some time.

The alternative to this two-party principle which is the backbone of our present representative system is government by multiple parties—that is, by numerous small, violent coteries, combinations, groups, which war against each other to gain control and head up inevitably in dictatorships, one stout rascal leaping upon the shoulders of his fellows, seizing the reins of government, dealing death or castor oil to other stout fellows down below who are straining to do likewise to him, until eventually one of them leaps a little higher, succeeds, and is in turn blackjacked from behind, so that the process resembles a series of waves, a succession of disorganizing crises, with thugs, fanatics or irresponsible freaks in the saddle, and safety, business, education and a stable government policy sliding to the dogs in the turmoil.

These small antagonistic coteries, groups and gangs split up and dissipate the energy necessary to concerted action and are impotent in themselves. In America they are foozling and futile so long as they remain outside the party organizations, for these are the duly authorized channels, the vehicles for political energy, influence, power, and outside of them there is no machinery for getting ideas transmuted into actual legislation. The ideas, so long as they remain disconnected from the political vehicles, remain simply—ideas.

These are the conditions which govern political activity in the United States today, and they cannot be evaded, ignored or Coué away. Applied to women citizens, the broad principle may be stated thus: Groups striving to influence politics and refusing to work inside the duly constituted channels dissipate their energies; their labors do not count. There are numerous and unimportant little pseudo-political coteries, hole-in-the-wall bunches of special pleaders, alleged political salons, not to mention certain brilliant but pathologic cranks, who, scorning to extinguish their bright individualities inside the drab alignment of political parties, seek to mold government policy and legislation by influence from the outside. Their effectiveness is about that of a lad with a sling shot trying to arrest the progress of Betelgeuze.

It may be more colorful, dramatic and appealing to kick against the pricks of the existing parties than to join them and labor constructively for their improvement on the inside. It is always easier to attack than to create; and the present organizations, by their very imperfections, a kind of high, solemn swagger, an I-am-God-and-don't-you-forget-it air, lay themselves peculiarly open to ridicule by lively female minds. But that is beside the point. The point is that all these hole-and-corner coteries, salons, alleged national parties and what nots get nowhere; they do not arrive; their train, despite its siren screams of publicity, never leaves the station. And why? Because it's not switched onto the right rails; it's disconnected from power.

These several groups are up against a condition and not a theory. For, kick as they may, ridicule, carp and criticize as they may, the stubborn fact remains unchanged that this country is governed by the two-party principle and is, by all signs, going to continue on indefinitely in the same fashion, however drab and undramatic such a method may be. That being the case, those who refuse to tie themselves up with power are already beaten at the post. They're out of it, so far as influence and political activity go. They may, indeed, achieve a certain transitory notoriety, an occasional headline in the paper on dull days when the editors are hard up for real news; but actually, constructively, they are impotent: they have cut themselves off from the living current of power as effectually as when one hangs up the receiver of the telephone.

So much for the first and basic proposition of government by the two-party system. It's a law which women will have to put up with whether they like it or lump it, like the law of gravity or original sin. But if it is agreed that government as it exists in America and England by two great parties is preferable on the whole to government by dictation, by morally irresponsible little coteries and fanatical freaks eager to smash the entire structure for the sake of enthroning some untried theory, then the two organizations already in existence, thinking of them for the moment simply as vehicles, pieces of machinery, are fairly good mechanisms for permitting the individual citizen to express his will and get his opinions across into representative government. Not direct government—that's something else again. The more one sees of direct government, the common or garden name of which is dictatorship, with mad interludes of mob rule, the more wisdom is seen in putting checks on that by electing responsible representatives who act as brakes on mob passion, mob revolt, mob will.

These two parties, moreover, possess the profound practical advantage of being deep-rooted in popular tradition and popular

Paying for waste that *cannot be burned*

"12% ash" reads one item in the analysis of what purports to be good coal.

Translate this into dollars and cents.

It means that every ton of coal delivered contains 240 pounds of something that cannot be burned on the grate, something on which freight must be paid from the mine, something that must ultimately be shoveled into a cart and hauled away.

Ash, dirt, impurities that cannot be burned must be paid for heavily in freight charges and labor costs.

Industrial executives who buy Consolidation Coal reduce this sheer loss to a minimum. For Consolidation Coal is clean. It is so mined that layers of clay and slate do not necessarily fall with the coal. It is carefully prepared so as to remove extraneous and visible impurities.

As a result, Consolidation Coal is transported and burned with the minimum waste.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. *First Nat'l Bank Bldg*
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. *137 Market Street*
BALTIMORE, MD. *Continental Bldg*
BOSTON, MASS. *State Mutual Bldg*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Bankers Trust Bldg*
WASHINGTON, D. C. *Union Trust Bldg*
CHICAGO, ILL. *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg*
CINCINNATI, OHIO *Union Central Bldg*
NORFOLK, VA. *Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg*
CLEVELAND, OHIO *Kirby Bldg*
MILWAUKEE, WIS. *843 South Canal Street*

Foreign Offices: LONDON, ENGLAND *Bidlner Sq Bldg*; GENOA, ITALY *10-Via Roma*

Sales Agents: ST. PAUL, MINN *North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg*; MONTREAL, QUEBEC *Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Shaughnessy Bldg.*; GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company*; WAUKEGAN, ILL. *Waukegan Coal Company*

Harvey
RACINE
Ride Rite
(PATENTED)
Shock
Absorbing
Springs
Stop
"Drumming"

Whether your drive takes you over stony or frozen country roads, pitted city pavements or street car tracks—if your car is Harvey Ride Rite equipped you will never experience that supreme annoyance, "drumming" wheels.

Harvey patented Ride Rite shock absorbing springs carry your car smoothly over every bump without throw, snap or jar. You are not distracted by unevennessinthe roadway, Ride Rite built-in shock absorbing construction takes care of that.

"The Joy of Easy Riding" contains the key. Write for your copy

This sign identifies Harvey dealers. They are men of integrity and experience. You can safely trust them with your spring troubles.

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.
Dept. 13 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

sympathies and drawing their lifeblood from popular consent. If they were scrapped we should straightway have to invent others on the same model; and the new ones, even granted they were theoretically perfect machines with plenty of spare parts, would still labor under the handicap of being new, untried and liable to blow up while the testing process was under way.

And even could this handicap be overcome, still by their very strangeness they would lack the confidence of the people, those imponderable, invisible assets which a business firm names good will; and lacking them, they would have to be rebuilt, slowly and laboriously, into the traditions and associations of the people.

"It was good enough for father and it's good enough for me," is a banality which contains a profound psychological truth. So, on the whole, the imperfect institutions known as the Republican and the Democratic parties are here in our midst to stay; first, because the inherent nature of our two-party system of government demands them; second, because they are embedded so deep in the hearts of the people that to dislodge them would be dangerous; and third, because as human institutions they are psychologically sound and answer fairly well their purpose, which is to permit the individual citizen to express his will in shaping government.

If a political bookkeeper were to draw up a ledger account of the virtues and defects of this system he would find an emphatic balance on the credit side. And the proof of this is that after almost a century and a half during which this system has been in active operation, despite the strains of a devastating civil war and various foreign encounters, despite the vast influx of millions of ignorant and politically untrained immigrants to whom self-government is an empty phrase, the country is still neither in the hands of a dictator nor a receiver, but is a distinctly going concern; it has not yet fallen into the yellow leaf of moral or social decay, but, despite the calamity howlers, has managed to rub along somehow with its burden of imperfections, and is marching at the head of the world procession, and other great and puissant nations are turning to it for guidance in their tangled affairs. As a system it has stood the acid tests of those three great ravagers, war and peace and time. Evidently then it cannot be the creaking archaic failure its critics would fain believe.

The Dictator Germ

As we are embarked on a kind of rubberneck expedition to view some of the main points of interest in the governmental scene, it may be well to halt the rubberneck wagon at this point and megaphone certain salient bits of information: Ladies and gentlemen, the two enormous animals you see basking somnolently before you are the largest specimens of American fauna now in captivity; they are respectively known as the tiger and the elephant, otherwise the G. O. P. Alive? Very much so, especially around elections, though they have a way of sinking into profound lethargy at other seasons of the year.

I see, ladies and gentlemen, that some among you have already discovered certain black spots or discolorations which mar the bodies of these great beasts. Yes, they are disease spots, caused by a germ which bores its way in, intrenches itself and begins to feed on the healthy living tissues. It is called the dictator germ and is particularly active and virulent throughout the world today. The spot upon which the dictator germ fastens and feeds is called, somewhat erroneously, a machine.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, look closely at this particular plague spot in which the dictator germ has deeply embedded itself and is stolidly eating its way toward the White House, upon which its sightless vision is fixed. Cannot you faintly distinguish certain tall skyscrapers, magical soaring towers and fairy-like minarets cutting the upper blue? Yes, Manhattan! And in order not to play favorites, now cast your eyes upon this plague spot which disfigures the powerful flank of the G. O. P. Here also the dictator germ has bored its way in and is pursuing its tainted trail. If you look sharply you can distinguish the sturdy outlines of Independence Hall glimpsed through the leafless trees. You have guessed it! Philadelphia, the original home of brotherly love, now the domicile of the dictator germ.

There are two interesting things to remember in connection with this disease germ, ladies and gentlemen. The first is that it attacks with equal enthusiasm the body of either party. The second is that, once embedded, the microbe strives to conceal its identity within the identity of the body it battens upon, so that in one city it calls itself the Republican Party and in another the Democratic Party, when it is neither the one nor the other, but the destroyer of both—a foul disease germ. And is it curable? Certainly; but not merely by providing spittoons for the polling booths; not by denials of its sinful existence or whispering Coué's mystic formula. The first step is to recognize the situation for what it is—a disease fastened upon the body and not the body itself. The second step is to fight it as you would fight any disease. Get the patient out into the air. Expose him to sunlight and the ultra-violet rays of publicity. Don't heed his howls, his ravings, his passionate adjurations to loyalty, his savage threats to kill you. That's not the patient speaking; it's the voice of the disease.

Bait for the Suckers

Dropping the megaphone and the metaphor and returning to the scrutiny of the parties, it is necessary for women, if they are to work effectively, to know something of their framework. What is a party anyway? What is a party organization? Which is which? If a citizen holds certain ideas, opinions, policies, and he desires to have them embodied in active government form, he joins this or that party. Thus the party concerns itself with ideas, policies; and the party organization is the business plant, the machinery, the practical apparatus for getting those ideas, opinions and policies across. The organization is the body, so to speak, of which the broad principles and policies are the soul. And like all mortal bodies, the organizations are subject to disease, corruption, sin.

To change the figure, the party organization might be called the business office of the idea which it must sell to the public or shut up shop. And just as no man is a hero to his valet, or an opera star an object of romantic adoration to her bedeviled impresario, whose main task is to make her a box-office success, so, inside the party organizations, particularly down on the ground floor of the same, one often finds these ideas and broad policies treated with a kind of genial contempt.

That's overhead stuff, say the little leaders—bait for the suckers to bite. Good selling stuff for women's clubs. It listens well in church and gives the editors something to chew the rag about. Hokum. But take it from me, boy, it cuts no ice with the crowd or in getting out the vote. It's not the kind of persuader that makes Oscar climb down from his truck or Tony come up from his ice cellar and step around to register for election day. You got to have a more immediate self-interest to get out those guys. And this dictum, as things are, contains about 50 per cent of truth.

Summing up the argument thus far, we have established several fundamental principles: First, that in America government functions through the two-party system and not by outside coteries and groups; second, that the machinery of these parties affords the citizen an opportunity to take a hand in shaping, through representatives, the government of his city, state and nation; and finally, that in the main, save in the case of corrupt machines, which are diseased conditions, the organizations are satisfactory and respond to the popular helm.

The inevitable conclusion from this chain of reasoning is that if women want power in government, if they desire to get across their ideas, influence and indubitable moral force, they must join the parties instead of wasting their energies on the outside. This does not mean that they are to lay aside convictions, conscience or common sense and servilely follow organization superiors no matter whither they lead, but only that when they strike they shall hit the nail on the head instead of merely smashing their thumbs. No ward heeler or district boss can be moved one inch from his path by all the vials of wrath which indignant ladies, without political affiliations, pour upon his head so long as he can deliver his vote. But when the women voters inside his own district begin to combine and ride herd on him—hah, that's a different movie plot! Just watch him respond to the prod!

"But we can't work inside the parties. The men won't give us any power. Once we've joined, they pay no more heed to us; all they want is our vote. They go on their way and they put up candidates—bad men we'd be ashamed to vote for. The only way we can save our souls is to refuse to work inside the parties which permit such things and exert our influence from the outside."

This general complaint, diversely expressed, represents a very considerable body of opinion. The women voicing it are usually earnest, intelligent, high-minded, though likely to be somewhat deficient in broad humanity and common sense. On the surface their accusations appear to have some weight; they wear a lofty, noble air. Too proud to vote! Fine! A trifle egotistic. A trifle self-righteous. A trifle overconcerned, perhaps, for the health of their own souls. Still, superficially at least, the argument seems to hold water.

But let's examine it near to and psychoanalyze a bit. It will be interesting to discover how much of it is plain backboned virtue and how much is—well, something else again. Admitting at the outset that the complaints set forth are true, and even, in some communities, an understatement of facts, yet they are insufficient grounds for refusal to fulfill obligations—if the goal is sufficiently dear. If! There's the rub! The unadorned truth is the goal is not sufficiently dear. These women care—a little. But not enough. Not enough to work with the limitations, the exasperations, the hard conditions they must face.

"Exactly as it is generally the case," wrote Roosevelt, "that when a man bewails the decadence of our civilization, he is himself physically, mentally and morally a first-class type of the decadent, so it is usually the case that when a man is perpetually sneering at American politics, whether worthy or unworthy, he himself is a poor citizen and a friend of the very forces of evil against which he professes to contend."

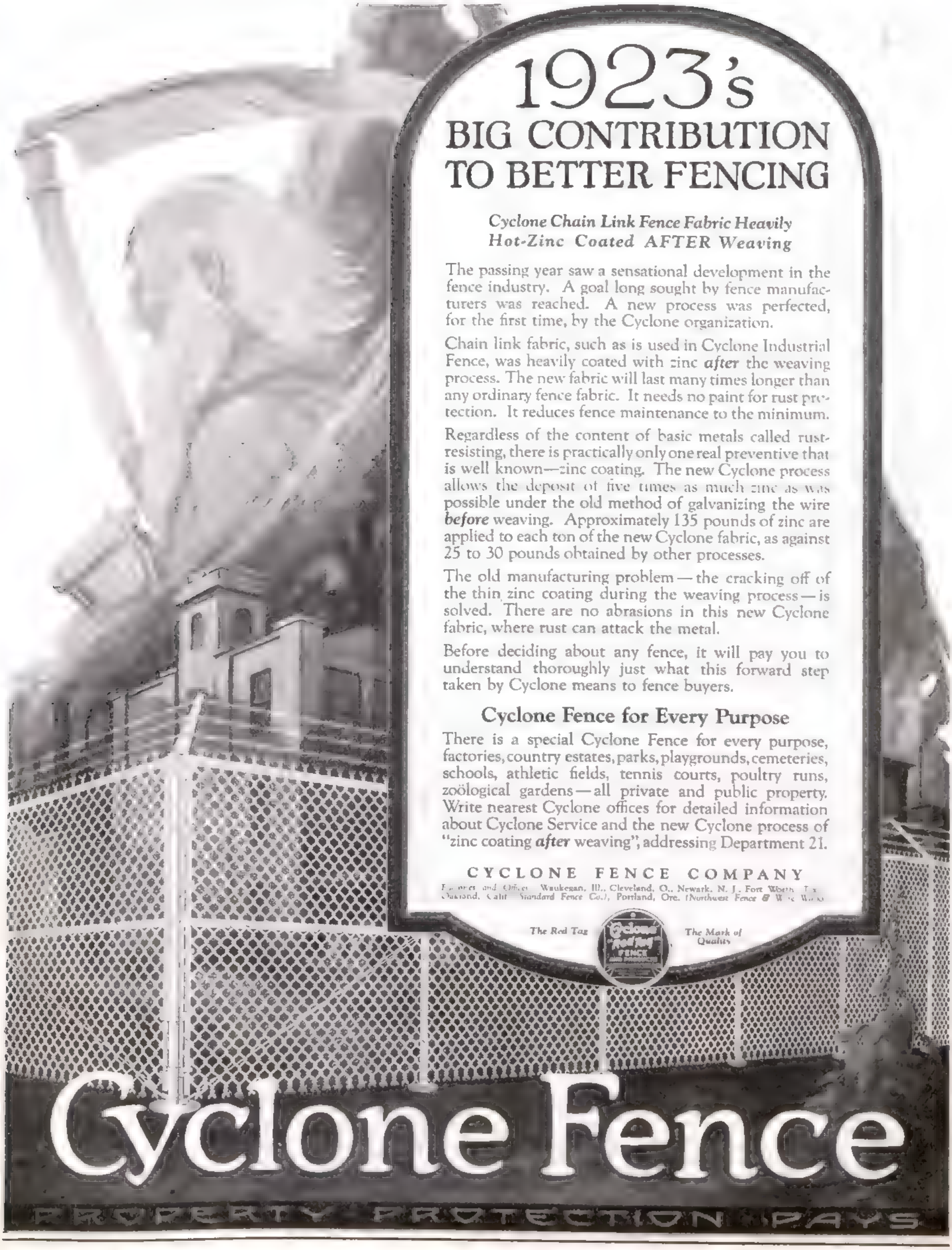
An American's First Duty

Just how cheap, flimsy and unreal these excuses are can be seen by analogy with other fields of human endeavor. Suppose a man refused to engage in business on the ground that he did not like the morals of the business men of his community; or an architect retired on the plea that bricks and stone and mortar were too harsh to bend to his will; or a poet refused to write sonnets because he wouldn't cramp his darling Pegasus down to fourteen lines; or women refused to marry husbands on the ground that they were nothing but men; or the whole human race, exasperated by the infirmities of its mortal shell, its sensitiveness to weather, to disease, to divers forms of hurt and harm, and above all its infernal proneness to sin, should refuse to put up with these manifestly hard conditions. Limitations, imperfections, hardships—these are the conditions of life itself, and none but quitters throw up the sponge and retire from the fight because the rules are hard.

"If freedom," to quote Roosevelt once more, "is worth having, if the right of self-government is a valuable right, then the one and the other must be retained exactly as our forefathers acquired them, by labor, and especially by labor in organizations—that is, in combination with our fellows who have the same interests and the same principles. The first duty of an American citizen is that he shall work in politics; his second duty is that he shall do that work in a practical manner, and his third is that it shall be done in accord with the highest principles of honor and justice. To a certain extent his work must be done in accordance with his individual beliefs and theories of right and wrong. To a yet greater extent it must be done in combination with others, he yielding or modifying some of his own theories and beliefs so as to enable him to stand on a common ground with his fellows who have likewise yielded or modified certain of their theories and beliefs."

Such certainly is a loftier attitude than that of the noble theorist whose ideals are too rare and fine to be contaminated by contact with the vulgar herd. These moral aristocrats are too proud to vote, but not too proud to criticize. Political criticism, like any other kind of criticism, when it is fearless and sound and backed by constructive vision, is a fine thing—in moderation; but very often it is nothing but a bad habit, the turgid outpouring of a lazy or egotistic or jealous nature.

(Continued on Page 80)



1923's BIG CONTRIBUTION TO BETTER FENCING

Cyclone Chain Link Fence Fabric Heavily Hot-Zinc Coated AFTER Weaving

The passing year saw a sensational development in the fence industry. A goal long sought by fence manufacturers was reached. A new process was perfected, for the first time, by the Cyclone organization.

Chain link fabric, such as is used in Cyclone Industrial Fence, was heavily coated with zinc ***after*** the weaving process. The new fabric will last many times longer than any ordinary fence fabric. It needs no paint for rust protection. It reduces fence maintenance to the minimum.

Regardless of the content of basic metals called rust-resisting, there is practically only one real preventive that is well known—zinc coating. The new Cyclone process allows the deposit of five times as much zinc as was possible under the old method of galvanizing the wire ***before*** weaving. Approximately 135 pounds of zinc are applied to each ton of the new Cyclone fabric, as against 25 to 30 pounds obtained by other processes.

The old manufacturing problem — the cracking off of the thin zinc coating during the weaving process — is solved. There are no abrasions in this new Cyclone fabric, where rust can attack the metal.

Before deciding about any fence, it will pay you to understand thoroughly just what this forward step taken by Cyclone means to fence buyers.

Cyclone Fence for Every Purpose

There is a special Cyclone Fence for every purpose, factories, country estates, parks, playgrounds, cemeteries, schools, athletic fields, tennis courts, poultry runs, zoölogical gardens — all private and public property. Write nearest Cyclone offices for detailed information about Cyclone Service and the new Cyclone process of "zinc coating ***after*** weaving", addressing Department 21.

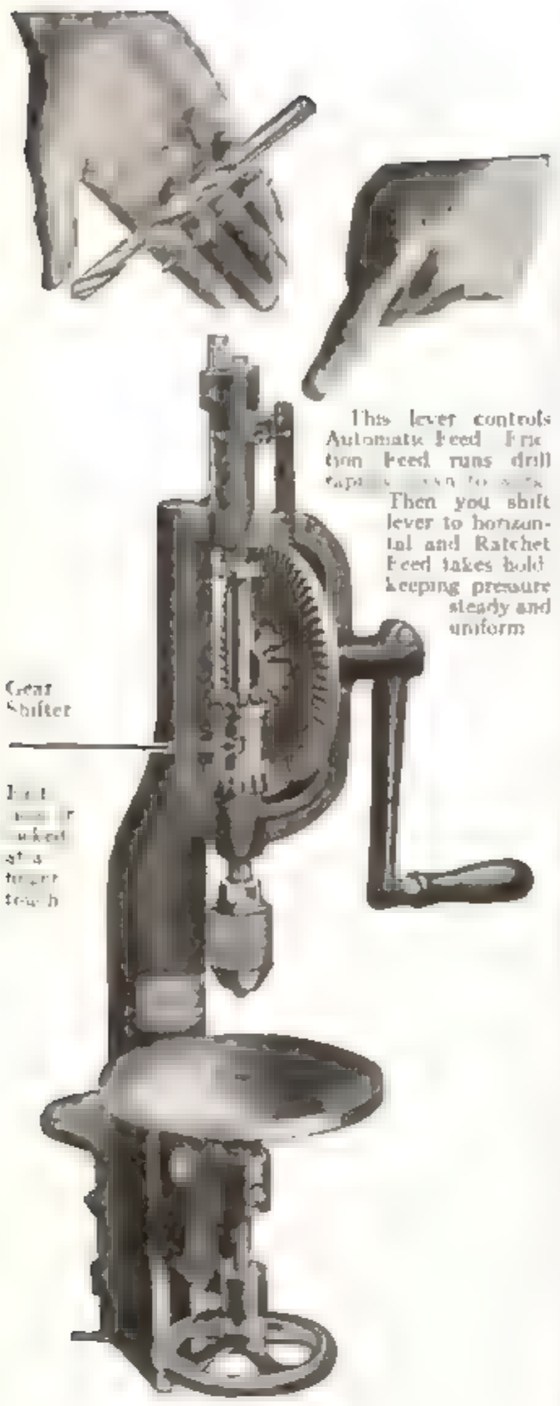
CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, O., Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Tex., Oakland, Calif., Standard Fence Co., Portland, Ore., Northwest Fence & Wire Works

The Red Tag — *The Mark of Quality*

Cyclone Fence

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS



"YANKEE"
AUTOMATIC
Bench Drill
nurses small drills

Small size drills can be safely used in tough material with the "Yankee" Bench Drill. Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed takes the place of human skill. You can't overfeed.

Just turn the crank. Friction Feed runs drill rapidly down to contact. Time saved. Then Ratchet Feed takes hold and gives absolutely even pressure. Drills saved.

No. 1005 (illustrated) Two speeds; 3-jaw chuck holds drills up to ½ in. Entire length, 28 in.

No. 1003 Single speed; 3-jaw chuck holds drills up to ¼ in. Entire length, 18¾ in.

"YANKEE"
VISE No. 990

For use on bench drills and other machines. Machined true on all sides. Swivel jaw. Jaws 2¾ in. wide, 1⅝ in. deep.

Dealers everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools

Write for Free Book

Tells all about "Yankee"

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE"
TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 78)

It seems self-evident that if women are ever going to get anywhere in politics it will not be by a few prominent ones holding high positions up at the apex of the parties, but by the great solid mass of them starting, where every beginner should start, down at the bottom of the pyramid, on the ground floor, and learning the practical A B C's of their jobs like any apprentice in a business office or factory.

Speaking upon this phase of the subject, a politician very logically reduced the whole business to a human basis rather than a sex basis.

"I don't want to talk of women as women in politics," he said. "We must treat them as individuals, as humans, as soldiers. Sex has no place. Some women are good workers and some are bad workers, just as men are. Some have a flair for it, some are indifferent and some are in it for mercenary reasons, just like humans in other fields. And speaking of them as workers, it is plain they must have training. A great mass of new voters entered the parties when women received the franchise. But they had practically no training, not in working inside political organizations. For the fight for suffrage was essentially a different proposition and required different qualities, different training.

"They had then, we may say, as a whole no practical training in working constructively inside of political organizations. They were just a bunch of raw, untrained recruits. Good timber, maybe, but unseasoned, undisciplined. Some of these women complained because men didn't immediately stick them into power as leaders. They'd have been stark crazy if they had. And why on earth should they? Think a minute. Use common sense. First of all, as I said, they weren't trained. They didn't know the game. To be a success the inner working of a party organization requires knowledge, training, judgment, experience, just like any other business organization. For at bottom it is a business, and a highly technical one at that. And women didn't have the background, they didn't know the concrete situations, or what was involved; they couldn't, for they were strangers, untrained. But some of them thought they knew it all, thought there was nothing more to learn, thought they could come in at the apex of the pyramid without knowing beans about the base or how the thing was built up, and take over the command."

A Matter of Strategy

"But leaving sex out of the question, and thinking of them all together as workers, as soldiers, why should the leaders pass these new green untried soldiers over the heads of tried and disciplined men who have passed their apprenticeship down in the ranks, done good service and climbed up? Well, the leaders didn't do that, though in both parties they stuck in some women here and there just as a matter of courtesy, of strategy, and to make the new recruits feel good. And even after that some of the women complained. But the men who occupied the places had in the main proved themselves, and the women were still unproved.

"It's bad business to put a woman in any position just simply because she is a woman unless she also has all-round qualifications for holding down the job. I'll give you a case in point. As you know, I'm the leader of my district. Recently we were running Mr. B for assemblyman. Now B's a fine fellow, a lawyer, secretary for several years to a noted United States senator, trained in parliamentary usage, and he was born and brought up in this district and knows its needs like a book. Moreover, he's honest, conscientious, a fighter, and has the confidence of the voters. I thought we were darned lucky to have such an all-round capable man to represent us at Albany.

"But some of the women rebelled. They wanted to put him out and put a woman in. They said B had had the job long enough and now it was a woman's turn. 'But what woman candidate could you put up that'll run away ahead of the ticket like B?' I inquired. Well, they named several. One was a good magnetic speaker and could hold the crowds. Another had a nice personality. Another said she'd like to try the job. But none had the all-round capacity of this man. For in reckoning up your candidate you've got to figure on more than one element of strength or you stand to get badly licked. It's like bridge. Before you bet you've got to study your hand. Women are just beginning to build up a corps of workers who are capable and fit, but it will be some time before they are on an equal footing with men."

I have mentioned rather vaguely the ground floor of politics as the real, effective place where women must begin to learn the A B C's of practical politics. But what and where is this same ground floor? It's right around you your own street—your own neighborhood. Technically speaking, it is the smallest subdivision of party organization, the smallest unit of political representation the election district. It is the political acorn from which springs the mighty oak. Women must have practical concrete experience in their own election districts or wards before they really know much about politics and how things get done. Before then it's more or less a theory, a dream that hasn't come alive.

These election districts are like families. Each one is different. Each has its own idiosyncrasies, its humor, its sentiment, its neighborhood jokes. Some are known as the stuffed-shirt districts and are composed of the gilded great, millionaires and plutes, some over in the Jewish and Italian quarters—I am now describing New York, which may stand as the symbol of any large industrial center with a strong foreign blend—are almost 100 per cent foreign blood; some districts are Catholic, some Protestant; down on the water front are longshoremen from a score of lands, roughnecks all; and then there are the negro districts and the white native-born Americans.

The Shifting Sands of Politics

The character of these districts is constantly shifting, changing - Democratic one year, Republican the next, Socialist or red the next. Here is the raw material of politics, of government. Each citizen in these districts has a hand in weaving the great pattern; he has an inalienable right to weave it and to weave it as he sees fit, and to be consulted in the designation of candidates who will represent his views. How can a man or a woman, without knowing the needs of the district, go ahead and shape up a program or make out a list of candidates, with no knowledge of the political timber inside the district from which the candidates must come?

Of course, if a woman goes to a primary or to a club meeting in her district just once or twice, without ever trying to get acquainted or to make political affiliation with the other voters in the district, and discovers that nobody is tumbling over himself to ascertain her political views, she is more than likely to come home disgruntled and exclaim to her friends: "Oh, those candidates, my dear! Just too perfectly awful for words! And one was a boss, a terrible creature! I could tell it by his eyes! To think of such creatures running this government!"

Of course, she may be right, but the odds are fifty to one she's not. Such snapshot judgments, even on the part of the intuitional sex, are rarely accurate, and she is not sufficiently educated either in the character or the needs of her district to have her judgments worth a sou. The party leaders are quite justified in side-stepping her proffers of aid, not because she is a woman but because she is a political illiterate. So the first lesson for this first kindergarten stage of development is:

Get knowledge. Go slow. Don't try to reform everybody and everything at once from the President down. Get acquainted with your alderman and assemblyman; learn the character and needs of your district from them and check up this information by talks with your grocer and butcher. Attend the club meetings; circulate around in a friendly and human fashion with the voters, forgetting your own point of view for the moment and honestly seeking to discover theirs. Enlist for the house-to-house canvass before and during the campaigns. Climb up the stairs and talk with the women and see what all this political stuff means to them. They may be smarter than you think. You may discover that Mrs. Jones, fourth floor back, is chanting the praises of that same boss you detest—that terrible creature. She speaks of him as if he were an angel of light. Her son Bill got into trouble and the terrible creature is fixing it up.

"Sure, I'm going to vote for him! He's hired a lawyer that's already tried over three hundred rent cases where the landlord tried to dispossess the poor tenants, and he never charged a cent!"

Be on tap at the clubhouse. If it's a good one you'll discover all kinds of human problems coming up for settlement -domestic, legal, educational, religious, criminal -and you begin presently to get a line on the terrible creature and discover the source of his power. You perceive he's a natural leader and that there's a sound reason why he delivers his district solid at elections and doesn't have to stick around the polling booths on election Tuesday or liquor up with the boys.

For political institutions are human, and as long as that obtains they are going to act in a human fashion and not according to abstract and theoretic designs. Thus it may very well occur that, after a few months of active coöperation inside your big political family, the election district, you discover that your sentiments toward the alleged monster of vice have undergone one of those subtle sea changes common to politics. You see that he is not an autocrat, but a democrat; not a demagogue, but a man who on the whole figures out the concrete situations fairly straight and has more plain common sense and honesty secreted in his system than you gave him credit for. At bottom, he is just as able, fearless and disinterested as yourself, and that is a momentous discovery.

But suppose he is not. Suppose your few months of service down in the ranks have shown him up for what he really is—a vicious, hard-boiled crook who gyps the voters, jobs the public, double-crosses his party and carries a well-sharpened meat ax for all who stand in his way. Withal crafty, cunning, resourceful—a figure of power. What's to be done? Here your first-hand knowledge of the district comes into play. You have learned what timber there is available to displace him, what honest voters can be counted on to combine, and, above all, you have his crooked political record down cold and can quote chapter and verse. In short, you have actual ammunition with which to fight instead of windy phrase. You know that the real tug of war comes before the primaries when the political pattern is still fluid, unfixed. The leaders are discussing among themselves the relative merits of A, B, C and D, and figuring who can deliver the most votes. Now is the time to line up your friends and trot out your dark horse. He may be received with jeers by the party leaders who, for private reasons of their own, are solid with your friend the enemy, Mister Boss.

Blooming Amateur

No matter. You still have another ace in your hand. For by the election laws you can circulate a petition for your man and if it is signed by 3 per cent of the voters in the district he is bound to be entered on the primary lists as a valid candidate. Maybe there are other petitions circulating also. That's where democracy comes in. After which comes the real show-down. For you now have on your hands that sweet little proposition known in political jargon as a two or three cornered faction fight inside the party itself. That will lesson you! And chasten you! And illuminate you! And after the primary election, when the tumult and shouting dies and the returns are in, you may discover that, after all, the boss has given you a whale of a beating.

But now your dander is up; this is only the first game; the rubber is still to come. And though your enemy is victorious, nevertheless that fight—and its disclosures, oh boy!—have put the fear of God and of woman into him; he will walk delicately for a while. And until a woman has fought and bled and died in one of these fierce faction fights inside her own organization she doesn't know anything about politics; she's a fledgling, a novice, a prep, a blooming amateur.

Adventures in realism like these reveal the fact that under the noble segis of both parties are lined up liberals, conservatives, mossbacks, honest men, crooks and bums—the entire human society in miniature—and no one can be ignored; each has his right in the pattern—and a vote that's as good as yours. It reveals also that neither party is static or stagnant, either in principles or personnel. Inside each organization is going on a constant struggle between these hostile elements, with the tide of battle swaying this way and that, with righteousness to use a plain old-fashioned term now victorious, now trailing its banners in the mire. In addition to this ever-shifting fight inside each organization for principles, there is also another cutthroat

fight going on—a continuous petty bickering and strife for party place and power.

It is when women have learned these first lessons and sensed their power that the second chapter of their political history will begin. Discussing this, a district leader said to me:

"The fact is women don't yet know their own strength. The men do. The men know women's strength well—and they're afraid of it. They have a right to be. For when the women do learn their strength and know how to play the game, then the bad leaders had better be picking soft spots at the bottom of the toboggan slide. There are bad leaders? My stars! Plenty of them—in both parties—right in this town men who haven't any business to be where they are—cheap bums, egotists, grafters who don't want women butting in on their game. They don't want men either, for that matter.

"When a live, peppy, conscientious man or woman comes to work in the district these leaders bat them over the head. Why? Because such live, conscientious persons are a direct menace to their power. So they insult them, drive them out. Sometimes these leaders are not such grafters, but they just love to hang on to power. You couldn't pry them loose from their places with a red-hot poker. They have that disease known as the will to power. Fairly common malady.

"Sometimes, I'm told, you see it even in women. You can notice it in kids not a week old, bawling their heads off, wanting to be bosses in the matter of nourishment, trying to get a half Nelson on their mothers' sympathies.

"Well, a man down with that disease is not going to abandon his job to any woman just because she wants it. So women will have to prove themselves in politics just as they have in business, and when they succeed it will not be because they are women but because they are human beings with enough grit, gumption and gray matter to get around their jobs. Personally I believe that women have a great future in politics. But it's not the kind of future that some of them envisage right now."

Is It All a Mirage?

And finally, beloved sisters, who deep in your hearts, beneath that outer film of apathy, are not willing that the precious legacy of self-government handed down by our forefathers shall perish off the earth, as you go to and fro in the small confines of your district, working with the actual living stuff of government, its raw material, so vastly different from your theoretic dreams, no longer a spectator or mere idle, caustic-tongued critic but a responsible workman behind the scenes, something within you begins to move, to stir, to sprout, to send up thin green leaves. You are sprouting a political mind! And with the mind come also misgivings, doubts. You have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil in politics; you have experience and experience brings doubts.

Here are some of those seedling thoughts, queries, doubts. What is this thing called democracy, self-government, anyhow? Is it all a mirage?

You recall that at the birth of this nation, when the pioneer experiment in self-government was launched, enthusiasts of the type of Thomas Jefferson believed that "it would prove an anodyne that would cure or ameliorate the unsatisfactory conditions of the poorer and less fortunate classes of the human race."

But realists like Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton were not quite so optimistic. They had doubts. And now, almost a century and a half later, those self-same doubts pop up their heads and begin to pester you.

You take your troubles to a friend, a worker in a neighboring district, but of opposite political faith, and you say, "Look here, how do you get out the votes in your district?"

And the friend triumphantly replies: "How? Why, we get them out by getting them out, that's how we get them out. We go after them. We keep a list down at the club headquarters of every voter in the district we've helped in the year with getting a son out of trouble, sending the family a ton of coal, trying rent cases free, finding father a job, getting a bootlegger off with a light fine and I don't know what all—but we've got them all down in our list. And around registering time we send for those men and we put it up to them straight: 'See here, my friend, we did so and so for you; now we're in need of your help. Turn about's fair play. Hustle out and collar these votes for us, see?'"

And you reply, "Yes, our party does that too. I've seen those service lists with my own eyes."

"Oh," she retorts, "the matter with you people is, you only work around election time; but we keep our service factory open day and night the year around, even when we're out of power. We give our people solid protection and they give us the vote. That's why, in the long run, we can always wipe you off the map."

"That's just the point," you reply. "We both do it, I admit. We do badly what you've got down to a fine art. And, moreover, it works; you corner the vote. But—well, after all, is that self-government? It sounds feudal to me, like those old robber barons who used to make the serfs fight for them in feuds the people didn't know or care anything about, and then, for reward, lease them a little patch of land."

Quadruped Voting

"Well, what are you going to do? That's the only way to get results. Appeal to their self-interest. These cuckoos don't care a whoop for the larger aspects of self-government."

"Maybe they don't know enough to care. Maybe they haven't enough education along those lines to care."

You uncork your doubts to a sympathetic friend.

"Sure, it's self-interest that drives them!" he replies. "They sell or trade off the thing whose value they can't see for the tangible thing the immediate value of which they can appraise with the naked eye. We all do that. That's self-interest; and self-interest's a thing you can't dislodge; you mustn't, for it's what moves the world. The problem is, not to wipe it out, but to remove it to a higher plane—to exchange the blind, crude, narrow, greedy self-interest which defeats itself for the broader visioned self-interest. And that takes time. It means education."

Just so. Political education—for the masses and the classes too. The fact is that most of us are still quadrupeds in politics. With the exception of the few, we have not yet reared up from all fours and stood on our hind legs like human beings—to think:

For thinking is laborious, painful, slow. It is easier to stay down on all fours, unthinking, herdlike, accept protection from a leader and charge en masse when he gives the word. Yes, that's easy; but it's not self-government, not by several centuries. And it was this same quadruped voting that Franklin and Hamilton feared.

Thus emerge from the welter of actual experience two methods of performing that interesting operation called getting out the vote. The one is quadruped voting—practiced by both parties, my dear! The other method is by education, by slow, laborious efforts to raise the level of political literacy among the people, high and low, by lifting them up on their hind legs, out of quadrupedism and the narrow, blind forms of immediate self-interest and self-survival to wider horizons, broader views. That means education, nonpartisan education supervised by the Government and totally disconnected from the fierce partisanship of political parties. And that in turn means just one thing—instruction in the public schools, definite, practical instruction in politics, in the fundamental principles of government, the two-party system, as it functions in municipal, state and national affairs.

This nonpartisan instruction should be continuous, extending throughout all the grades, occupying as important a place on the program as reading, writing or arithmetic. At present the political illiteracy in America is appalling, among rich and poor, native and foreign-born. It is extremely doubtful if many of the politicians themselves could pass a political literacy test. And why? Because foundations, principles of government by party have not been disseminated broadcast. At present the young voter's political education is left to chance; his first lessons are the casual, dirty or corrupt little intrigues of local politicians.

Politics, and particularly municipal politics, is bound to be a corrupt, mean, underhand affair so long as the only instructors are self-taught politicians, who, in their course of political schooling, have never got beyond the narrow conceptions of immediate self-interest. They're quadruped voters themselves, and they know no higher law. Nor should the voter be forced to get his instruction from volunteer associations or lectures which from their very nature are casual and uncontinuous; nor from his own party, for nonpartisan education is not their primary function. Primarily, they are fighting machines.

The League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan volunteer association for educating women in the fundamentals of their civic duties without reference to party affiliations, has performed an inestimable public service by teaching women the A B C's of the political pattern as it is being woven day by day before their eyes. It is honest, intelligent, sincere. But its chief value as an educational factor lies in its absolute nonpartisanship. When or if it loses that, it loses its greatest source of strength.

Education the Remedy

Today it is the only nation-wide nonpartisan association which has for its object lifting the level of political literacy among the women citizens of the country, and that is a magnificent enterprise. But from the very nature of things, the influence of that association is limited. It is a volunteer institution; it cannot compel; it cannot reach the great masses in their formative, plastic years. Only the public schools can do that. To get far in any real permanent clean-up in politics, education in its fundamental principles, including the moral obligation of each individual citizen, must be hammered into the younger generation while their minds are still open, impressible; they must come at the entire business in a clean, educational, nonpartisan way. There will still be self-interest, but it will be self-interest on a broader plane.

So success in self-government boils down to a very simple thing—not emotion, but education, and more and more of it, catching the voter young and spoon-feeding him. And that is preëminently a woman's job.

Suppose we put it thus: Resolved that we, the women citizens of these United States, shall, by precept and example, strive to lift the level of political literacy out of the Black Hole of Calcutta in which it at present rests, to the end that government for and by the people, to which high vision we still stubbornly cling, shall have a fighting chance to continue in our midst.

Good form requires gifts of personality. Good sense demands utility. That's why the gift sensation of the season for autoists is

MONOGRAM
ORIGINAL
Self Locking
Radiator Cap

Its rich art monogram is the height of individuality. Protection of the motor meter without the bother of a key is any motorist's delight. Make sure you're not too late. Buy today. Good auto stores have Monogram, the original, with the name right in the metal—persist. $6.00

(Higher In Far West and Canada)

For Eleventh Hour Shopping

ARIDOR
CANDY-CADDY

A different Christmas Gift

What to give? The question becomes more perplexing as the Eleventh Hour buying period approaches.

Give something new, unique and entirely different this Christmas—an Aridor Candy-Caddy. Nothing else like it. The one present that can be given without worry of duplication, because in this case duplication is always appreciated.

Get it wherever fine confections are sold. Ask the Candy Man about it. He will give you these facts:

The Caddy comes filled with two pounds of the finest hard candy that America's best candy manufacturers can produce.

Inside the top is a hygroscopic mineral salt pad which absorbs all moisture that may seep in. Thus, the Aridor Candy-Caddy not only keeps hard candy fresh and crisp, but also *dries out sticky hard candy.* Moreover, it recrisps crackers, cereals, nut meats and all food products affected by moisture. Briefly, it *acts just the opposite to a humidor.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Price (empty), $1.25. Also write for information concerning the new Aridor Household Jars for salt, spices, sugar, and flour.

THE ARIDOR COMPANY
589 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

TESTING BIG BUSINESS IN THE WEST

(Continued from Page 17)

This is the same foreman who once delighted the higher supervisory force by complaining of the blacksmiths who had been sent him that they "couldn't temper steel with holy water."

"The tunnel game is hard work," was the somewhat different interpretation of a higher officer. "The noise and vibration are such that a man can't stay more than thirty to ninety days without a seven-day rest. We encourage them to take leaves of absence, but they take slowly to the idea. They think there is an Ethiopian in the woodpile. They want to be free and independent to come back or go elsewhere."

Five or ten minutes was about as long as the writer cared to stay in the moisture, darkness and terrific din of a tunnel heading. After visiting such a place one has real sympathy for the ten-day tunnel stiff. Labor turnover takes on quite a different aspect after watching this work from that which comes from reading books on the subject by college professors.

But there are men all the way from general managers down to chuck tenders who seem to like tunnel and construction work, just as some men seem to like copper and other branches of mining. One general manager of construction who had formerly operated a power company said that he would never go back to operation if he could avoid it because "there is something new every day in construction."

A general foreman expressed the idea thus: "The only trouble with these jobs is that they don't last long enough. You just get started right, and it is finished. But I like construction work because it is difficult; you can't get it out of a book."

"I have been underground for thirty years," said a rough-looking old tunnel foreman, "all the time except when I was asleep. Whenever there was an explosion and somebody got hurt I swore I'd never go underground again, but I had forgotten all about it the next morning, and was there bright and early as usual. There's lots worse work than in a tunnel, and don't forget there's a lot of men who won't work at anything."

In a way it is easy to get drillers and muckers because the whole Far West is essentially a mining country. The shortage of labor has, however, been so acute at times in California that this particular company was obliged one year to go as far east as Salt Lake City, Denver, and Phoenix, Arizona, in its search for men.

Lessening Labor Turnover

"But we didn't have the usual labor shortage last spring and summer," said a representative of the employment department, "the reason being that farmers are refusing to pay the high wages and are beginning to do their own work. That, of course, makes a big difference in the labor market."

Generally speaking, construction work presents difficult labor problems all its own. Because of the temporary nature of such operations it has always been hard to keep men on the job, and for the most part it has appealed to the floater type of workman. Indeed, construction work is more temporary even than mining and lumbering.

Most construction jobs have been of a contract nature, with little permanency of organization except in the higher ranks. Both foremen and workmen have been in many cases of the decidedly hard-boiled category, accustomed to extortionate prices charged at the company stores, to the roughest of living conditions and to the lack of promotion. Usually there has been a feeling on construction jobs that "once a laborer, always a laborer"; the only way for a man to better himself was to hunt another job.

The Big Creek project is so large, however, and the work so long extended in point of time, that the company which is making the development is able to effect an appreciable improvement in the usual conditions. Stretching over twenty or thirty years it is possible to form a more or less permanent organization, in the higher ranks at any rate. There is no important job which cannot be filled by two men, the one holding it and an assistant, and there are numbers of responsible positions filled by men who started at the bottom.

In the last few years a special effort has been made to promote men from the ranks, and Capt. Samuel Haver, supervisor of employment, said that four or five jobs of the better class are filled daily from men already on the job, with the good effect of such promotions being felt all down the line. An effort also is made by the employment department to discover why each man quits, checking back, to the foreman if possible, any injustice in dismissals.

It is said that labor turnover on many big projects comparable to this job has been as high as 100 per cent a month, but that under the plan of permanent organization at Big Creek the turnover has been decreasing, until the average last year was between 20 and 60 per cent a month; 17,000 men were shipped to maintain a labor force of 2000 to 5000.

I heard interesting differences of opinion expressed regarding the advisability and practicability of employing a larger percentage of married men than is usually the case on construction work, much of the turnover being due no doubt to the low percentage of those married. Several authorities said that it could not be done because the expense of building enough houses for families is prohibitive as compared with dormitories for men only. Besides, dormitories are more practicable to move from one location to another than whole groups of small houses. But Captain Haver took a different view.

"Construction people will have to figure more on the married man as time goes on. He is not only a better worker but the presence of women in a camp gives diversity to the life, and it is a satisfaction to the single men to see them around."

A Haven for Heavy Eaters

There could certainly be no more striking contrast than that between a rough-looking construction camp for single men on one side of a cañon, and on the other side a group of little cottages, each with its tiny lawn and garden, belonging to the married power-house operatives, who are permanent employes.

In the back camps, where the high altitudes result in deep snow and intense cold, most of the employes are Americans, Swedes and Irish. In the lower and warmer camps Italians and Mexicans are employed to greater advantage. Captain Haver said that college men employed for rank-and-file work are not altogether a success, although an occasional success is worth many failures.

One boy who had been obliged to give up his course at a leading university because of his father's reverses was found by the company's scouts washing milk cans at night in a large city. He was started at Big Creek as an electrician's helper, which is little more than a laborer's job, but showed such ability that he was soon promoted to be an electrician, and then chief electrician for his camp. He was thus enabled to save enough money to finish his college course.

In such a large and shifting labor force it goes without saying that men of every sort are to be found. There are the jumps—those who sign up but quit and return to town almost immediately; and often in the "red," because they do not like the looks of the man who sits next to them on the train going in, or because the grub is not exactly to their liking or for some other trivial and childish reason.

It should be said, however, that every effort is made to supply good food and lots of it. To satisfy the men in one camp ice cream was served for breakfast, and men are allowed to eat as many meals a day as they care for, three being by no means the limit. Men who have been out of work in the warm climate of the lower cities and have subsisted on coffee and doughnuts develop wonderful appetites when they go to work at high altitudes where the climate is cold and bracing, and where they are charged for board by the day rather than by the meal.

Of outstanding importance is the desire of the individual worker to make a stake. With many the ambition is not a large one, from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars being enough. These are known as short sticks. All those who quit are asked to fill out a blank giving their reasons for so doing, and the simple explanation of "I've made it" or "I've got it" is often all they say. Though employment offices prefer to send in men who will stay longer, they usually employ a man if they think he will remain ninety days.

Lots of men drift into the employment offices after having been in the state itself only a few days, and say "I'll stay in California if I get a job." Many, of course, have no desire for promotion and the responsibility which goes with it. I asked two foremen if their men had any ambition. The older of the two replied, "No. They are interested only in pay day and quitting time. They don't intend to have any ambition."

"It's fifty-fifty," said the more tolerant, younger foreman when I suggested that probably less than one-third wanted to get ahead, but he rather weakened the force of his generous remark when he added: "There are men who won't keep even a shifter's shift boss job because of the responsibility. The workman quits at four in the afternoon and goes hunting and fishing. But suppose the camp foreman went hunting the moment the shift is over and something happened. The high-ups would want to know where he was at the time, and a few minutes after he told them he had gone hunting he would be on his way out of here."

Even among workmen who make a really substantial stake there is a tragic degree of irresponsibility in caring for it. In the larger towns and cities to which the men go when they leave the mountains there are not lacking bootleggers and prostitutes who know how to separate a workman from his pile. It is not uncommon for men to go out with $1200 and yet be looking for work in a penniless condition by noon of the following day.

One man took sixty ex-employes whom he knew to San Francisco, a night's journey, and back on a pleasure trip, paying all expenses. Another passed out between $600 and $800 to his friends in ten-dollar bills. Still another employed a negro chauffeur to drive him about in a high-priced car. Often workmen from the camps, even dishwashers, or pearl divers as they are known there, go to the beaches with a six months' or year's stake and associate with quite showy social circles.

Despite these facts one employment representative of the company said that manual workmen are easier to deal with in certain respects than clerks or other pencil-pushing and white-collar employes. The laborer is much less inclined to lie about his qualifications.

Hot-Air Artists Not Wanted

"We ask a white-collar man what he is interested in, and he says anything, any job. We tell him we have a darn good job as a flunky—waiter—and of course he is obliged to say no. Then we offer him any one of half a dozen very technical positions to test him out, and he is compelled to say that he doesn't understand such work. What he is trying to do, of course, is to take a flyer. If a man is diffident I think he hasn't much stuff in him, which perhaps is unfortunate, but then, our defenses have to be up all the time to combat the bluff which is so common.

"The Britisher is more honest. If he says he is an accountant you don't have to verify his statement. Hiring young Americans is full of pitfalls and tricks. One thing I have learned is never to oversell or even appear to sell a man a job. If he doesn't sell himself he will be disappointed. The first question we ask all applicants is whether they want to leave town, because if they don't really like the mountains they won't stay at all."

"What about high-priced men?" I asked. "Do you have any applications from them?"

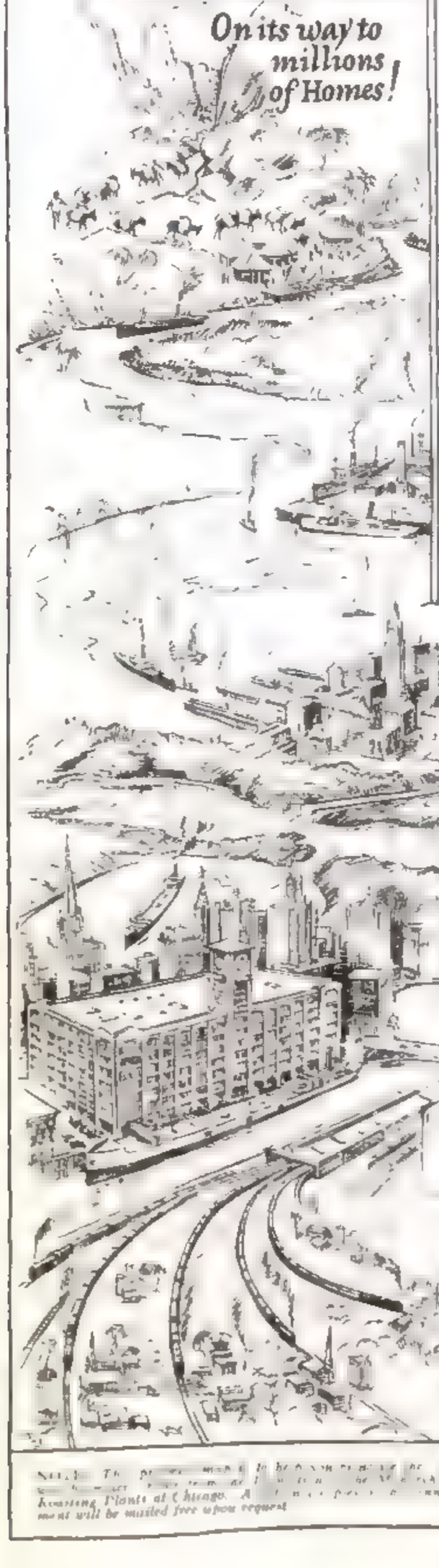
"It is unwise to find a place in this work, despite its size, for the man who walks in and says he has handled a $15,000,000 project. Of course I can find a job for him at $124.50 a month, but he won't be satisfied and will quit after he gets his first month's check. The surest way for such a man to get an opening is to keep his mouth shut in regard to his past achievements. There are lots of engineers who went abroad, to the tropics and such places, when they were just out of college, and have grown tired of it by the time they are thirty-eight. They are attracted to California and are not always easy to place. But the time element is the important factor in such a case. Any

(Continued on Page 84)

$1000.00 in Gold given away

America's Favorite Christmas Coffee

On its way to millions of Homes!



List of Prizes

First Prize	$300.00
Second Prize	200.00
Third Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	50.00
Fifth Prize	25.00
Five prizes, each	10.00
55 prizes, each	5.00

300 prize packages containing 1 package each Monarch Coffee, Monarch Tea and Monarch Cocoa.

200 prizes of a 3 lb. package of Monarch Coffee.

Free Booklet "Coffee Blossoms" to all contestants

Read Rules Carefully

1. This contest is open to everyone with the exception of employes of Reid, Murdoch & Co., and relatives of such employes.
2. Write on one side of the paper only Put your name and address at the top of each page.
3. Your letter must not be more than 300 words in length.
4. The letters of students may be countersigned by teacher. (Not compulsory, however.)
5. Mail your letter on or before February 1, 1924, to Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Illinois.

MONARCH
America's Favorite
QUALITY
for 70 years

For 70 years Monarch Brand has been the choice in [illegible] big cities [illegible] Regular Roast Coffees. Our Monarch Coffee [illegible] Mary Lee [illegible] sale person [illegible] never to buy. [illegible] Monarch [illegible] a book or a Monarch Trade Mark to [illegible] Reid Murdoch & Co. on every package.

Trace the course of Colombian Coffee from the headwaters of river navigation to the MONARCH Roasting Plant at Chicago and

WIN A BIG CASH PRIZE

Students! Here is a chance to demonstrate your knowledge of geography.

Parents! An interesting problem for your spare moments—an opportunity to test the children's school training.

Teachers! A way to make geography interesting to every child, as well as an opportunity to turn your own knowledge to good account.

MONARCH COFFEE is a blend—all superfine, hand picked coffees—*part* of which comes from the mountain plantations of Colombia. Mule trains carry the coffee down the mountains to Honda, Girardot, Puerto Berrio, Puerto Wilches and other towns on the headwaters of river navigation. From that point it is brought to Chicago *all the way by water.* This economical transportation is reflected in the low price you pay for MONARCH COFFEE. Can you trace the course of this coffee starting from the head of river navigation in Colombia?

Easy to Win

Consult a map of North and South America and work out your solution of this all-the-way-by-water route. Then (1) name the South American river that carries the coffee down to the seaport. (2) Name this port. (3) Name the sea and ocean the coffee travels on its way to the United States. (4) Name the port of entry to the United States, where the coffee is transferred from ocean steamship to canal boat. (5) Name the rivers, canals and lakes covered between the United States port of entry and the steamship docks of the Monarch Coffee Roasting Plant at Chicago. (6) Give the location of the first canal lock after leaving salt water, and the last lock before reaching the Great Lakes. (7) State the direction of flow of *all* rivers and (8) the approximate number of miles travelled on each body of water.

Big Prizes for Best Answers

For the best letters of not more than 300 words describing this all-water route, $1,000.00 in Gold and 500 additional prizes will be awarded. Draw a map to illustrate your letter if you want to, but this is not compulsory.

Open to Everybody

This contest is open to everyone—men and women, boys and girls, with the exception of employes of Reid, Murdoch & Co. and relatives of such employes.

Contest Closes February 1, 1924

Mail your letter to the Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Illinois, on or before February 1st, 1924. Prizes will be awarded and announcement of prize winners made in this publication as soon as possible after the contest closes.

The Contest Judges

James A. Louty, Ph. D., Professor Foreign Trade, College of Commerce, De Paul University.
Arthur Nethercot, Ph. D., Department of English, Northwestern University.
Lewis Carlyle Sorrell, A. B., Professor Transportation, School of Commerce and Administration, University of Chicago.

The decision of the judges will be final.

Start Now!

This prize contest announcement will not appear again, so don't lose or destroy this page. Write your letter and mail it to the Monarch Contest Editor, Reid, Murdoch & Co., Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Ill. *Win one of the big gold prizes!*

Note: The [illegible] Roasting Plants at Chicago. A [illegible] ment will be mailed free upon request

A Bottle of Milk is a Bottle of Health

vigor and vim after lunch!

Wherever you eat lunch, drink a bottle or two of cold, delicious, refreshing milk. All afternoon you'll feel that before-breakfast vigor and vim. There's health and pep in bottled milk—the one perfect food drink.

Drink more bottled milk every day. Because bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure it's bottled in a Thatcher Milk Bottle. Because Thatcher Milk Bottles are *full-measure* bottles. Thatcher manufacture prevents undersized bottles and assures you an honest quart or pint. That is why over 80% of the largest dairies in America use Thatcher Bottles.

Call or see your milk dealer to-day. Ask him if he uses Thatcher *full-measure* Bottles. Insist that your milk be delivered in Thatcher Bottles.

Thatcher Manufacturing Co.
ELMIRA, NEW YORK
Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.

THATCHER
BOTTLES *for* MILK

When they say a Quart - They mean it

(Continued from Page 82

such man can get a job if he can afford to take the time to hunt for it."

The ability of this and other hydroelectric companies on the Pacific Coast to operate on a strictly open-shop basis has driven home to their officers the necessity of keeping the avenues of promotion open.

"Not, however, on a seniority basis," said one officer to me. "That system on the railways will eventually result in those properties being eaten away."

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company put in a personnel department a few years ago, with the idea of assisting in the problems of transfer, promotion and discharge, although E. G. McCann, manager of the department, explained that its function is to supply managers, superintendents and foremen with information rather than to supersede in any way the rights of these supervising officers to hire and fire.

"Supervising officers are too close to their employes to recognize their talent. The men and women working for them are right under their noses and they pass them a hundred times a day. Bosses still do the hiring and firing, but we supply suggestions and information. In all cases of employes of five years' standing or over no discharge can be made without an investigation by the personnel department. The old system in most companies was that a man had a right to appeal to his boss' boss. But that did him no good because the higher boss always upholds the boss under him. We on the other hand are outside; we are neutral."

For years this company had many of the aspects of a family affair, and it still has numerous old employes. The late John A. Britton, one of the pioneers of the industry and vice president of the company for a long period, was very close indeed to his men, a greatly respected and admired figure in his state, a man whose life of unremitting toil was an object lesson to all those who are compelled to begin at the bottom. Almost the last act of his life was to present a medal to an old couple. But when the company became so large that its force reached the 10,000 mark it was realized that the stage had passed where ideal employment conditions could be maintained solely by such wholesome old-fashioned ways.

One highly important feature of the hydroelectric situation in California, which bears on the possibility of state or municipal ownership as well as upon the labor problem, is the large amount of stock in these companies owned primarily by employes, and in the second place by the consuming public at large. Even in the Big Creek construction camps from 25 to 28 per cent of all employes own stock in the company. There are foremen with as high as $5000 of the company's stock, Italian workmen with $1600 and $1800. A blacksmith bought forty shares in one order.

The Customer-Ownership Move

The idea of selling the stock of large corporations to employes did not, of course, originate in California. But as far as can be learned Mr. A. F. Hockenbeamer, vice president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, was the first to undertake the systematic sale of stock to customers. This was in 1914, when it was difficult to sell bonds in the Eastern markets. Financial people did not think much of the idea at the time, predicting that stock sold in this way would be dumped back upon the market. But this method of selling stock in public-utility companies has spread all over the country, and though, of course, many small holders do sell when they want to buy an automobile or make a get-rich-quick oil investment, the dire prediction that small holdings would be dumped upon the market has not proved to be the case, especially with three shares or more. Holdings of less than three shares have very little usefulness or significance from any point of view.

Much has been written regarding customer ownership, and this is not the place to treat it in detail. A few features of such a method of financing, however, bear directly upon the general subject matter of this article.

The extent to which the practice has been carried in California is remarkable. The largest company in the southern part of the state had on September 13, 1923, 62,000 stockholders, 95 per cent of whom were customers. This is said to be the largest number of stockholders in any electric light or power company in existence. The success of these sales is, of course, in part due to the peculiar make-up of the population of Southern California namely, to the great numbers of people living there with means beyond their salaries and wages.

In the case of this particular company, and the same may be true of others, there is no doubt that the large expansion program has been rendered possible by the customer-ownership device. Not that anything like enough money can be raised by selling two or three shares of stock on monthly payments to a widow living in a shack. The big sums for construction can be had in one place, and one place only, the Wall Street market. But Wall Street bankers demand an equity basis for bond financing, and customer-ownership sales have furnished this basis. It has been a real lifesaver for the hydroelectric companies.

Money raised by the sale of stock to customers is relatively cheap money from the company point of view, because the sales are made mostly by employes in their spare time on a lower commission basis than would be paid to regular stock or bond salesmen. Then, too, it is obvious, and often referred to in articles on the subject, that if these sales are followed up, if meetings of stockholders are held and the owners encouraged to make complaints and suggestions, the companies are making friends for themselves at a rapid rate.

Winning Support by Selling Stock

This leads us to the really important phase of the subject—namely, that customer ownership is primarily a political rather than a financial device, useful though it has been from the financial standpoint. It is an extraordinarily clever and astute flank attack upon the forces which advocate and fight for public ownership.

It is significant to note that in the year 1922 the Southern California Edison Company added more than 20,000 stockholders, 11,000 being added in a single intensive drive in one week in June. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company added nearly 10,000 stockholders in the same year, and the Great Western Power and San Joaquin Light and Power companies also sold large quantities of stock in the same length of time.

In the fall of 1922 a special election was held in California to vote upon a number of important measures, including the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act, which provided that the state in partnership with municipalities, should enter the power business in competition with the private companies. Obviously the extraordinary number of customer stockholders in proportion to the population of the state was not unconnected with the severe defeat of the proposal.

The writer has talked with several of the leading advocates of public ownership in California and has read volumes of literature furnished by them, all, of course, in favor of such form of ownership and operation. Nowhere, however, have I heard or read any reference to the successful efforts of the companies to win support by enlisting so large a portion of the public as shareholders. It is the one argument the public-ownership people do not even attempt to meet.

William Mulholland, father of the Municipal Power Bureau of Los Angeles, in referring to the Water and Power Act, said, "This natural resource—water—will pass away from the people altogether and go to absentees, who will have no interest other than to milk it." Even the bitterest opponents of state and municipal ownership admit Mr. Mulholland's ability, but he certainly slipped a cog when he made that statement.

Practically all the stockholders live in California and are employes or customers, or both, of the companies. The bondholders, it is true, are absentees, living in the East, but what of that? If the state and cities took over the development of power they, too, would have to sell their bonds to exactly the same absentee Eastern investors and through the same Wall Street channels.

"The chief argument they use against us" said the manager of one company, "is that we make too great a profit. Our answer is that the profit is fair and not unreasonable; but if it is an attractive profit, why not have everybody share in the good thing? We say to the public 'The water's fine, come on in,' and they are coming fast."

Now it may be that a hair-splitting economist could tear such a statement into pretty small pieces. Of course the entire consuming public and the stock-owning public are not and cannot be identically the same. There will always be numbers of consumers who will not or cannot buy stock. Moreover, even the individual's interests as consumer and investor may at times clash.

But the point is that the public at large is very little concerned with what is to them such fine-spun metaphysics of economic and social polity. If the representative of a company can show a poor widow living in a bungalow how the dividends on two shares of stock, which she can pay for in small installments, will meet her electric light and heating bill, she is pretty likely to vote against the state going into the business of knocking out the companies.

But the companies have followed up this enormous strategic advantage even further. They have actually stolen the verbal thunder of the public-ownership people, and verbal thunder is always a large part of the arsenal of any political-reform movement. They refer to themselves as being "people's projects," and instead of speaking of customer ownership refer to "community ownership," "a new form of public ownership," "owned by the public," "practical public ownership," and even in some cases "public ownership." "The development of power was misnamed private ownership years ago," they say.

In other words, the companies have gone right into the tents of their opponents and swiped the most valuable of their weapons, their phraseology. One company describes itself as "a California corporation, managed by Californians, operated by Californians, serving Californians, owned by Californians." The state and municipal ownership people have no effective answer to such a barrage as that. They have been outgeneraled; that is all. In a sense the joke is very much on them.

The so-called public or government ownership problem as regards utility companies is not confined to California by any manner of means. But power is the big vital thing in California, just as wheat was in North Dakota when the Non-Partisan League experiments were made, and consequently there is more interest in the subject there than in most other parts of the country. "This is where the circus is going on," said a banker when I asked him why there was any more reason for studying the question in California than in other states.

A Challenge to Roosevelt

Nor is there any doubt that the circus is going on in California. Possibly the most spectacular fight ever waged between private and public ownership interests was that which culminated in the election of November 7, 1922, when the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act was defeated. Nor is there any doubt but that the dispute will come up again in a year or two.

Experiencing great difficulties in regard to its railroad system and coal supply, the country is awakening to the fact that streams which could be made to do much of the same work are running, useless, to the sea. It has been predicted that the next decade will see more water-power development than any other like period of time, because by the end of another ten years most of the best sites will have been taken up. If that is true it is certainly important to consider the hotly debated question of ownership.

In 1905 William Mulholland, city engineer of Los Angeles, realized that if the little city were to grow it would be necessary to have a much larger water supply. The nearest available source was nearly 250 miles away and could be tapped only by building a long aqueduct across the worst portion of the Mohave Desert. Largely through the driving personality of Mulholland the work was successfully accomplished, and much of the growth of the city has been due to this supply of water, which until recently at least has been ample for its needs.

Mr Mulholland says that he would never have obtained permission to tap this water—the Owens River—if it had not been for the assistance of President Roosevelt, who overruled the objections of hostile interests. The bill went through in the last few minutes of a congressional session, at about the same time that Roosevelt got his Panama Canal bill through. Mulholland went to thank the President for his valued help and also to congratulate him on getting his own measure through.

"I have a challenge, Mister President," said the engineer.

"What is that?" snapped Mr. Roosevelt.

"I will finish the aqueduct before you finish the canal," said Mulholland.

"Done!" shouted Mr. Roosevelt.

After the water had been obtained for the city it was found that power could be developed at the same time and sold at very low rates, lower in fact than in nearly all other parts of the country. At that time there were three competing private companies selling power in the city. One of these, the Southern California Edison, shortly took over the Pacific Light and Power, leaving three competitors in the city, the Edison and the Los Angeles Gas and Electric.

Later on the city bought the Edison Company's distributing system in the city, thus leaving only one private competitor, which still remains. Similar problems are just now arising in San Francisco, which at present is served with power by two large competing private companies. The city, however, is engaged in building a vast water system, the Hetch-Hetchy, which will supply a much larger amount of water to that city than the Owens River furnishes to Los Angeles.

The Hetch-Hetchy will in addition afford a moderate amount of power, and already the city authorities are dickering to take over the local distributing systems of the two private companies. Indeed, numbers of the larger cities of the state would like to follow Los Angeles' example and develop and distribute power, or buy from a private company and distribute if they can't produce their own. The success of Los Angeles in attracting industries because of its low power rates is one reason. Another reason is that the cities would like to pay for their water from the profits of power.

Still another reason is the supply of jobs for deserving politicians, while a more legitimate and yet dubious excuse, at that, is the fact that if the cities and towns can break away from the large power systems they can effect some reduction in rates. This is because the big private companies, to produce uniformity in rates, compel the cities to bear somewhat more than their actual pro rata costs in order to sell power to farmers at prices which the latter can pay. Under private ownership the farming communities pay their way less than do the cities.

It is obvious, therefore, that if all the cities and towns were able to break away from the big private systems and produce their own power the situation would in time become serious for the farmer. Recognizing this fact, the more logical proponents of public ownership have sought to devise a system of public ownership in which the state can cooperate with the municipalities and at the same time subsidize the farmer if that becomes necessary.

The private power companies, although releasing their water to the farmers for irrigation, never engage in the business of supplying water for city domestic purposes, regarding this as an entirely separate industry. But there are students who feel that if California is to grow it must find ways and means of developing its waters for all uses under a common coördinated plan. Rudolph Spreckles, the San Francisco banker, who was perhaps the best-known advocate and sponsor of the $500,000,000 Water and Power Act, says in a letter to the writer that the state is the only agency big enough to conserve and develop all the water and power on a scale large enough to provide for future population.

This is a highly debatable question. There is real force in Mr. Spreckles' point. Private companies never will or can develop all the water. On the other hand they have developed more water and power than either private or public enterprise has developed anywhere else in America, and their future program exceeds that of any other state or section, as far as the writer can learn. Successful though the Municipal Power Bureau of Los Angeles has been, it develops little actual power, buying wholesale, as it does, from a private company.

In the last five years new plants installed to serve Los Angeles and vicinity with power have developed 327,500 horse power, of which 271,500 was built by the two private companies, and 56,000 by the city. The power to be obtained from San Francisco's Hetch-Hetchy project will amount, so it is said on reliable authority, to only two years' normal growth of the Pacific Gas and Electric and Great Western Power companies. In other words, all but a fraction of the development to date has been by private capital, and these private companies are spending something like $1,000,000,000 additional. Why then swap horses in midstream?

I do not think there is any choice between the verbal protestations of the two schools

A Mountain Scene in the Sierras

"I SEE *my man*
. . . and talk right to him"

More convincing letters for 100,000 business men!

A FEW BIG EXECUTIVES WHO USE THE DICTAPHONE

R. I. Bentley
President California Packing Corp.

Marion LeRoy Burton
President University of Michigan

James L. Dalton
President Dalton Adding Machine Co.

W. C. Dunlap
Vice President & Sales Director American Multigraph Sales Corporation

Prof. Irving Fisher
Yale University

David Lawrence
President Consolidated Press Association

Hiram P. Maxim
President Maxim Silencer Co.

Walter Todd
Vice Pres. & General Manager Todd Protectograph Co.

F. J. Yawman
Vice President Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

Wm. G. McAdoo

"There is no waiting stenographer—nothing to take my mind off what I want to say. When I'm ready, I see my man and I *talk right to him*—naturally, humanly, forcefully."

Active, thinking men, like Wm. G. McAdoo or Irving Fisher of Yale, use THE DICTAPHONE because they can talk to it and have every creative thought instantly caught and saved. Big company executives like W. C. Dunlap, Vice President and Sales Director of the American Multigraph Sales Corp.—R. I. Bentley, President of the California Packing Corp. use THE DICTAPHONE to speed and safeguard their detail—to find more time for constructive work.

Thousands of others of the country's leaders and lieutenants in business, as Dictaphone users, are getting more tangible results out of each and every business day.

10 *better* organized days FREE

Use THE DICTAPHONE *at our expense. Tear off any part of this advertisement. Send it with your letterhead. We will know you want trial installation without obligation. Address Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau Street, New York.*

Your stenographer handles not only your mail but takes instructions from THE DICTAPHONE that enable her to act as your secretary—your business partner—keeping you freed from a detail cluttered desk.

Say it . . .
when it's on your mind!

THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

! fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—*the teeth*.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Free Book
Easy to Play
Easy to Pay
SAXOPHONE
This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band, how to play from cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.
EASY TO PAY
BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
594 Buescher Block
Elkhart, Ind.

of thought as to the need of future power development. John B. Miller, president of the Southern California Edison Company, and Dr. John R. Haynes, who was one of the chief supporters of the Water and Power Act and who is perhaps the most active member of the board of the Los Angeles Power Bureau, were equally eloquent in describing to the writer their desire to relieve by means of cheap electricity the poor woman in the shack of her household drudgery.

But talk is even cheaper than electricity in California. The simple fact is that though electric current may be used even more extensively in the future than in the past, it is doubtful if its different uses have been pushed more in any section than in California, where the bulk of the juice is produced and always has been produced by private companies. One reason current is cheap there is that these companies have developed to a high degree, relatively speaking, the load and diversity factors. These may be developed even more under state and municipal ownership, but by all the rules of logic the burden of proof to that effect is more distinctly upon the proponents.

One argument much used in California, as well as in other places, against state and municipal ownership, which seems to the writer the least effective, is that private companies can get better engineers and managers. As already stated, Mr. Mulholland's managerial ability is generally admitted by his capitalistic foes in Los Angeles, although he quaintly and modestly explained himself to the writer as follows: "I've been toiling in the dirt all my life and naturally am an inquisitive chap, caring more for doing things than for making money."

"But," say Mulholland's opponents, "Bill is getting old; he will be followed by the droopers club."

But efficient private managers also get old, and there are many inefficient private managers. It is a question also whether inefficiency in public departments is not made up for in part at least by lower overhead, smaller salaries, and the like.

Pro and Con Arguments

"Of course municipally owned utilities can get good men," said the manager of an important department of one of the largest of the private companies, a veteran of thirty years' experience. "But can they be protected from grafting politicians? Or even if they are strong enough to fight off the politicians they cannot prevent hampering restrictions that are sure to prevent proper development.

"Even if the voters start them out on a sound program there is always hesitancy to vote additional sums. Municipal and state managers can never get money enough when they really need it. The voter is always suspicious because he knows there is not enough money for public buildings, schools, streets and highways. He wants to see those built first. Then, too, he is always hearing talk about the debt limit being reached. Our company has developed more horse power in less than two years than the Los Angeles Power Bureau has been able to do in twelve years. That's a good illustration of the difference between private and public control."

Always it is said by the opponents of the private companies that they are grabbers and constitute a power monopoly. But this charge is pretty much sound and fury, the only real question being whether public policy is better served by public or private ownership and operation. Whoever develops water power must be a monopolist in the sense that he alone can develop it. Two power companies cannot build power houses on the same site at the same time. To describe the power companies as a monopoly means exactly nothing.

But the power companies are grabbers in that they file on sites which they don't expect to use for a long time to come. They admit this charge freely, explaining that they were the pioneers in development, naturally using the most economical sites first. Therefore they feel that it is logical and proper for them to seize the less desirable sites, which in time may fit into their scheme of development.

It must be remembered that power sites are not like ore, oil or forests. The water is not used up by the power companies. They do not remove it from the state in the way in which mining companies take silver and copper out of Nevada or Arizona. Nor are the power companies permitted to capitalize the water or the sites. State laws permit them to earn a reasonable return, 8 per cent in California, on the actual investment in developing the water—that is, on the cost of the dams, reservoirs, tunnels, transmission lines, power houses, and the like.

When the public-ownership advocates want to get votes they can always make a telling speech by saying that the rain, snow, land, sites, streams and mountains belong to the people. "Why let the companies charge us 8 per cent for the use of our own property? We must stop this alienation from the people of their priceless heritage!"

Quite so; but what of it? No one denies that the rain and snow belong to the people. The only important question is whether the people can get the most benefit by permitting their development to be carried on by private companies under proper regulation or by bureaus of the state and city governments. In either case from two-thirds to three-quarters of all the money for development must come from the bond houses whose main offices are in Wall Street—in other words, from the absentee investor.

California has had a railroad commission since 1912, generally considered one of the country's most aggressive. It is required by law to fix the rates of power companies, to prescribe just, reasonable, safe and proper service, to have general supervision over equipment, facilities, methods, additions, extensions, repairs, improvements, safety devices and accidents, as well as to control stock and bond issues.

There is also a state water commission operating under an act which aims to distribute waters to those entitled to their use. There is also a state conservation commission, as well as a state labor department and a state housing and sanitary commission, which latter controls many conditions in the construction camps.

As numbers of the power sites are in the National Forest, the companies must operate under all the restrictions of the Forest Service. Most important of all, the company which is building the largest project in the state operates under a license from the Federal Power Commission, which under the terms of this license can purchase, or recapture, for the United States Government the entire property at the expiration of fifty years. In other words, this and other companies are only tenants of the Federal Government.

In such an instance it is pure bunk to say the company grabbed the site, although it is admitted that there are numbers of other sites obtained by companies before the Federal Power Act went into effect. Very few, if any, future sites can be obtained by companies except under the recapture clause of the Federal Power Act.

Trustees for the Public

Indeed to a mere outsider it would seem as if there was a fairly large number of Federal and state bodies already regulating and controlling this business of power, especially as the Federal Power Act legislation was the result of the most advanced views on conservation. Indeed there is real force in the contention of the directors and officers of the power companies that they are mere trustees for the public, so rigidly are they regulated by so many Federal and state departments. Certainly there is no way in which they can make any money for themselves or for their stockholders beyond the allowed return, unless, of course, the regulating body is asleep or venal.

But the proponents of the Water and Power Act of 1922 did not want more or better control. They wanted state and municipal ownership and operation, and they had and still have one marvelous argument; at least it would be if it were not such a boomerang.

I refer, of course, to the fact that state and city owned power bureaus can sell current cheaper than private companies, because they have no local, state or Federal taxes to pay, and can finance themselves through the sale of low-interest-bearing tax-exempt bonds. Not only can they sell bonds 1 per cent cheaper than the strongest private companies but they have no dividends to pay, whereas the private companies are obliged to pay from 6 to 8 per cent to raise capital by the sale of stock.

Thus the state or city owned power company has a tremendous advantage at the start, and its advocates say that the saving is so great that the bonds issued for construction can be retired much sooner than in the case of private companies. Indeed they maintain that private companies rarely do retire their bonds, which is pretty nearly true. In twelve or fifteen years the saving in taxes, interest charges and dividends should, if the management is efficient, result in the retirement of large issues of bonds. "Why do we first give away our natural resources," say the public-ownership advocates, "and then pay perpetual interest and dividends on our gift?"

This is all true enough, but how about the loss in taxes? Not only do the Federal, state and local governments lose the taxes paid by private companies, but the Federal Government suffers a further enormous loss in income taxes because of the resort to tax-exempt bonds on the part of the wealthy taxpayers.

As far as anyone is able to analyze the subject the country as a whole is bound to lose in the long run from the extension of the tax-exempt privilege to more industries. The consumers of one section may gain a little in the way of cheaper rates, but no one knows whether that gain will equal the loss in taxes to the country as a whole. In other words, who can measure the gain from reducing rates if there is to be a corresponding loss in taxes?

The Water and Power Act

The average citizen, so it seems to the writer, is always in dense ignorance as to whether a state or city owned industry or utility is really making or losing money. One trouble is that a state or city owned utility can nearly always borrow from a friendly government and cover up the loans in such a way that at the end of a year or a period of years the citizens do not know whether there has been a net profit or a loss. State and city owned utilities never stand on their own bottoms as do private corporations.

There is absolutely no clear-cut standard of profit or loss as with private concerns. The opposition newspaper loudly proclaims the losses and inefficiency of the service, while the friendly party organ vehemently denies these charges. But the man who reads cannot judge for himself as he usually can in the case of a private corporation.

The writer had great difficulty in discovering from its friends just what would happen if the proposed $500,000,000 Water and Power Act had passed. The act provided that private companies could be taken over, but one of its leading proponents told me that it would be decades before the state would trouble the companies, because the growth of population would require both private and public enterprises side by side.

But the general impression created by friends of the act was that the private companies had already grabbed all the good sites, a charge which the companies admit. Obviously, then, the expenditure of the state's money for poor, uneconomic sites would be wasteful and utterly indefensible. No; government ownership in California in reality means the taking over of existing private companies. It can mean nothing else if the opponents of the private companies are sincere when they say that these companies have grabbed the best water powers.

The act provided that a finance committee of seven, consisting of such persons as the governor, state treasurer and state controller, should control the issue of state bonds for the assistance of city-owned projects. Evidently the people of the state did not care to put so much additional power into the hands of its future politicians, for the act was defeated by 597,413 votes to 243,604.

Most unfortunately, so it seems to the writer, the power companies spent large sums and used strange methods to defeat the act. Of course large sums were spent also by those who favored the Water and Power Act, and the writer means no offense when he says that the minds of some of those who favor government ownership in California are so rigidly closed that the private companies are justified in resorting to pretty strong methods in defending themselves against attacks which smack rather too much of mere bigotry. But according to the senate committee, four times as much was spent against the act as for it, and the writer ventures the opinion that private ownership and operation might abandon such an excessive acceleration of public opinion for other and wiser methods and agents of justifying itself.

In the woman's world the tireless and speedy Mimeograph is rapidly lightening some weighty burdens

Today woman shares with man the responsibility for a tremendous amount of worth-while success. With her sphere no longer bounded by household limits—she is becoming an increasingly greater factor in the important decisions of business.

And there is hardly another labor-saving device in all the lists that is doing so much for her in this wider field as the Mimeograph.

The long and tiresome process of making innumerable copies of letters, bulletins and kindred matter, the Mimeograph has reduced to a pleasant task of a few minutes.

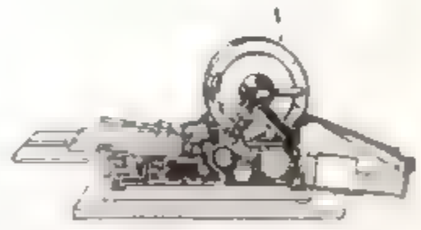
Five thousand well printed duplicates of a typewritten sheet or an outline drawing the Mimeograph turns out hourly, with little trouble and practically no expense.

It is the easiest and speediest way of doing a great deal of important work, some of which could not be done expediently without its help.

In the hands of a skillful woman it is a dainty, cleanly and powerful device for the battering down of costs and the building up of efficiency.

And that is the reason it is doing big and vital service in business and educational fields everywhere.

Its makers, the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will gladly send you booklet "S-12" and all important information about the Mimeograph upon request.



MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON DICK

FREE—a "working model" of Doublecap

This new Williams' Doublecap Stick works from both ends—when one end is used up begin on the other. And look at the way it fits your hand! Plenty of space for a man-sized grasp, no mere finger hold.

Second place, *it's economical!* When the stick is used up, it can be reloaded in a jiffy—and with reasonable care the holder can be made a family heirloom.

And finally you get the same comfortable, enjoyable Williams' shave you've always had.

P.S. Yes, we'll be glad to send you a free "working model" of Doublecap Stick. The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. P-5, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams'
Doublecap Shaving Stick

Made by the makers of the famous Williams' Hour-a-Day Talc and Williams' Shaving Cream

CASH?

Mail the coupon below, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 653 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., and you will receive the cash offer which enables scores of our subscription representatives to earn up to $1.50 an hour.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ *State* _____

653

Motorists, fleet owners, gas engine owners everywhere are finding it well to insist on only Genuine APEX INNERINGS to excessive oil pumping and kindred motor ills. The APEX tag protects user, dealer and jobber in quality of manufacture and performance. No other bears it. Motors perform almost like new after simple installation and in thousands of cases prove reboring is unnecessary expense in re-powering—astonishing low price—

Dealers: Order from your jobber or write us. *Jobbers:* It will pay you to write—get in on the big national demand that has been created.

Thomson-Friedlob Mfg. Co., Peoria, Dept. W, Illinois
Fully Patented U. S. A. and Canada

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of your invention for our *Free* and *Prompt* opinion of its patentable nature. *Terms Reasonable*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Clark's Round the World and Mediterranean Cruises
Jan. 15th and Feb. 2nd, 1924; 122 days $1000 up; 65 days $600 up. Shore excursions included.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

A CHOICE OF VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 5)

Pegleg remained motionless for two minutes and fifteen seconds. In that length of time Peter Manning had ambled thirty yards up the stretch, wheeled like a hawk, thundered past in his full stride and circled the track. Pegleg had clicked his watch at the beginning and the ending of that effortless, flashing mile. He now addressed the empty air.

"Two-one an' a quarter—just buggy ridin'!" He replaced his stop watch, lit a cigarette, expelled two jets of smoke from his pinched nostrils and limped on to the auction tent.

It was stifling under the semi-opaque, clay-colored canvas roof. The crowd was small and sophisticated—coatless, heavy-jowled, puffy-eyed regulars. Pegleg knew most of them by name. Each displayed a large diamond, either as a stud or in a heavy ring, wore a silk shirt of vivid pattern and manipulated a curved-handled cane. Pegleg concentrated on the auctioneer.

"I've sold Mabel J. for a fifty-dollah bill—what'll you gimme for the field?"

Silence and the shifting of canes.

The auctioneer seized a glass of water and consumed it at a gulp. The attitude of scorn he now assumed required a thumbnail under a purple suspender and disclosed a vivid grape-juice effect on the shirt below.

"Say, what's the matter with you guys? This mare ain't fast."

"She's got nothin' on your suspenders, Charlie."

"If I knowed as much about gents' furnishin's as you, Mose, I wouldn't of bought 'em." The assemblage was swept by a pitying eye. "Staggered in in front of a bunch of hounds at Kalamazoo and you'd think she was a free-for-all pacer. Listen, Mose—just for that crack about my suspenders—you gimme fifty for this field. It's worth two hundred, and don't forget I said so."

Pegleg's attention swung promptly to Mose.

Frog-belly eyelids drooped lazily over a pair of carplike eyes. When they lifted a decision had been reached. A cane head was withdrawn from a jutting rose-red lower lip.

"Too hot, Charlie."

Pegleg favored his inner consciousness with a pleasant oath. His race—and they didn't know the war was over! It was hot, though; you couldn't laugh that off. His sleeve cleared the sweat from his forehead and eyes as he looked for strange and guileless faces.

Just one live one in the crowd—perhaps! A long sunburned guy with emphatic wrist bones and a triumphant Adam's apple. By no means a sure thing, but worth a crack. Pegleg edged into the stranger's line of vision and stared at the entry board. He produced a program with trembling fingers, cast feverish eyes upon it and fumbled in various pockets.

"Got a lead pencil?"

"What say?"

"Lemme a pencil, brother." Pegleg's suppressed voice was hoarse with emotion.

A pencil appeared and changed hands. So far so good.

Pegleg marked his card, returned the pencil absently and seemed about to dash from the scene. He turned away, hesitated, turned back and peered searchingly into the face of the owner of the lead pencil.

"Listen, pal, you don't know me an' I don't know you, but you look like a good guy. If I slip you something will you keep it under your hat?" Pegleg shot this out on a tense breath.

The Adam's apple rose a full inch and returned to its former seat of grandeur.

"Jog on by and sell your papers!"

Pegleg limped dejectedly from the auction tent, mortified by his lack of judgment in making a pitch at a small-town horseman.

It was growing hotter by the minute. The sun-killed, dust-coated meadow of the center field shimmered like a brassy sea. The deserted grand stand seemed to gape for air in the sodden haze. An hour and a half till the first race! No chance to grab a rummy till the crowd thickened up. Pegleg again passed his sleeve across his brow, felt his laboring pulse beating in his neck and bethought him of a spreading maple before the doorway of the empty feed room which was his present abode. He hobbled with more alacrity toward a row of stalls squatting along the clover-dotted knoll from which the tree sprang up, and stretched himself with a grunt of relief where the spattered shade shut out definitely the red-hot stove lid which was the sun.

The lower turn swept past the spot in a tilted curve. The tawny boulevard of the freshly sprinkled stretch led endlessly straight away. To command its length, Pegleg had only to raise himself on an elbow. He contemplated doing so when Stanley Direct came out to warm up. For the present he saw only maple leaves straight above him as still as though carved in jade. Wearied by their multitude and similarity, he pulled his cap over his eyes.

There followed a pleasant moment in which Pegleg sank luxuriously into darkness; but almost at once, so it seemed, he was flung back into glare and heat by a sound like the tumbling roar of a giant wave. Resorting to an elbow he found himself observing a squadron of horses, behind which rolled up a cloud of sun-shot dust. He blinked at this spectacle for an instant, realized that the roar had been the voice of the grand stand, and saw the squadron break up into units which slowed down as they approached to cries of "Whoah! Whoah! Whoah now!"

Pegleg jerked abruptly into a sitting position, staggered to his feet and hobbled to the track gate. As the first of the red-nostriled contestants stalked through he accosted the swipe.

"Listen, Red, I been—asleep. What's happened? What race is this?"

"First heat, first race."

Pegleg produced a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully on the back of a sweating hand.

"What won it?"

"Stanley Direct; easy; two-five an' a half. Ain't it hot?"

"You said it," agreed Pegleg. He lit his cigarette.

For a time he stood motionless while he applied appalling epithets to the situation. The good thing was now an odds-on and he knew nothing more that day. A sun-smitten quarter of a mile lay between the stables and the betting ring. If he managed to dig up a piece of info he must limp its sweltering length to come at the stifling press about the betting machines in which a rummy might be found.

Pegleg's eye traveled moodily from where he stood to the stables, from the stables to the far end of the grand stand and back to the clover-dotted mound roofed with maple leaves which had been his undoing. Cursing the treacherous spot, he still put himself in motion in its direction. Maybe he'd eat that evening and maybe he wouldn't. It depended on his ability to touch somebody for four bits. In any event his labors for the day were over. He could bum enough cigarettes to hold him—that was a cinch. As he reclimbed the knoll and arrived at the scene of his deplorable siesta, he saw that he must now share the sprawling shadow of the maple tree with another—a fellow being—propped against the tree and fanning himself with his hat.

Pegleg scowled, stumped on into the feed room and stretched himself on his blanket-covered canvas cot. In this black hour the proximity of human kind was distasteful. He wished to be alone.

The feed room proved to be a combination furnace and vacuum. Pegleg emerged drippingly therefrom, filled his lungs with the torrid outer air that was as grateful for a moment as a mountain breeze, and sought the slope of the knoll. In a moment his surroundings, including the huddled figure propped against the tree, sank below the horizon of his consciousness as he drifted away on a sea of vain regrets.

Dig up a good thing and then pound his ear while it went over! Not a thin dime in his kick. Talk about boobs! If he wasn't a lousy, limping son of a ——

A high querulous voice cut abruptly into Pegleg's self-reproaches.

"I won't; no, sir! I never have an' I never will. It ain't long to go now—an' I never will."

Pegleg, startled by the unexpectedness of this declaration and by the curious frail passion with which it had been uttered, turned his head over his shoulder to take in the speaker.

Bone makes a brave show in the face of Time. Pegleg was staring at a skull. To be sure, there were wisps of rusty white hair on its crown and a swollen vein crawled through the hollow of each temple to lift the yellow skin into wandering pale blue welts. There was also a tinge of red at the rims of the watery eyes and a thin purple line where the lips met. But dominating these more transitory details of the flesh was the triumphant contour of the skull.

No collar, no tie—an old bum! No-o-o; too clean. The gangrenous mark of a brass collar button was the only discoloration on a bilious-looking dewlap, and the starchless collar band and the wedge of shirt below were white. An old rube—now he'd said it! Maybe not. He'd made a quick size-up once before that day and got in wrong. Well, it didn't matter. He didn't know a thing at a decent price that he'd bet a nickel on, and the old wreck must be flat anyway.

The thin lips moved. Breath labored through them bearing words.

"I got to git to th' car line."

"Well, fly at it," said Pegleg. He blotted out the vision of man's decay with a cloud of cigarette smoke and attempted to plunge again into bitter thought.

"It ain't the heat so much. It's my legs. At first I thought it was the heat—but it's my legs. They're numblike. I hadn't ought to of tried it. Not this kind of a day. Young man, it looks like my legs have give out."

Pegleg jerked a shoulder as though at the buzzing of a fly. From the corner of a lop-sided sneer he summed up his reactions to the buzzing.

"I should worry."

Silence.

No, unfortunately, there was still the wheezy rattle of hard-taken breath. Pegleg rolled a baleful eye at his persecutor. He was surprised to find the huddle propped against the maple tree unaccountably alert. The scrawny neck was thrust forward. The watery gaze was intensely fixed. Pegleg, following that dim yet lighted glance, beheld a fresh squadron forming in the stretch. A moment later it bore down on them with increasing thunder and a chorus of eeyahs which is as characteristic of the embattled race driver as the yip-yip of the cowboy or the far-flung coo-ee of Australia's open spaces.

"Eeyah! Eeyah!"

Pegleg eyed the tornado of drumming hoofs, glinting spokes and dust-washed faces sourly. First heat, second race! Just a jog for Trampaway, who had the two-eight stakes at his mercy that season and was in third position.

A quavering voice lifted above the now more distant clamor.

"I like the roan hoss layin' third."

"Huh!" said Pegleg.

"Acts like a trotter."

Pegleg snorted again. A trotter! And he hadn't been certain the old stiff was a rube. He watched the roan horse move into the lead and make a show of the field. The superlative ease of the performance gripped him. For a moment his dejection fled. He even violated the code which ran "Never tell nothin' to a rummy," and demeaned the side of his mouth with an explanation.

"That was Trampaway you seen then. He win it backin' up."

But the light was gone from the old eyes. They became wet bits of faded enamel deeply sunk below a spouting of white eyebrows.

"I've got to git to the car line, somehow."

A rummy was an awful thing! This one hadn't even heard of Trampaway. Pegleg offered an irritable suggestion:

"Well, hop on down to the gate and grab a jitney."

"No, sir; no, sir-ree. I never done it and I never will."

The same words, the same shrill emphasis. Pegleg became mildly interested.

"Never done what?"

"Never rode in one of the stinkin', dust-throwin', road-hoggin' things. I walked from the car line, and that's what's wrong with my legs; that and the heat. They're numblike. If I can git back to the car line—it runs right past the Home."

A rummy and a nut! Pegleg's interest died away. It revived at a thought. Didn't look like he had the price of a shave, still ——

"Look here, pop, I might get a trainer to drive you down in a jog cart. But he'd want to see the color of a piece of money."

The knuckles and tendons of yellow claw disappeared in a pocket, fumbled there and reappeared. A folded bill was spread out shakily on a thin knee.

"That ought to be enough for a man to hook up a hoss and drive two miles."

A ten spot!

"Sure, that'll pull it off. Just slip it to me an' I'll be on my way."

Pegleg bore a mildly searching glance without a quiver. The bill was refolded, slowly, carefully, and disappeared in the pocket.

"That's every dollar I got in the world. I'll be settin' right here. You can tell 'em I'll pay what's right for the trouble. You can tell 'em it's Cal Brice. Some of the older ones might remember. Just say 'Cal Brice' and tell 'em it's my legs."

A sullen rage welled up in Pegleg. Some days you couldn't make a nickel!

"Why, sure; you hold right on to it, pop, an' I'll see what I can do." He made as though to rise, hesitated, seemed to reflect. "Nobody'll want to leave right now, I don't expect. Suppose we stick here for a while, an' I'll get busy just before the last race."

"Well now, that's a good idea. I can watch 'em step from here. It's right kind of you, young man."

No risk in dipping! The old boob was all in. He couldn't put up a holler on a bet. Why not cut out the stalling and strong-arm him? No; that required a quick get-away, and such was not in Pegleg's repertoire. He decided to play it safe, and seated himself again, an itching hand within comfortable distance of the favored pocket.

"That's all right, pop. Glad to help you out." A palsied forearm served as an unconscious barrier to the pocket. If he'd start fanning himself again! "Hot, ain't it?" Pegleg suggested.

"Well, I thought so. I thought so right along until a minute ago. Seems to have cooled off all of a sudden. I'm kind of shivery. That's queer now, how cool it's got so quick-like."

Pegleg stared. Over the yellow parchment of the mummylike face a faint blue tinge was spreading, yet the forehead was beaded with great drops of sweat.

"I oughtn't to of come. But I had to see 'em once more before —— My feet's awful cold, young man, an'—I –don't seem able to ketch—my breath."

"It's kind of close, pop. Stir the air some with your hat."

Bony fingers dug convulsively into the folds of the black felt hat, the forearm lifted clear of the pocket. Pegleg's hand crept wormlike along the grass, but the shaking arm fell.

"It's no use, no use. I should of stayed settin' on the porch with the rest." The gasping voice became a cry. "But they don't know hosses, none of 'em. They don't know hosses. They just set and watch the automobiles go by." The voice sank to a whisper. "They never stop goin' by, an' they never will. More of 'em all the time—more and more. Horns all day and lights all night, white and red lights all night."

The voice died away, the head nodded and was lifted with an effort.

Pegleg had been undone that day by Nature's sweet restorer. His problem seemed about to be solved by the same agency.

"Take it easy, pop; just lean back and take it easy."

"You—still there—young man?"

"Sure, I'm here. Don't worry about nothin'. A wink or two'll do you good."

The head nodded once more. The wrinkled eyelids closed, but Pegleg's hand remained in the clover, while the purple lips continued to move. From them issued on labored breath a far and broken whisper.

"They wouldn't believe me when I told 'em. None of the boys would believe me. I said, 'They'll drive hosses off the face of the earth. First they'll drive 'em off the roads, and then off the farms, and after while—off the track. You'll see!' An' they saw –all but the last. But it's comin'—it's comin', as sure as the mare first beat two-ten—it's comin'. An' she's forgot. An' these today will be forgot. Way below two minutes. I'd never of believed it—not for a trotter. But it don't mean what two-thirty did when there was only hosses. It don't mean—nothin'—any—more."

Funny talk! The old rummy was a nut, right. Better wait till he was dead to the world.

Five minutes passed before the hand took up its creeping journey to its goal. It required only the first and second fingers. They stole into the pocket like two white snakes, closed on the bill and came away.

"Take back! Take back, Ed!"

Pegleg's scalp seemed to lift an inch from his skull. Instead of the shadowlike get-away now in order, he sat as though congealed, staring into those burning, cavernous eyes and blinking at the astounding figure, no longer supported by the tree. It was sitting erect—tense, vital, electric.

And the voice, the voice that had shattered the torpid quiet like a battle cry! How could it conceivably come from that frail chest? How could it fail to tear that withered throat to tatters? Again it pealed forth:

"Take back with the pole hoss, Ed! We can't get away like this. Do you want to score 'em to death? Come on—come on, Frank, I can't choke this hoss down. Come on, come on! 'Go,' he said. If you try to pinch me off I'll ride over you, Frank. Eeyah! Eeyah! Eeyah!"

The row of stalls gave sudden evidence of life. Squares of black velvet made by open upper doors, filled with ear-pricking heads. From boxes, stools, bales of straw human figures rose up, listening.

"Lay over there, Ed! Lay over, I say. I'm on the rail now. Steady hoss, ste-a-a-dy. Now, Ed, what've you got left? Go awn, hoss! Eeyah! Eeyah!"

The human listeners along the row of stalls moved with languid curiosity upon the maple tree. They arrived too late. Pegleg saw gnarled hands raise phantom lines to lift a tired trotter across the finish line. There was a last "Eeyah!" a wilder glare of triumph in the burning eyes.

"Not enough, Ed. Not enough. Whoah, hoss! Good hoss! Whoah, who-o-o-ah!"

The hands fell, the glare in the eyes went out as though shades had been drawn at the windows of a lighted room. The winning driver of the phantom race made a slow and deep obeisance to Pegleg—so deep that it ended in the clover.

Pegleg stared at the long white hairs on the back of the motionless head, wet his dry lips with a catlike tongue and achieved a whisper.

"An' I thought he was a rummy." Voices which now arose about him seemed far away.

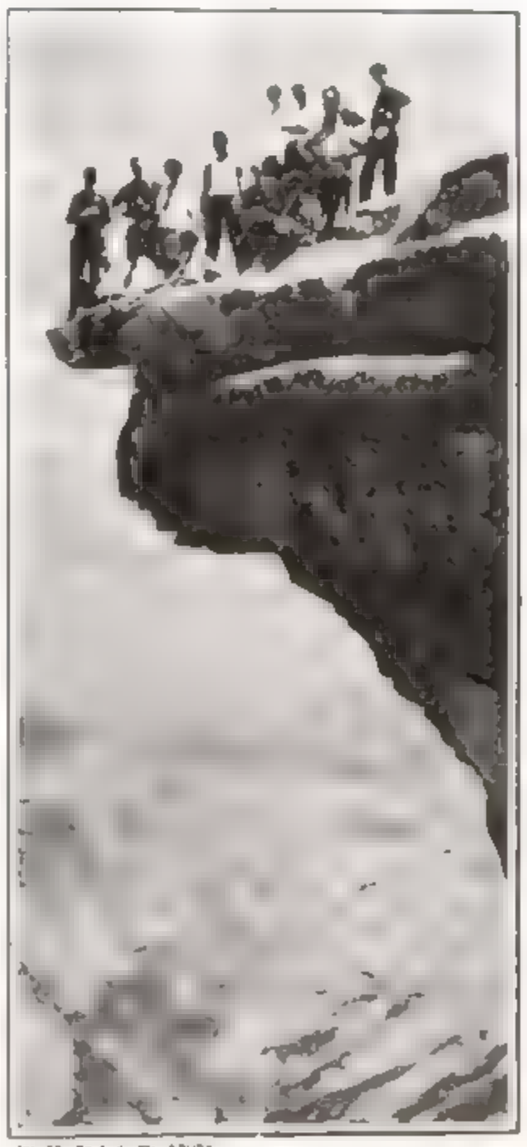
"Drunk, ain't he?"

"Sure, plastered."

"He's laying kinda funny. Let's turn him over."

"Drunk, hell. Listen: Old Doc Saunders is workin' on that filly of Tatem's – end stall, next barn."

Pegleg with some effort stood erect. He was certain of one thing: A get-away was no longer necessary.



Overhang Half Dome, Yosemite Valley, California

This opinion was presently verified after a black leather bag had been deposited in the grass and gold spectacles had bent inquiringly down.

"Nothing I can do. Heart just quit. Dead when he hit the ground."

In lighting a cigarette Pegleg observed that his hands were shaking. An oath drifted from him on a cloud of cigarette smoke. What could you expect, with an old bird croaking in your lap? He'd got a ten spot out of it, anyway. His eyes sought the reassuring view of center field, track and grand stand. He seemed to be looking at a painted scene, familiar, yet unreal. Nothing seemed as real as that sprawling stillness in the grass that Doc Saunders was giving the once over.

"Old Cal Brice. He was making trotters when George Wilkes was a colt. Trained Maud S. some before she beat two-ten. Wouldn't speak to anybody hardly that rode in an automobile when they first came out. I remember seeing Ben Ransom try to pinch him off in the M. & M. Cal was driving a long-headed, long-necked, long-backed sorrel by Electioneer. He was sixty years old if he was a day. He never took back. Just locked wheels and rode on home. Ben had to go with him. Cal's sorrel had a nose the best of it all the way. Well, he's driven his last race."

"Yes, doc," said Pegleg suddenly; "I seen him when he done it."

The gold spectacles swung Pegleg's way.

"I guess not. He hasn't been behind a hoss in twenty years. Some of you boys carry him in there and lay him on that cot till they come for him."

Insult to injury! Pegleg swore again as shuffling feet moved with their burden into his feed room. Give a guy the willies and then take his bed! He grinned crookedly at a thought, his hand closing around the ten-dollar bill in his pocket. "Board money."

Pegleg watched no more races that day. It was his habit when the breaks went against him to limp from stall to stall, gazing silently, or with a soft word at a softly nudging muzzle, at what the stalls contained. He now found himself drifting down a line of stalls, pausing here and there to rest his arms on the top of a lower door and stare meditatively within.

For a time the sight of gliding muscles under glistening skins, keen, wind-splitting heads with softly glowing eyes, would not rid him of an unaccountable depression. Fortune had not given him the complete go-by. He was no longer flat. Then what was there to bellyache about? Nothing. Only—a close-up of sudden death gives even a hard-boiled guy a jolt, he found. It brought home with unaccustomed force how sorry was the scheme of things; what a dirty deal the whole game was. Cut a guy's leg off when he was knee high to a duck, turn him into a shaking mummy, and then—good night!

The afternoon wore on. The track no longer blazed and danced. It had become a strip of lavender ribbon with a heliotrope edging of white fence. The band ceased to crash and blare. Its brassy voices softened and blended to steal across the center field with the stretching shadow of the grand stand.

Pegleg was himself again. The contented munching of hay, the comfortable rustling of straw, the soul-warming odor which enwrapped these sounds, had done it. He had a last simple rite to perform before he abandoned his silent communion with the silent lords of speed.

He limped to a certain stall and stood at gaze. There was a noticeable distinction about this stall—a lavish display of monogrammed blankets within, a particular sparkle to bikes and harness and painted trunks without. Over the stall hung an unostentatious black enamel nameplate which bore the following in neat gold letters: Peter Manning—1.56¾.

Pegleg stood for a contemplative moment before he addressed a swipe lounging on one of the trunks.

"What did he do today, Spider?"

"Nothin' much. Track's cuppy. Fifty-eight an' a half."

Pegleg turned away. So automobiles were going to put things like that out of business! The old bird had said so just before he croaked.

"Not by a hell of a sight!" said Pegleg aloud. He rounded a line of stalls and came upon the maple tree and his own quarters.

Plodding up the knoll came a big horse, black all over, except for a small star on the

You can *raise your* income, next year, *if you want to!*

Hundreds of men did it in 1923,—men who had felt they were at the end of their rope, so far as earning more money was concerned.

Into the hands of these men came a copy of the book "Out of the Rut," telling how scores of men, many without any experience, have become successful members of the greatest selling organization in the world to-day. And it showed how they, too, could get into a business where there is

no limit as to how much money a man can earn!

It told them also that Fuller gives every man a training in salesmanship free, and equips them to succeed. How it gives a man a chance to be virtually his own boss; how to get into healthful, outdoor work; and how to earn more than they ever thought they were capable of earning. That is why these men are now succeeding way beyond their highest expectations. (See full-page color adv. in this same issue.)

Here's *YOUR* Opportunity

to earn in 1924 the income you would like to earn and, by your increased income, possess those good things of life that you crave for yourself and your family. Write for this book Out of the Rut. Don't wait for it, but meanwhile get in touch at once with any one of the 240 Fuller Branch Offices (for address of nearest one look in phone book). Evening appointments made, if desired. Or address The Fuller Brush Co., 1066 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.)

Fuller

WILLSON *name on the frame means* WILLSON *Quality*

WILLSON Goggles

For Sun, Dust Wind or Glare

RAISE HEALTHY DOGS BY FEEDING THEM ON

SPRATT'S FOODS

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED
NEWARK, N. J.
San Francisco St. Louis

Gem *Nail Clippers*

"They're Tested"

Two styles: The Gem (illustrated) in a leather case, 50c; Gem Jr., 35c. At dealers' or by mail.

The H. C. Cook Co., Ansonia, Conn.

Giving the Telephone Life

Wherever your thought goes your voice may go. You can talk across the continent as if face to face. Your telephone is the latch to open for you any door in the land.

There is the web of wires. The many switchboards. The maze of apparatus. The millions of telephones. All are parts of a country-wide mechanism for far-speaking. The equipment has cost over 2 billion dollars, but more than equipment is needed.

There must be the guardians of the wires to keep them vital with speech-carrying electrical currents. There must be those who watch the myriads of tiny switchboard lights and answer your commands. There must be technicians of every sort to construct, repair and operate.

A quarter of a million men and women are united to give nation-wide telephone service. With their brains and hands they make the Bell System live.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

forehead and a trace of white on the off front fetlock. Having noted thus much, Pegleg next observed that the horse was attached to a wagon—a black wagon, or rather it had been black. The paint had checked and cracked off in so many places that it was more a mottled brown.

The horse breasted the knoll and halted. Pegleg took in the faded lettering on the wagon's boxlike side: R. Skenk, Undertaker and Embalmer.

One of the two men on the front seat now addressed him.

"Corpse here, somewhere. Do you know where it's at?"

Pegleg glanced in at the cot on which he was wont to repose and saw the soles of worn, square-toed shoes protruding stiffly from a striped cooling sheet. He jerked his head at the feed-room door

"In there," he said. He let his eyes roam over the horse that stood tossing his head to ease his neck of check cramp. About sixteen hands. Good head, good legs, good all over. Lots of power and not coarse. Shame to put such a lousy set of harness on him.

The men had dismounted from the wagon.

"How old?" asked Pegleg, nodding.

"Comin' six. Standard bred. Just as good as he looks. Say, who's goin' to pay for this job?"

Pegleg's eyes left the big black horse.

"You can search me." He had turned to take himself away when a peremptory clangor halted him for an instant, ere he lurched, somewhat hurriedly, aside. The shining motor ambulance which hummed around the end of the line of stalls came purringly to rest on the exact spot where Pegleg had been standing.

Pegleg glowered at the impassive being who concerned himself expertly with the momentum of the juggernaut.

"Listen, you big stiff ——" He was interrupted by a brisk young man clothed in white linen and the odor of iodoform, who dropped from the rear of the ambulance.

"Dead man for the morgue. Barn Two. This is Barn Two." A quick glance took in the undertaker's wagon and picked up its unimpressive crew. "Oh, you here? Have you been employed?"

"Well, no, not exactly. They told us at the gate there was a corpse here, as we was drivin' by; but I guess we're out of it."

"Wait a minute," said Pegleg suddenly, and limped into the center of the discussion. "You beat these guys to it, didn't you?" he inquired of the driver of the undertaker's wagon.

"Well—yes, but we didn't know it was a morgue job. We'd have to charge to drive down there. The city ambulance here'll do it free."

"Free, eh?" said Pegleg. He eyed the shining ambulance with its throbbing motor and fired a sudden question. "What'll you charge?"

"Charge? Why, about ten dollars, I guess. But the ambulance here "

Pegleg did not listen to a repetition of the unescapable and thoroughly practical side of the question. They were scoring for the last heat of the last race as the red sun was cut in half by the peak of the grand-stand roof. The band struck into a fox trot, timed to the dust spurts, jetting like pink smoke from the lavender track at the stroke of flying hoofs. The black horse seemed to toss his gleaming head in its worn bridle to the distant rhythm of the fox trot.

Pegleg's eyes wandered despite him to the feet protruding from the cooling sheet. They were shockingly still. He need not have seen their owner drive straight into that stillness to be certain they were not the feet of one who slept.

Well, as the doc said, they had gone their last mile. They had shuffled two miles in the broiling sun, that day, Pegleg recalled, and seemed to hear again a high-pitched, quavering voice.

"I never have, an' I never will!"

Pegleg's hand dived viciously into his pocket. It reappeared with a carefully folded bill.

"Here," he said to the driver of the horse, "you take him away."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 22, 1923

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
A Choice of Vehicles—*John Taintor Foote*	5
Strain at a Gnat—*Ben Ames Williams*	6
The Thirty-Six Hairpins—*Gerald Mygatt*	10
Mary 'Lizabeth's Folks—*Ruth Cross*	12
The Renegade—*Perceval Gibbon*	13
Business is Business—*Lowell Otus Reese*	14
Skookum Chuck: The Adventure of the Temporary Pirate—*Stewart Edward White*	24

ARTICLES

Adventures in Politics—*Elizabeth Frazer*	3
Opening the Door to Diplomacy—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	8
The World Struggle for Oil—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	9
Testing Big Business in the West—*Albert W. Atwood*	16
The Danger of Europe: England's Struggle for Industrial Life—*Sir Philip Gibbs*	21

SERIALS

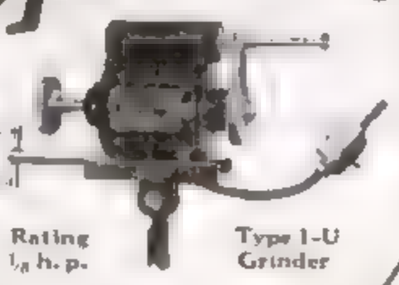
The Lantern on the Plow (Fifth part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain*	18

MISCELLANY

Editorial	20
Short Turns and Encores	22

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Speed Way



Rating 1/8 h. p. Type 1-U Grinder

Precision Spells Profit

For every job of precision external, center, or internal grinding it will pay you to use this light, handy and rugged SpeedWay Grinder

It is compact. It is accurate. It has ample power and over-all dimensions of type shown are 9x6x4

For deep internal grinding extension arms of 5, 10 and 15 inches can be supplied

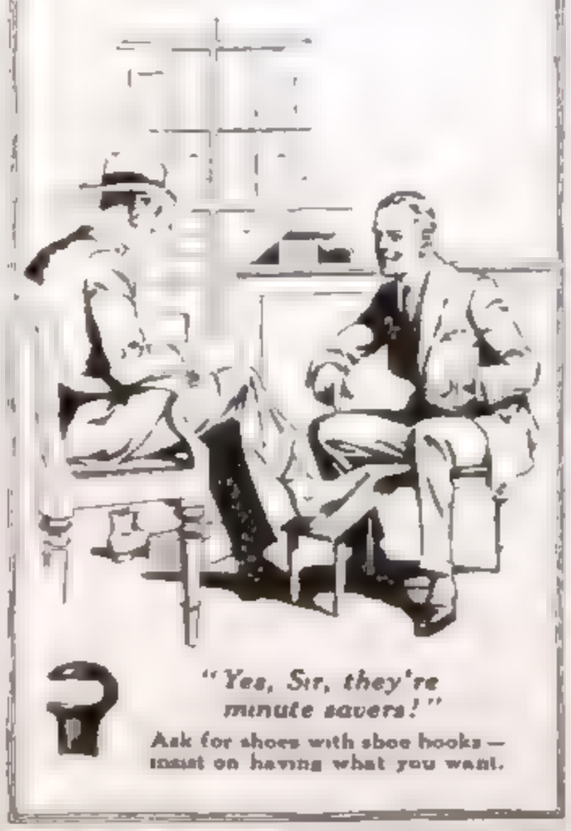
For heavy precision work our ½ h. p. angle plate grinder will suit your requirements

[illegible]

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TOOL CO.

1830 S. 52d Ave. (adjoining Chicago) Cicero, Ill.

Some territory open. Distributors write us

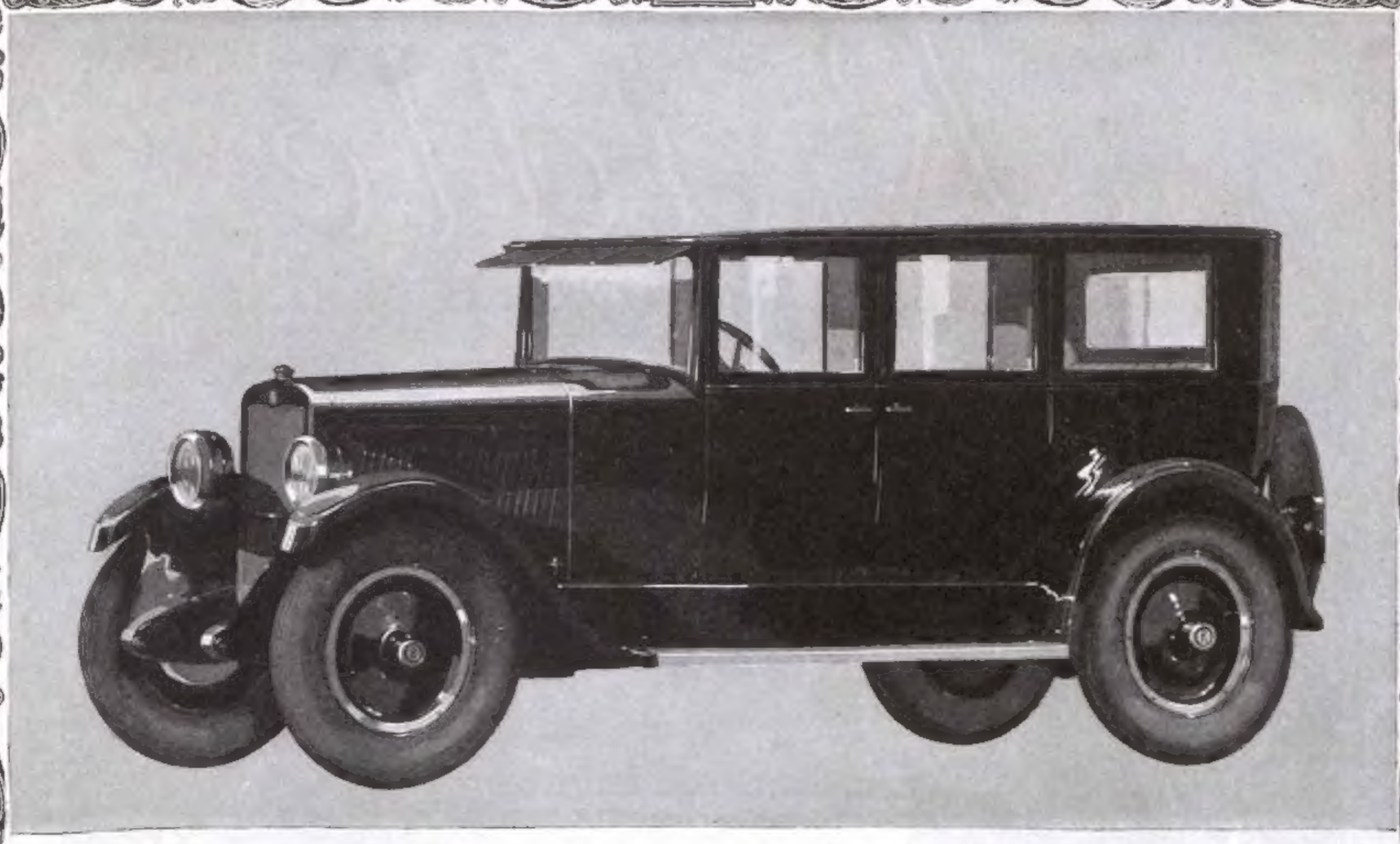


"Yes, Sir, they're minute savers!"

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

YOU drop us a line and say that you want to make some extra money The Curtis Publishing Company, 652 Independence Sq. Phila. Pa.

WE [illegible]



ROLLIN

At Last—That Most Efficient of All Motors—the Four—Attains its Highest Development

Rollin White, one of the industry's most distinguished engineers spent several years and a king's ransom on experimental work, studying foreign motor design, to find the secret of the perfect Four.

Now his new car is ready. In his presentation of the Rollin he gives to the world a new Four in its most highly developed form.

As a matter of fact, Mr. White went the best of the European engineers one better.

For not only did he design a most efficient, small displacement, high compression motored car, but he coupled quantity production with it, which makes possible a very attractive price.

The Rollin has 4-wheel brakes of the internal type. No other car in America selling under $1000 has this type of brake.

The Rollin has Firestone Balloon Tires. This is one of the great advances of the year.

The Rollin has force feed lubrication to all rotating motor bearings.

A 4-bearing crankshaft—a new type of spring suspension—a stiffer and deeper frame—and ability to deliver 25 miles or better to the gallon of gasoline—are a few more Rollin features.

Dealers have samples now all ready for your demonstration.

But be prepared to handle the liveliest, smoothest, and quietest motor you ever had your experienced hands on.

Touring Car De Luxe, $975*; Three Seated Coupe Roadster, $1175; Five Passenger Sedan, $1275.

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes but without De Luxe equipment, $895. Prices f. o. b. factory.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

On exhibition during the New York Automobile Show, main lobby, Commodore Hotel, New York City
On exhibition during the Chicago Automobile Show, Elizabethan Room, Congress Hotel, Chicago

ROLLIN

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Model electrical home at Oak Park, Illinois
Equipped with Riddle Fitments

RIDDLE Fitments have come to represent to a very great extent the standard of residential lighting. This is indicated by their constantly increasing use and also by their selection for installation in various model electrical homes. The model home at Oak Park, illustrated above, is just one of the homes of this type in which Riddle Fitments have been installed, to give a conception of the modern trend of design and decoration in lighting for residences and apartments. Riddle Fitments are priced from $4 to $57.50 and are thus available for modest as well as more pretentious homes, for new installations and to replace out-of-date lighting fixtures. Illustrated folder and name of dealer will be sent on request.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE brown Jaspé linoleum floor unifies the entrance hall and the living-room opening from it, because it blends so harmoniously with the pleasing color scheme.

Where linoleum floors were planned from the start

THE suggestion of Armstrong's Linoleum for these floors came from the architect. It was part of the house-finishing plan that the entrance hall and living-room should be done with rich brown linoleum floors.

The couple for whom the house was built had to have linoleum explained to them. They did not know that when properly laid, linoleum makes a permanent floor—a smooth, unbroken expanse of color that harmonizes with the walls and furnishings.

They did not know that the floor of linoleum is the easiest of all floors to clean. Linoleum does not absorb dust or take up stains, and is economical because, since it does not crack or splinter, it never needs expensive refinishing.

An occasional waxing and polishing restores its bright, new appearance.

Any good furniture or department store can show you this modern linoleum in beautiful Jaspés (two-tone effects), in parquetry and tile inlaids, carpet inlaids, rich plain colors, and attractive printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

When you see this modern linoleum and consider the advantages it offers as a floor, you will understand why Armstrong's Linoleum is advocated for every floor in the house.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for ideas as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

(Second Edition)

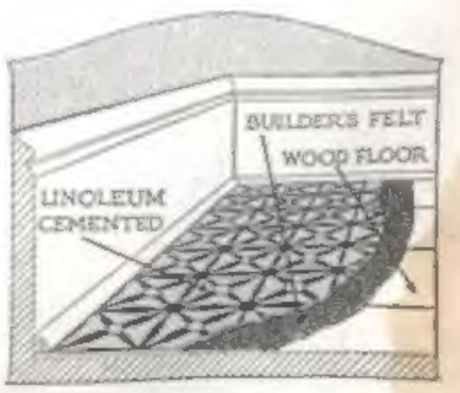
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color-plates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION

810 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

IN summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builders' deadening felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.



Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Brings

Cleanliness

and

Good Cheer

Makes cleaning easier all the year

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

Yours "Old Dutch"